

SISTER NIVEDITA'S LECTURES AND WRITINGS

*Hitherto unpublished collection of
lectures and writings of
Sister Nivedita
on Education, Hindu Life, Thought and so on*

VOLUME V



**SISTER NIVEDITA GIRLS' SCHOOL
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ON EDUCATION



SISTER NIVEDITA

TEACHING THE THREE R'S ON MODERN PRINCIPLES

PREFATORY NOTE

IN all that is said in the following pages, there is a constant intention to bring the teaching of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic (the Three R's, as they are called) into line with the methods already propounded in these Sesame Papers, with regard to Geography, Music, Drawing, and Painting, and other subjects. All these systems have had certain common features :

1. They have aimed at developing faculty rather than at imparting information.
2. Each step has been a twofold process of leading the pupil to form his own opinion, and then requiring him to act upon the view taken. This double operation is known as Impression and Expression, both being essential to the acquisition of real knowledge.
3. The first elements of a subject have been regarded throughout as of supreme importance. The laying of the foundations is more vital to the stability of a house than the putting on of the roof.
4. As far as possible, the early teaching has been through action and sensation. This is what we call the *Stage of the Concrete*. Abstract thought and reasoning come much later.
5. And each progression has been *from something known to something unknown*. It would be altogether contrary to this principle, for instance, to teach a young child the Multiplication Table before he had learnt to divide large groups of objects into small.

These doctrines, with some others of less importance, form the foundation of what the late Mr. Quick called "The New Education", i.e. all those methods of teaching which depend rather on a knowledge of the mind that is learning than on a logical

arrangement of the subject to be taught. It may, in fact, be described as Psychological Education.

Pestalozzi laid down its broad principles, and Fröbel made the first application of them in certain directions. This and the preceding numbers of these papers describe some new applications of the same laws, to subjects not included in the Kindergarten scheme, or not so far advanced at the time of its formulation as they are at present.

But it is important to remember that any method of teaching any subject which really applies the laws of mind to the work is, in so far as it does so, a living method, and therefore Educational in the highest sense, even though it should be an entirely novel application.

NUMBER

Arithmetic is by far the most important of the studies called the Three R's. Without any acquaintance with letters, human beings have been known to reach high places and fulfil great duties, but the man who had no knowledge of number would be unable to discharge any of the functions of a responsible member of a civilized state.

So much all are prepared to grant ; what has not, perhaps, occurred to some of us is that, by careful training in the science of fixed quantities, a child's reasoning power, and habits of clearness and accuracy, may be indefinitely deepened and extended.

To this end, the earliest impressions are the most important : and the early impressions it is common entirely to disregard.

It is no unusual thing to begin a child's Arithmetical training (as is supposed) with such question as, "What do three and four make?" But the teacher who does this implies, even while ignoring, that his pupil's education really commenced some time ago, when he discovered for himself what *three* meant, and what *four*.

There is a period when, like a bird, and like some savages (surely we have heard of some race who cannot count the fingers of one hand ?), the child does not distinguish between one and more-than-one. Most of us have seen a baby, perhaps brought into the drawing-room to say good-night, try to count the number of grown-up persons present,—"One—Two"—says the little voice, and only with greatest difficulty can it learn to go further. The 'big' people are probably too many for the little one; it takes refuge in counting its own chubby fists or its mother's eyes.

True Education does not lie in forcing the child out of this stage—only as that Inner Struggle which we call our Human Nature intensifies, and the little mind reaches out for more, it is a gain to both sides if we know how the next conception is to be given, how the baby may be taught to count three.

Most of us forget in what way we ourselves learnt the meaning of the number-words, but one point at least is certain—it was only by counting *things* that we did so.

The *idea* of 3 is a grand abstraction, worthy of the quarrels of philosophers : what the child recognizes is three oranges, three nuts, three brothers or three sisters.

But joy is not complete if there is not something to be *done* with the number when acquired, some use to be made of it, some small problem to be worked with it. And "*Knowing comes by Doing.*"

Thus many and many a nursery-game is played with three sticks, hiding two "And how many are left?" Or giving one cherry to Willie, and one to Frank, and one to Baby, — "What does that make, I wonder?"

Then the tables are turned, and Mother must be taught, amid peals of delighted laughter, by the three-year-old pupil. And Mother takes pains to be—not too wise for a playmate! to make some mistakes, to answer with great trouble, sometimes even to "give it up" perhaps, leaving to Baby the triumph of "telling."

When 5 can be counted we begin to give a simple means of expression.

The sound-symbols—that is, the words one, two, three, four, five—are already known; when a certain number of balls are given, the child calls them four balls. The next step is to be able to communicate the number without showing the objects themselves. This can be done by means of pictures, or, as they are called in some schools, "dominoes," in which the number is expressed in dots, while the figure stands close by. Most children have seen dominoes—though it would be folly to let them attempt to play with them before they could count 10, — and if they have not, the notion of a "picture in a frame" will do well enough.

In this way  stands for 1 apple,  for 2 nuts,  3 marbles,  4 balls, and  5 flowers, or other objects enumerated.

Teacher What is this  ?

Child A domino (or picture frame).

Teacher Now, a little bird had a nest high up in a tree, where the wind used to rock it about, and if you could have looked into the nest you would have seen $\boxed{\cdot \cdot \cdot}$ eggs in it. How many would that be ?

Child Four eggs.

Teacher (Covering her own) — Make the domino of 4.

Child $\boxed{\cdot \cdot \cdot}$

Teacher But put its name beside it.

Child $\boxed{\cdot \cdot \cdot}$ 4.

Teacher Well, one day an egg went crack, and out came — a little bird ! And then how many eggs were left, I wonder ?

Child $\boxed{\cdot \cdot \cdot}$ 3.

A pleasant change would lie in letting the children cut little slabs out of modelling-clay, with beads stuck in for dots. Or there is great delight if they are allowed to colour with chalk, or paint, the dominoes they have drawn in pencil.

These little things, which seem so unimportant, are really deeply Educational. Every moment of attention devoted to a number by the child deepens knowledge and power — and variety in presentation is a foremost factor in sustaining interest.

The next faculty to be developed is that of describing the number-picture, i.e. expressing a complete thought Arithmetically.

"How do you know that $\boxed{\cdot \cdot}$ means 1?" asks the teacher.
"Surely you are wrong?"

"No, there is one dot on one side, and nothing on the other", answers the child, "and that always makes one."

"Why you have given me a sentence," says the teacher.
"Suppose you say it again, just mentioning the number on the first side, then *and* for the bar down the middle, and lastly, the number on the other side".

"1 and 0," replies the child.

"Makes what?" queries the teacher.

"Makes 1," says the child.

Teacher Now this $\boxed{\cdot \cdot}$?

Child 1 and 1 make 2.

Teacher This $\boxed{\cdot \cdot \cdot}$?

Child 2 and 1 make 3.

Teacher Now I want you to learn something else. We never

say "and" in Arithmetic: we say "plus." When we write, we make it in this way, +. And we never say "makes" either, we say "equals," writing it so =. Do you think you understand this?

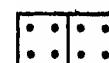
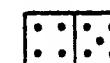
These symbols are quickly understood, and the teacher may continue—

Teacher (very slowly and carefully). Then look at this domino  . Read it. (Child does so). Now write down beside it what you have just read.

Child $1 + 1 = 2$.

I. Concurrently with this, bead-threading, mat-plaiting, and other simple occupations tending to exercise and develop the number-faculty, may be pursued.

II. It is some time before we go further than the first five numbers, and when we do come to six beads or beans or bricks, or the six balls of Fröbel's First Gift,* perhaps—which ought to be familiar to the baby long before we think of his counting them—we find the dominoes assuming quite a new growth.

 6,  7,  8,  9,  10.

But now picture and symbol and sentence follow closer upon each other than in the first series.

The sign of subtraction"—minus" should also be mastered. And Fröbel's Gifts III and IV begin to be exciting.

This is a good time to begin distinguishing between odd and even numbers. For my own part, I have a regular little story-lesson, of "Happy and Unhappy Numbers," which I give when at this point, drawing little straight-line men, drumming or fighting or whatnot, but all greatly pleased when they have a partner: and some

The Gifts of Fröbel here alluded to are mere boxes marked I to VI, which contain: (I) 6 coloured woollen balls, (II) a wooden cube divided into 8 small wooden cubes, (III) a wooden cube of the same size divided into 8 "bricks" (or solid parallelopipeds), (IV) a larger wooden cube divided into 27 equal cubes of which 3 are divided again diagonally into halves, and 3 into quarters, and (V) a cube equal to that of IV but divided as in IV into "bricks" and parts of bricks.

It is obvious that great familiarity with the factors of 8 and 27, as well as clear conceptions of the meaning and value of fractions, would be obtainable through the use of this series of "Gifts."

numbers wearing a general air of blank dismay because one of their fellows is all alone in the world. But of course everyone has his own way of approaching a problem, and the dominoes themselves are a sufficient means of teaching this distinction.

About this time, too, we may commence to give sums in *mental* Arithmetic, requiring answers in addition and subtraction, about 10 or fewer things, which can only be seen with the mind's eye. And, since one longs to strengthen the children's power of choosing the beautiful, it is well to bring before them such things as can be thought of with sympathy. For example—a garden, rose-bushes, 4 red rose-buds and 3 white. Answer? A black mother pig, with an old father pig, and 3 little piggies. Answer? There were 6 little kittens, and 3 ran away, and so on.

But now, and for a long time to come, only those sums must be given which divide the larger number into the parts shown in the domino. At this stage 6 is only $3 + 3$ to the child's mind. It enters on quite a new period intellectually when it is allowed to add together 4 and 2, or 6 and 3, and before it does so the teacher must make himself very sure that the number and the original domino are thoroughly correlated in his pupil's mind—i.e. that the mention of the quantity or anything that makes it (6 or $5 + 1$, or $4 + 2$) calls up automatically the first picture ($3 + 3$).

At this stage, too, we never go beyond 10. All our symbols are arranged distinctly with a view to that number. And in my opinion, this clear visualization of 10 is the very foundation of all subsequent accuracy in the use of our decimal system of arithmetic.

With regard to rapidity of procedure, mothers and teachers may be reminded that if honey be left too long in a hive, the bees will not be industrious again that year, and in the same way, if there is any loitering or dawdling when a given point in these lesson has been reached, the child's interest is gone, and can never be so intense again. At the same time, there must be no hurry. Perfect mastering must precede a new plunge. To combine these two principles is one of the problems of good teaching.

Of course Fröbel's gifts III and IV are also in use at this time, and from them comes familiarity with such ideas as the half of 8, quarter of 8, an eighth, &c. It is just possible that a question as to the half of 10, or 6, or 4, the quarter of 4, and so on, will be answered without conscious effort. But it is essential to remember that

at present no rearrangement of the number must be suggested. Five must not be taken from 8, nor 2 from 10. And the concrete must remain in constant use. It is true that the children may be told to shut their eyes and "see" the domino of 7, or 2 black kittens, and 2 white, and so on; but it must be kept well in mind that the concrete is the child's own world, and that this mental visualization is, in its early stages, like the short flights of a young bird.

The next step may consist of learning the signs \times times, \div divided by, and \neq is contained in. In order to do this, 10 sticks are given, and the teacher "tells a story." "I have 10 lovely yellow tulips; how many have you?" (The child counts its 10 sticks). "I want to give them away. We shall take 2 to (some invalid), and 2 to Grandmama and — how many people can have 2 tulips out of my 10?"

"Five people".

"Oh, how nice! Then how many two's make 10?"

"If I give you this sign \times , and tell you that it means "times," can you make a little sentence for me with \times in the middle?"

In this way the children can be led to discover that $5 \times 2 = 10$.

The next story must bring out that $2 \times 5 = 10$.

Once started in this path of discovery, the class will go gaily on, with 2×2 , 3×2 , 4×2 , and the converse statements, similar treatment applying to the other two signs.

III. This leads directly to questions which involve rearrangement of the dominoes. Suppose that the number 9 is to be dealt with. The child receives 9 sticks. If the teaching up to this point has been right they will be divided instantly into 5 and 4. They may be laid on the desk thus divided, and the problem may be stated — I had 9 buttons, but I could only find 6, how many were missing? The pupil, looking at the sticks, answers "Three" Proof is required, however, — the teacher is incredulous, and a little finger is placed between two sticks, so as to divide 9 into 5 + 1 + 3.

"So that shows — ?" says the teacher,

"that $6 + 3 = 9$ " is the reply.

Teacher But how must I write — out of 9 buttons I can only find 6, so there are 3 missing. Is that $6 + 3 = 9$?

Child No, you must say $9 - 6 = 3$.

The sticks, however, must still be arranged as 5 and 4.

It is well at this point to ascertain how far the child can count. Little children (and the typical pupil is now 6 or $6\frac{1}{2}$ years of age) are always delighted to show their skill in this way, but it will astonish the non-professional teacher to find what gaps will occur in their numeration, how 17 will cheerfully follow on 13, and 29 on 25, without the faintest suspicion that there is anything wrong. This, as long as it is merely reciting numbers. But mere recitation will only be allowed once, in order to ascertain the child's position. It gives place at once to counting things. Some years ago I used rice, beans, and small pebbles for this purpose. Whenever 10 grains of rice had been counted, we took a bean, and threw the rice in the bowl, asking each time, "How many grains are now in the bowl?" The answer being 30, 40 or 50 as the case might be. This exercise was most valuable when it came to placing some beans beside odd grains of rice, and asking for the equivalent number. For instance, 4 beans and 2 grains = 42, 3 beans and 7 grains = 37, and so on. Ten beans would be replaced, in their turn, by a pebble. On the whole, however, I prefer the sticks that may be bought by the gross at all Kindergarten depots for number teaching. Every ten of these must be tied into a bundle, and every ten bundles into a lead; and counting by "bundles and single sticks" — or, as we may say later, by tens and units,—is more convenient than by rice and beans.

This exercise affords means to make the decimal system perfectly clear, and from this time onward, I fall back every now and then on a lesson known as "Number Dictation", of which the children are exceedingly fond. The following will serve as illustration.

Teacher I see a wood—a tree has been cut down—and some clever children have been collecting sticks for a poor old woman. Here is a little girl who has tied up 4 bundles already, and has 6 sticks for the next. How many has she collected?

Child 46.

Teacher Write it down — (looks at books and corrects. If wrong, simply restates the problem, more slowly and with greater emphasis. Then going on with the lesson) and her brother has made 5 bundles and collected 9 sticks etc., etc.

Sometimes I vary this by requiring "pictures" of numbers greater than 10. One domino may never hold more than 10 dots, so that the most convenient tests lie between 10 and 20. This exercise gives excellent training.

		= 11.			= 16.
		= 12.			= 17.
		= 13.			= 18.
		= 14.			= 19.
		= 15.			= 20.

We may also begin at about this time to play dominoes occasionally, for an Arithmetic lesson. This is somewhat inconvenient in school classes, but can easily be accomplished at home.

IV. When the child can count upto 100 (i.e. when he can add by 1), he enjoys going back and picking out the odd or unhappy, and then the even, or happy numbers.

If the concrete is so unnecessary at this point as to prove irritating, mental presentation may be substituted, and the number lesson may afterwards be turned into an occupation by threading beads on two wires. On the other hand, if the pupil prefers pairing sticks, and making processions as he counts, he should be encouraged to do so. In any case, when all this has been well absorbed, he should be asked occasionally, "How may two's make 20 ?" and similar questions, being also taught to write his answer down, $10 \times 2 = 20$, and so on.

It is assumed, of course, that the old simple questions, involving $+ - \times \div =$, are still going on, only that now the numbers dealt with are sometimes greater than 10; and that, at the same time, pains are being taken to see that the child immediately resolves such a sum as $7 + 7$ into the picture $10 + 4$. This is

most important. I am constantly able, in my own school, to trace back weakness and inaccuracy, amongst older children, to the fact that they came to school too late to go through this "grind" in the lower classes, at that age when it would have been pure fun.

Fröbel's Gifts V and VI, too, are now probably well in view and through them the child is gaining a practical acquaintance with other fractions than halves, quarters, and eighths—viz, thirds, ninths, and twenty-sevens.

Soon, we shall be able to enter on the notation of fractions—a new feature of the number-dictation—and then we shall need all this concrete knowledge of the subject.

Meanwhile, we try adding threes—at first with sticks or beads, merely saying the number aloud as we come to it—then making a list of all the numbers and underlining every third—finally, writing without help or hint, each in his own book, 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, etc.; and if these are arranged in short columns of 10 numbers, the child will not be slow to discover the number-cycles, and will begin to depend on these, as afterwards on algebraical formulae. The same process is gone through with other quantities, and I have known a class of little children, well-trained in this way, add twelves and thirteen for the first time quite quickly, up to five or six hundred.

Of course, any feature of the number that makes it easy to add, may be picked out and used. Fours, for instance, may be enumerated rapidly, simply by omitting every other even number. The child who discovers this should have a word of special praise. Nines, it will be observed, increase by 1 in the tens, and decrease by 1 in the units, at every step after 18. Eleven=10+1, therefore, add 1 in the units and 1 in the tens every time. To see and take advantage of these things, is not only legitimate, it is highly laudable. But they must not be pointed out by the teacher.

It will readily be understood that he who can add in this fashion (or subtract, for it is just as easy to repeat the numbers backwards), has a fund of experience, which will enable him to invent his own multiplication-table whenever he needs it, and which will make that multiplication-table the formula to which knowledge has been reduced, not the power to which words have been raised. But multiplication-tables belong to the region of abstract number, and no mother need feel disheartened if her own child finds difficulty in counting more than 20 or 30.

*Sonnenschein and Nesbitt's delightful *A.B.C. of Arithmetic* gives plentiful guidance to such. Indeed, we might all be the better for keeping entirely to the lead of these two masters. I have only been tempted to give details of my own additions to their course, because I find that if there is nothing original in the teaching, the children's interest flags, and their creative energies are not awakened. These authors confine themselves to the concrete for some time yet, and take number after number to study separately—a system which I think quite indispensable.

Another admirable feature in their system is the prominence of questions dealing with measurement. These should not only be worked mentally : if possible they should be actually done, on the desk or elsewhere, with the jointed lath, an occupation in which boys especially take delight. Mensuration may also include at this stage square numbers and area measurements. To both of these, the chequered notebook lends itself admirably. It makes it apparent to the meanest understanding that a square 2 is 4, and a square 3=9; also that a floor 5 chequers long by 4 wide=20 chequers in area. It seems marvellously clever, perhaps, of some little girl of seven, to remark on paper that $13^2=169$, but from her own point of view, nothing could be simpler.

Cubing is more difficult. A limited amount (the cubes of 1, 2, and 3) can be done with Fröbel's Gift V, and perhaps the best plan is to let the little ones "lend" their Gifts to the teacher or to each other, for the increasing investigations.

Weighing, too, should not be forgotten. We shall soon see the time when scales and weights will be indispensable parts of the school apparatus of young children.

It may happen that a child who can do all these things does not yet read easily enough to decipher his own problems from book or blackboard—though this is hardly an instance of the "*harmonious development of all the faculties*." In that case, by way of new worlds to conquer, we may at once take up the study of vulgar fractions—showing the children (or, rather, leading them to discover) that 1 out of 2 equal pieces into which a cake has been cut, must be described as 1 out of 2, somehow or other, and that $\frac{1}{2}$ is a very good way of doing this. A great source of fun is now introduced into the number-dictations, when "pictures" are required of $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, etc. etc.

*The A.B.C of Arithmetic by Sonnenschein & Nesbitt, Part I.

These are given by drawing a whole something (with us, generally an egg), making lines across it for cuts, and filling in one part. Afterwards, when we want pictures of $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, etc., more than one part has to be filled in, and, of course, the lesson can always be varied by asking for the fraction that corresponds to a certain picture, instead of vice versa.

Beyond this, it is probably unnecessary to go. A complete course of lessons, stretching over the first three years of school-life, has been indicated, and the mother or the governess who has gone through it can be in very little doubt how to proceed. New lessons grow out of the old, and where the child leads, the good teacher is always anxious to follow.

READING AND WRITING

Before beginning to teach a child to read and write, it is well that we should ask ourselves—What is the function of Literature? It will be found to have one of two aims—either (1) to revive old sensations to lasting vividness and power, as in the case of Wordsworth's sonnets, or (2) to take them as threads and weave them into new tissues of thought.

Some of these thought-tissues will correspond to external facts, as definitions and works of science; some, on the other hand, will correspond only to the imaginations of other minds, as the romances, for instance, of Robert Louis Stevenson. In both cases, the whole use and completeness of the literary impression depends on the depth and clearness of the previous experience. Therefore, those best able to judge, hold that no one should be enabled to receive ideas through words before the habit of dealing with things has been wrought into the very structure of the mind. Or, to put it differently, great danger lies in being able to read too early. A typical instance may be found in the word "cube". A well-educated child knows, and is accustomed to deal with cubes from his fifth or sixth year : long before he could define the word, he can describe the thing, from direct knowledge of it. Another boy may grow up to ten or twelve, and then be considered to "know" what a cube is, only because he has read and learnt its definition. Which kind of knowledge is more desirable? So we see that training in dealing with the concrete must precede the use of written language, just as it must precede that of number.

But the mere act of learning to read, in its early stages, need

not involve the reception of ideas through words. In the beginning, it may simply imply the development and co-ordination of the faculties of speech, hearing and sight. The eye sees, the ear instantly translates into sounds, and the voice utters : this is the ordinary act of reading aloud. But he who knows his language thoroughly has a mental vision of the printed page the instant he hears the spoken word. And only he can hear correctly, who himself speaks distinctly. A child who speaks babyishly will write "free" for three or "etspets" for expects.

There is, however, a fourth step which ought to become part of the reading lesson. This is writing. A child ought never to recognize a word or a sound that he cannot write. And this, so far from proving a difficult rule to carry out, is an added facility to the teacher. In this, as in all other subjects, it is true that knowing comes by doing.

Only, there must be none of that well-meant cruelty on the part of the mother which takes the form of laughing at, or joking over the absurdity of the child's productions. Just as serious as the chaotic strokes are to him, so serious must they be to the grown-up people, and if nothing more be done by the parent than to look and sympathize with the effort made, not forgetting to give many opportunities of seeing calligraphy a degree (not more than that) better than his own, the little one will teach himself to write, and that perfectly.

I know of nothing in the whole course of Life more distinctively human than this struggle after perfection of the very young child learning to write. It always comes; it never varies. The passion for writing (a period when children spend all their pennies in paper and pencils, and all their time in laborious scribbling) may or may not occur. I am sometimes inclined to think it only comes to those who inherit, or possess, literary talent. But the struggle for perfection always comes, though the age at which it is manifested differs according to that at which formal education commenced. I have a boy of seven at present, who writes so well, in large round-hand, with pencil, that he has been promoted to pen and ink. Of course he has always used the simple print letters, A, B, I, T, for capitals. But now, as he writes, and I say "a capital for London !" he will answer—"Well, will you show me the very most capital L there is then ?" And when I comply with an elaborate *L*, he makes effort after effort to copy it to his own satisfaction. The observation and expression

are his own. I never pointed out that *L* was more "capital," as he phrases it, than *L*.* I never dreamt of being discontented. He noticed for himself that *A* and *L* and *H* were in some way not final, and determined to acquaint himself with that which was.

And this brings us to the third point in dealing with the subject of writing. The first was—teach writing concurrently with reading; the second—accept the meaning of the child's work, ignoring defects of execution; the third is—give the easiest possible means of expression.

Of course the children work in chequered note-books, and of course the teacher uses a blackboard marked with large chequers, standing on an easel. These things are indispensable, as the pupils must be taught from the beginning to make each curve fill a chequer. I am sorry to say that I had myself neglected this well-known rule, when a clever little boy in my class, who did not come to school till he was six, and therefore had the greatest difficulty in writing well, "invented" the whole thing for himself, and told me that it was easier. It was sometime, however, before we could get him to stick to it himself. "No," he would declare, expostulating earnestly with the governess in charge, "No, I'm always to try to discover something new—I'm told to!"

It may seem like putting the cart before the horse to deal with the subject of writing before reading—but it was necessary to give the broad rules of procedure before coming down to details, and describing a lesson or two *in extenso*. In what I am about to say on the teaching of reading, I shall bear in mind that I am dealing with *home* teaching. An elaborate and scientific system has been laid down very explicitly in her *Fröbel Reading Primer*, by Miss A.C. Beale (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Is.), but I fear that few outside the school world will care to master this. It requires separate training and experiment, whereas I know that home teaching is often its own training to the teacher, and its difficulties, therefore, must be broken up small if errors are to be avoided. In spite of this fact, I do not altogether deplore the persistence of nursery-education. In the country it is wholly often inevitable, and if a mother and child are so happy as to create in this way a life-long intellectual friendship, without tyranny on the one side, or sense of duty (for perfect

*These Capital letters represent written forms of the letter of different degrees of flourish and elaboration.

love casts out all fear save that of proving unworthy) on the other, they have gained something so precious that no defects of detail can be named in the same breath with it. But we should not forget that such friendship is a rare, and the small faults apt to be a frequent result, of the educational efforts of an untrained hand.

It is evident that to avoid these defects, the simplest means of teaching will be the best; and these are, I think the game of Word-Taking and Word-Making, and a complete set of the *English Method of Learning to Read* a charming book in 4 volumes by Sonnenschein and Meiklejohn.*

For the first lesson, then, the teacher will select from Sonnenschein and Meiklejohn's blue nursery book the words which she wishes to use. I strongly advise her, however, not to commence with their first words—go, so, lo, ho, no—for she will have to call all the letters by their sounds, and as the typical sound of *O* is that in *on*, the above words indicate an apparent exception (though, perhaps only apparent, for some authorities consider that all vowels coming after a consonant, have their long sounds, as ‘no-ta-tion’).

I should therefore prefer, for a first lesson the words am, an, as, at, which occur on a subsequent page; and thus equipped, one might begin in some such way *as follows*:

(Teacher standing by blackboard—children with little heaps of letters on the table before them).

In Fairyland, children, there is a whole country called Ear-Land, an the fairies who live there are called Ear-Fairies, I wonder why?—Because you learn to know them not by their faces, but by the sounds they make when they speak. So you can't *see* them coming along the road, and bow or lift your cap to them. Oh, no, you only *hear* them as they pass. Now there are five brothers who rule over all the other Ear-Fairies. But ruling means helping in Fairyland, as it ought to do with us, oughtn't it?—if it is real ruling—and these five lords of Ear-Land are so kind and gentle, as well as so strong and powerful, that none of their subjects will ever go out without one of them in the party !! Even four or five others will not go out without one of them! And the name of these five brothers is *the vowels*. That is the name of their family, you know. Of course each brother has a name of his own as well. If you were stumbling along and said, “Please Mr. Vowel come and help me !” each would hang

*Macmillan, price 2s, 2d. for the four vols.

back for fear you meant one of the others, but if you said the *Christian* name of any one of them, out he would run at once to see if he could help you. And now, perhaps, you would like to know one of these names? Well take the eldest brother, then. The sound he always makes *a* (as in *apple* or *bat*). Would you like to see his photograph? I'll try to take it, *a* (writing). And I must tell you now that we don't really call it a photograph, we call it *a*—? “*a* letter.” That's right. And I didn't take it with a camera, did I? but with white chalk! Now can you pick out this letter *a* from the heap on the table? That's right. But when *a* is doing the Queen's work, or when he is in court dress, the letter is like this—(writing) *A*—and we call it a *capital*. Can you find me a capital *a*?* *A* is one of the busiest of the Ear-fairies. Sometimes he goes out for a walk by himself, as only a vowel can, but more often you find him helping some other fairy to sound well. For instance, one day he was out alone, and he heard a very faint, miserable little cry coming from someone sitting by the road-side. Here is the letter *m*. “M. M. M.” (as in *met*) it said, but it could not say any more, for it had none of the five vowels to help it. “What,” said *A*, coming up to it, “are you lost, poor thing? Never mind! don't cry! I shall help you to shout!” So he stood and called “*A*—,” and the feeble little fairy said “—*m*” (writing)—“*A*—*m*! *a*-*m*! *am*!” And then they both turned round and laughed at each other, for all at once they remembered that *m* could not be lost when *a* was with her, because *a* and *m* together make—what, children? By this time the children will answer and pick out the letters. It will be easy in the same way to teach the other three words. Perhaps, if it does not take too long, they may even want to make *Sam*, or *Tam*, or *Man*, out of the letters before them. Or these may be deferred till another time.

In any case—the board covered and the word-making box neatly put away — the children take pencils and exercise books.

“Now try to write *at*,” says the teacher, and the children comply. “Now *am*,— —and now something very difficult, perhaps no one can do it—only try—*mat*.” Great is the glee if this is accomplished and when *as* and *an* have also been written from

*It will be found wise, for fear of confusion, not to give the names of the other vowels here, but in their turn, and grouping them carefully with *a*. E must be given as in *met*, i as in *sin*, o as in *bonnet*, and u as in *gun*. The teacher on referring to Sonnenschein's First and Second Courses, will find that no other use of these letters is recognized in either book.

dictation, and the traces of the language-lesson have been removed, there is a strong impression amongst the little ones that they like "this lesson best of all."

Similar treatment to the above should be continued at least as far as page 52 of Sonnenschein's First Course. Then the class should be allowed to begin at the first "practice," and read from the book what they can already write and make with cardboard letters. In this way a deep and fundamental knowledge of each vowel is gained before they come to be used promiscuously.

As proving that this system is in the main true, the mother will observe now and for a long time to come that the child very much prefers the practices and lessons—i.e. the unmeaning reiteration of words and syllables—to the sentences. This ought to be the death-blow to the superstition that leads parents to buy Nature-Readers and other highly artistic and (as they think) "interesting" pieces of literature for their babes to study. As yet, the child has enough to do in connecting form with sound. It does not occur to him that behind the printed words lie human thoughts, like those in his own busy little brain, or at least he cannot unite the two continuously. When this inspiration does come, however, it comes with a rush. A little girl, who one day brought me a drawing—of two crowned women (such women!) wandering about on a stony shore, while in the distance a horrible scarecrow indicated what had once been a ship — with the legend "they wer recd" (they were wrecked) beneath, a fortnight later was reading *The Wreck of the Hesperus* for her own amusement. And in this fact another truth is illustrated—*writing precedes reading* — that is, we actually learn to comprehend another's thought through our habit of expressing our own !

By adhering to the course marked out in Sonnenschein and Meiklejohn's Readers—allowing ourselves, however, a certain breadth of word-building in the dictations — we come at last to a point where the children can read with great ease and correctness, and write a fair round hand, both in ink and pencil.

Whether we have given "copies" before this or not (and in this we can trust entirely to the guidance of the child's needs. He will beg for "something to copy" when the right time comes and the teacher must be sure to write an appropriate headline in his exercise book each time, not give him a copybook to fill up), they cease now to be desirable. This is the place to begin Transcription, or the

practice of copying a whole manuscript or printed page — an extremely useful variation of the writing-lesson. Dexterity, however, comes quickly to the well-trained child of seven or eight, and a third and still more delightful form of work may commence here, namely, Composition. The little girl, who at six years old was the perpetrator of the classic line "They wer recd," reached this point about a year later. For many reasons, I was anxious to let her rest for a little while at the stage she had reached. Yet she must not be conscious of anything like loitering, and she *must* have work to do. I solved the problem by putting a red rose on her desk with the words, "You may write anything you like about this rose." Her little face flushed, she took up her pen with evident delight, and was as still as a mouse for half-an-hour. At the end of the lesson, asking for her book, I read the following :

A ROSE

A rose is red. With many red petals
And some green leaves as well;
And the thornes that are growing on the stem
Are very prickly to.
There are two kinds of roses
Wild ones and gardens ones to;
There are many vains, in the many green leaves
And nice the rose smelles to.
Roses always grow on bushes
Wild ones and gardens ones to.
You can see the staimens in wild ones, but not in
garden roses.

"Is it poetry?" I asked in astonishment. "Yes" she said shyly, her eyes downcast, but her cheeks pink with delight. The school gave her an ovation on the spot. Since then, "poetry" has been the fashion amongst my infants, and little nature-essays about white poppy-buds and Japanese anemones, and so on, have been subjects of great excitement. At present the bards are highly self-satisfied. "Shall I write 'The Author' at the bottom?" said a small boy to me lately. But by degrees the muse will reveal more of herself to her disciples, and if all goes well, each glimpse will be the reward of happy toil, and each effort a step towards fuller knowledge.

In learning thus — short task, slight fruition; longer and longer

task, more and more joy in work well-done—the children are gaining a richer treasure than even the power of literary expression. They are possessing themselves of the true patience. For this peerless virtue is not, as has been basely said, the slave's facility to "grind, grind, grind, in spite of the awful monotony." It is the rich sense of power persisting through the process, however tedious, penetrating to each detail, however obscure, in sure and certain hope of the joy of achievement to be won.

NOTE ON INDIAN HISTORIC PAGEANTS

News comes by the present mail of the Warwick Pageant. "The scenery," says one who was present, "consisted of grass and trees and sky with the River Avon behind. The spectators on each day numbered some five thousand and the performers fifteen hundred at least. The whole began with a procession of fifty Druids, old men clad in white, green and blue with long white beards, carrying the golden sickle and the mistletoe-bough. Then these took their places behind and remained throughout the performance as chorus. As Queen Elizabeth was rowed down the Avon in her state-barge, words fail to tell how impressive was the scene. When shall we have the history of India represented thus?"

When indeed? Nothing could be imagined which could better give actuality to the great progression of Indian history. And a national consciousness expresses itself through history, even as a man realizes himself by the memories and associations of his own life. Already the historic drama is proceeding apace amongst us, and our city is realizing that the theatre may have the greatest and noblest of all tasks, that of visualizing and spreading a world-changing idea. For some time a further notion has been agitated amongst some of us, namely that of living pictures, or *tableaux*, of Indian historic cities. A group might easily be arranged, for example, to symbolize Delhi, or Chitore, or Benares, or Amritsar or Poona. The costumes would be almost as valuable an element in such pictures as the dramatic character of the groups themselves. Thus in a picture of Delhi, red must predominate, in one of Agra, white, and so on. After a series of those symbolic scenes, it might be feasible to have a grouped scene representing the cities of a given period. And finally, by way of the fifth act, as it were, a group, with Delhi high in the centre, representing the historic cities of modern India, first, as they now are, second, as we may yet hope to re-create them.

But the idea of the Historic Pageant is much simpler than this. India is the land of civic pageants. Every wedding, every Puja, involves its procession through the lanes, the bazaars, and along the

Ganges-side. And in every such procession we find the idea of the pageant in embryo. Here, as in so many other directions also, it needs only that under the master-impulse of Nationality, the elements in which our life is already rich, shall be swept up and organized, for the expression of a great purpose. Nor need it be supposed that the presence of women is essential to this. In the days of Shakespeare in England, and in the Greek drama of Aeschylus the place of women on the stage was always taken by boys. Woman has never been seen amongst the actors, when drama was at its greatest. There is no reason whatever, therefore, that such pageants as are here spoken of should be any source of controversy on this much-disputed point. For the whole thing can be organized and carried out by students, would indeed be best done by their means.

Nor ought we to urge the rudeness and simplicity of the means at our disposal. It is not costume, nor scenery, that makes drama great, but its power of dramatic suggestion. A play acted in a village, barn, if there be present an actor of genius, may be far more impressive than anything London or Paris can show. If we in India are ever to reach the power to make a Warwick Pageant, *it must be by beginning where we can*. No matter how simple the first attempt, the imagination of the people once at work on the matter, the historic procession will carry itself, each year will see it become more perfect, each occasion will find us more competent to organize it. But from first to last, it will be the intensity of the historic suggestion speaking through it that will make the pageant great and successful. We would like to see it taken up in every village, in every school-room and play-ground. We want the children and the uneducated to play and pose and group themselves spontaneously, in realization of their country's history. If this sort of thing could become a passion,—like the imitation of the Ram Lila among the children and peasants of the Punjab, like the mourning of the Mohurrum amongst the Shias of the North West, like the Virashtami Procession in the Hindu Native States and like that of Janmashtami Day at Dacca, then we might hope that great memories would indeed stir effectively in the minds and hearts of those who are called of the Mother's voice to make themselves once more a mighty nation. For in order that nationality may become a reality, it is essential that the history of the country should become a direct mode of consciousness with all her children.

It is proposed then, that for the celebration of the 16th of

October—All India Day—in this and succeeding years, while the religious ceremony will always of course be the Rakhi bandhana, the tying of the Rakhi, there should also be a civic ceremony consisting of a historic pageant by the students through the streets. It is proposed that the cart or dais so much used in marriage processions should here be employed for the historic groups. Before each dais or cart will go the Shankh-blowers and heralds of that scene and after it will come musicians and banners. There might be from twelve to twenty scenes altogether. But in the last, Modern India should be depicted mourning. The procession might take place by daylight, or at night by torch-light. In the latter case, it might also be lighted up occasionally by coloured fire. But it must be remembered that few things are so grand an element in processions, as rough torches, with their leaping flames.

It is desirable that only strictly historical scenes should at first be included in these pageants. Therefore it would probably be well to begin with the reign of Chandragupta—or if prior ages were to be indicated at all, it would be better to do this by means of a scene from the forest-Ashramas of the Upanishads, or the fire-sacrifices of the Vedas, than by entering upon the too complex matter of the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*. It is the *History of India* that we want to concretize, not the memories of the Faith. A very beautiful element in such festivals would be added, if Mohammedan students would arrange to contribute those pictures which represented their own heroes and emperors; but while such assistance would be welcome, such co-operation wholly delightful, it ought not to be regarded as essential. The students of the city, whether Hindu or Mohammedan ought in every case, as citizens, to make themselves responsible for the due representation and glorification of the past. Calcutta, having but little local history, has the advantage of being able to yield herself up to the history of India as a whole. Cities like Lucknow, Benares, Bankipore and Poona, on the other hand would have a strong view of their own to add to this, and would thus be comparable to Warwick itself, for that city portrays its local history, for the world's delight.

It is clear that we have here not an entertainment merely, but a great new means of culture. Programmes printed in the vernacular and distributed broadcast, will give the name of each scene, with a brief explanatory note. Roofs, verandahs and pavements will furnish spectatorium, and in every household of women there will

be present some man in his capacity of protector and household guardian, who can answer eager questions and make meanings still more clear. Thus, during the hours of the procession, a whole city will be, as it were, at school, but at school with its heart, as well as with its head.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN

WHAT India needs today is education, more and deeper than any she has yet attained. In contemplating this we must not unduly exalt our need of others. None is really taught by another. True teaching is always self-teaching. Real education is self-education. By our own vision of the ideal, and by our own struggle to reach its height, do we really rise; by no other means whatsoever. It matters nothing in what form the ideal appears to us; it matters not at all whether the upward path is hard or easy. All that matters is our own struggle. By *that* do we rise.

This struggle has now reached the period of its highest importance. We are face to face with a definite educational problem, whose general form and dimensions we are able to envisage. The mind of our people as a whole is to be set free to reflect within the great processes of our outward striving. The community is grappling with its own spiritual destinies, labouring at all costs to recover and re-express its old self-consciousness of nationality and the civic life. And each home must adjust itself in its own way, at its own rate, to each increment of these inspirations, as it is won.

The Samaj is the strength of the family : the home is behind the civic life: and the civic life sustains the nationality. This is the formula of human combination. The essentials of all four elements we have amongst us. We have inherited all that India needs, in our ancient Dharma. But we have allowed much of their consciousness to sleep. We have again to *realize* the meaning of our own treasures.

Public spirit is the reflection within, of the groupings that transcend the home without. If we are struggling to renew the city and the nation, then the affairs of the city and the nation must occupy our thought and feeling. Our love of people and country must be conscious, not merely latent, and the effort to awaken this in ourselves will constitute the largest factor in true education. Reading and writing are serviceable to this effort: but they can never take its place. Many kinds of knowledge will appear

desirable to those who are thus striving to subordinate their own experience to that of the country, trying to merge themselves in the unities that include the home. But such knowledge may for the most part be classified—outside the three R's—as History, Geography and Science.

Most of the facts that go to build up the communal spirit will be gathered from one or other of these sources. A world-sense; a time-sense; and a feeling for the fact in itself; these three things make up the modern conception; and these are Geography, History, and Science.

Where there is opportunity for the process of education, it ought to run on these lines. For the most part, however, we are educated by no definite process, but by participating in the ideas of those about us. Few lessons are so memorable in after-life, as a father's kindly answers to his children's questions, asked as they sat at meals, or rested in his arms. The very importance of reading and writing as a means to education lies in the wider area of thought and opinion that they throw open to us. Books, Newspapers, and Magazines carry the thought of the world and the commune without, into the home within. The great mind-tides of the national ocean wash up, by their means, on the quiet shores of the women and the family.

The great end and aim of all educational efforts then lies in rendering the individual efficient as an atom in his community and that community efficient as an atom in humanity. To do this, a certain care and forethought are necessary. For it is in his *own* community that the individual is to inhere. Here we come on the crime of those who educate an Indian girl to be an ornament of English or French society. The main value of education is not individual but social and communal. And a woman of merely European associations is as out of place in the Indian world as a *Dodo* amongst a flock of pheasants, or a deer amongst cows. As a matter of fact, however, the method in this case necessarily defeats the end, and the girl is exceedingly unlikely to realize either ideal. By a false education, she has been made critical of her own people and their institutions, without herself fulfilling the ideal of any other. It is not by teaching a Bengali girl French, or the piano, but by enabling her to think about India, that we really educate her, and make of her one with whom the world's greatest minds are proud to be associated.

To attempt this, every home is competent. The will of the mother may indeed flow through each individual, as the ocean through an empty shell. The experience of the country may loom so large in any one life, that the personal experience is made small beside it. But the spirit that feels thus is only to be caught from fires already kindled. Throughout the day, those who would light this fire, must first give *themselves* to the great pre-occupation. The children at their lessons will catch the thought, and their knowledge as it comes will add to it fresh power. Let each begin where he can. It is a case of "Bring your own lotus to blossom, and the bees will come of themselves."

In the ideal education, the great interest of life is built up in three stages: first there are the studies of childhood; then there is travel; and last of all comes the chosen task. Such was the life of Savitri, and such is all perfect life. We learn to the end. There is no point at which education ends. But in forming the idea of India as an absorbing passion, a few years of pilgrimage, before the serious work of life begins, give the most perfect aid. This, it will be remembered, is travel *within* India. Not outside. Foreign travel is good, when the mind has been trained to understand and benefit by what it sees. But merely to see and hear strange things, without a purpose, without a leading idea, without any wisdom of life, is as dangerous as any other form of gluttony or indigestion. The same thing, in the same system, may be made to act as food or as poison, according to the conditions under which it is absorbed.

Even in India, purposeless travel breeds meaningless love of change, while travel for an idea gives a supreme vision and delight. *To prepare one's daughters to understand their country when they see her*, would not be a bad way of summing up the object of childhood schooling. To do so, how much must one not learn! Certainly no eye as yet has gathered the full glory of India, as the Indian woman of the future will gather it. Chitore and Benares, Ujjain and Rajgir, Elephanta and Conjeeveram,—to appreciate these, how much is to be studied! And of the whole to be enjoyed, how small a fraction are these!

The home as an organ of the commune, education by public spirit and by travel, lead us to the last great factor in the perfect life, the individual task, through which each soul takes its own place in the national whole. Above all, this work must be selfless. No love of display, no thirst for fame or praise, must be allowed to

vulgarize her who desires to offer herself at the feet of the Mother. The great teacher of Dakshineswar used to hold gold in one hand and earth in the other, and change them backwards and forwards, from hand to hand, muttering 'Earth is Gold! Gold is Earth!' till, having lost all sense of their relative values, he could throw them both into the river. Similarly let us say, "India is all, I am nothing! I am nothing! India is all" till one idea alone remains with us, of throwing away self and life and ease, as so much dross, in the great stream of effort that is making for the national righteousness.

It may be that we are called only to silence and thought. Then let our silence be dynamic, let our thought be prayer. Let our quiet shelter the idea of India, as a lamp might be kept from flickering, behind the screen of an outstretched veil. Even silence serves, for woman must ever provide the force out of which man acts. It is faith cherished in the home, that governs action in the world. To hold a thought and be true to it unwavering, is far greater than to spring impulsively to noble deeds. In a nation, we want both—woman, the mother, to keep the faith; man, the child, to fight its battles. The saint who prays over the sleeping city is ever feminine, ever vigilant, ever silent. To work, to suffer, and to love, in the highest spheres; to transcend limits; to be sensitive to great causes; to stand transfigured by the national righteousness; this is the true emancipation of woman, and this is the key to her efficient education.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

THE great question of the day is that of woman's education. In time to come it will be said that this generation was the turning-point in the history of woman. As always, it is the ideals of the new movement, rather than its form, that are all important. Forms create themselves. Ideals give birth, they do not receive it.

Education is above all things a moral function, and concerned with man, primarily as a moral being. This is sometimes forgotten, as if its business were with the intellect. It is rather with the will. We have to think truly in order to will efficiently. We have to feel nobly, in order to will high. What is it we would teach our girls? What do we want them to be? What do we want them to avoid? First and foremost, we must root them in their own past. Not in blind adhesion, not in vain repetition. It is a noble past that makes a noble future. We must fearlessly give them the discriminating eye, the testing heart. They must see the blank spaces of need. But they must recognize the noble intention. They must feel the pride that says "It was *my* forefathers, who did this."

We must give Indian girls their own colour. We do not want pale imitations of American or English women. We want on the contrary a womanhood that can contribute something to the circle, which would otherwise have lacked it. For this we must convince it of its own Indianness. How shall this be done?

Some will answer the question in one way and some in another. In the case of the orthodox, it may seem easiest. But everywhere it is the first duty, to convince the Indian girl in her heart, her conscience, her intellect, and her will, that she is Indian indeed, and not a foreigner.

The world must be seen through the home. Only knowledge in synthesis is true knowledge. Only knowledge that is true in synthesis yields power of thought to become new knowledge. Holding itself in its own place, the rightly trained mind projects its own new synthesis. The educated woman should not be less a home-maker than the uneducated. Rather, she should make a finer

home. We are educated, not that we may find easier duties but that we may add to ourselves duties that the uneducated never thought of. Submission was the noblest effort of the uneducated woman. Responsibility is rather the call that comes to the educated. To fill a small part in a great whole was the ancient destiny of woman: to create that whole in which her own life is to form a part, is the modern demand upon her. How is woman to be fitted for this?

There is a great deal of discussion as to whether girls should be trained in household service or not. But such discussion is largely academic. The question answers itself. In a wholesome happy woman's life, whether she live in a palace or a mud hut, whether East or West, there is always a certain amount of household and family care. Teachers, writers, and doctors may escape this, but that is only because they are sacrificed by the community, and therefore to a certain extent specialized and abnormal. Even during the years of study, an Indian girl cannot be altogether freed from household service. And a very beautiful spirit, of regarding study as a privilege, is the result. How valuable is the habit of personal independence in matters of service, will be seen by anyone who has to transfer a party of Indian women from one place to another. An empty house, water, and a few utensils, are all they need, and they scatter, happily and spontaneously, to carry out the habit of their lives. There is no anxiety here, as to how they are to be amused! A river, a garden, a verandah, and they entertain themselves. If a temple be added, then so much the better. But it is wonderful how simple are the necessities of life! It is wonderful, the beauty and dignity of the world that creates itself so easily! No one who has seen and understood this condition, no one who has appreciated the safeguards it offers, to health, to happiness, and to character, will be ready to part lightly or thoughtlessly, with the old Hindu culture of the woman's morning duties.

It is precisely this womanhood, so sane, so disciplined, so helpful, to which we desire to offer the larger scope of current intellectual conceptions. It is this womanhood that we would call into the world-council, to speak out its judgment on the great issues of the day. Sweetness, quietness, and INDIANNESS are undoubtedly the influences that may be expected of it.

These will be best gained by establishing the old order of life as a personal discipline, and building upon it the great new order of

intellectual development. Scientific standards, geographical conceptions, historical pre-possessions, these are the three characteristics of the modern mind, and we want women's minds to manifest through them, as deeply and as powerfully as men's. We want women to be as competent to consider problems involving these, as men. Unless women are united with men in the scrutiny of life, that scrutiny must for ever remain crippled and barren, unproductive of spiritual growth or civilizing gain. Humanity is only complete in the two-fold organ, the feminine mind united with the masculine, and neither alone.

It is difficult to see how the new function of the intellect can arise, without introducing for girls the old ideal of the student-life, which has been so many centuries in force for boys. This is one of the noblest because most austere of the world's ideals. But it must necessarily postpone the age of marriage. This need not, however, make woman incompetent in the home. It has been well said that if an uneducated woman can solve problems of nursing and house-keeping, an educated woman should solve them so much the better and more quickly. The new daughter-in-law will come into the house of her husband's mother, already more mature, already more of a power than she would have been as a child. Herefrom will arise new problems. True. Yet the solution of all problems lies in character, character, character, and the recognition of education as first and foremost a moral energy.

FINENESS OF CHARACTER

ALWAYS by the path of ideas! The Motherland is nothing in the world but a vast university, and every child born within her sphere is one of its students. The ideas and ideals that constitute India have never suffered any rude wholesale interruption. They have grown steadily, always ready to adopt a new light on the old truth, the most extraordinary example in the world of absorption mingled with conservatism. Acceptance and resistance in one breath!

India is a vast university, and every child born within her borders owes to her the service of a student. Every life, however simple, helps to build up the inheritance for the future. Infinite as is our debt to the famous names of the past, it is still greater to the shadowy crowds of the *Unknown Dead*, with whom we ourselves may look to be one day joined. We must remember that in all universities, not only in the Indian university; behind all intellectual cultures, not only behind that of the *dharma*; the driving-force is CHARACTER, and the mind of humanity—which for each man is the heart of his own people—is the treasure-house, in which the fruit of our lives should rest.

It is our duty to the nation to make the most of our opportunities of learning. In order to make the most of them, we must first cultivate fine character. Fine character is always known by the nobility of its tastes. Its leisure is always well-spent, on ends both lofty and refined. Tell me your hobbies, and I will tell you what sort of citizens you will make. Why must a man be poor in order to be admirable? The modern type of university specially sets itself to create activities to which even rich men must devote all their resources, if they are to succeed. Great libraries, archaeological collections, fine instruments, the culture of today offers careers of a thousand kinds in all these directions. But in all these things a man must toil for himself. He cannot employ a servant to do his learning for him. Scholarship was never done by proxy!

The man who has fine tastes can never be vulgar. He is true to his own refinement, in every moment of his life. The respect

which he has for himself, he accords to other people. He seeks noble company, and his manners tell of his own freedom of heart, and his reverence for the freedom of others. We should carry with us into all companies the memory of having been with noble persons. Without this, we are not fit for great associations, for we are ourselves without dignity. And without a constant up-springing of love and reverence to those who are about us, we cannot realize this memory. Only by respect for ourselves, respect for women as women, and respect for old age, can we build up true dignity.

Accustomed to our language with its fine gradations of terms, those who speak English are apt to imagine that there are in modern languages no means of expressing delicate degrees of honour. But let the *feeling* of honour and reverence be in the mind, and you will find that *any* language will express it for you! The word *you* becomes fifty different words, for the man who is really conscious of what is due to others.

Yet in fine manners there is no slavishness. There must be grandeur and freedom of bearing. The man's homage must be to the *ideal* that he recognizes, not merely to the *person* who for the moment embodies it. There must be no LAZINESS. The quiet of outward conduct must be expressive of intense activity of mind and heart. Laziness, like cowardice, is an affront to those who call us theirs. For their sakes, if not for our own, we must bear ourselves as those entrusted with great parts. But our activity must not be fussiness. Are these distinctions not of the very essence of fine manners?

Above all, our great duty as Hindus is to hold the world always as a network of ideals. Behind the new fact, we must strive ever to find the ideal that it illustrates. In our reverence for those about us, we must pay our homage to the ideals of our own past. We must remember that the problems of today are all problems of the ideal world. If we can step from ideal to ideal, from the realization of the known, to the struggle for the unknown, then we shall do our whole duty. It is the man who sees externals who brings about degradation. The man who dreams only of the spirit within the external, is the true world-builder.

In the strength of the past, not despising or doubting it, we have to plunge into the future. With belief in ourselves, we have to learn reverence with freedom. Because we are born into the

university of Idealism, we must approach the task of throwing the old ideals into new forms. Our fathers have shown us how to worship. We have inherited from them the love of truth and the thirst for knowledge. Shall we not hold the new knowledge holy as well as the old? As they used to approach individual perfection through the *swadharma*, the duty of the caste, so must we, each man through his own subject, approach his own ideal. Shall we be less strenuous for science, for history, for ethnology, than they were for philosophy, for logic, for mathematics, for grammar? And how they worked! They made no distinction in knowledge. They did not choose the easy path. *Nalanda toila*. And in whatever we engage, let us remember that the one dynamic force is character, that —*Yato Dharmastato Jayah*.

MODERN EDUCATION OF THE ORIENTAL WOMAN

IT is clear that if the modern mind, with its scientific severity and its accurate sense of time and place, is to find any Oriental expression, the school will have to become as much a part of life to the Eastern girl as to the Eastern boy. Severe intellectual discipline and anxious knowledge of facts must be added to the delicate grace and deep mother-wisdom of the Oriental woman. Truth must be carried from the mythological into the scientific setting. The passion for knowledge must no longer be reserved for the religious, but must also be awakened, on what we commonly distinguish as the secular side of life. Strong personal refinement will no longer appear as guide sufficient in facing the problem of life. Warm affection will no longer be thought the only desirable qualification for the sick-bed nurse. And the information and training, necessary to such offices, will have to be sought by a girl as eagerly as was ever the knowledge of cooking, or the skill to offer household worship.

But the school and the home, while thus equally necessary, must in the ideal education act and react upon one another. They must not represent different and antagonistic worlds, but separate elements in a single complex whole. The one must illuminate and explain the other. That which at the hearth-side forms a vague but beloved dream, must be brought by education into clearness and understanding. That life is fore-doomed to failure in which school and house seek to thwart and baffle one another. Thus, the heroic literature which in the family is a haunting inspiration, becomes in school and college an ever-widening field of joy and knowledge. The gentle dictates of the mother are heard again, with more impersonal authority, from the lips of the teacher. The growing intellectual vision makes increasingly precious all that the love and faithfulness of parents and forbears have built up for us, through the patient ages of the past. Life moves onward, into wider and wider reaches of thought and expression, without sacrificing anything of its old integrity and coherence.

We cannot foresee a time when the school will cease to be a necessity. After the great transition is accomplished, when the whole of the modern consciousness has found its way into every Oriental language, the school will still be needed, to initiate the education of each rising generation on a level not lower than that to which the preceding was born. The perplexity of the present for Eastern peoples is much more profound. There is still before each one of them a long period of constructive adjustment, when the very materials have to be brought together, out of which the future of education is to be built. At all times, but more especially during such periods, it may be said that, important as are the methods of education, its aims and motives are even more so. What is the conscious purpose which Oriental nations ought to put before themselves, in this task of working out new conceptions of womanly training? Oriental countries are theocratic in type. With them, the nation constitutes a church, and each act of public and domestic life a sacrament. Without loss of this passionate reverence, they have now to turn about to the creating of a great secularity. Ideas, hitherto only Western and seemingly new-fangled, have now deliberately to be ranked as high as any in the heritage of the Faith. Self-organization and industrial co-operation, the civic spirit and the good of all the people, have now to take their place beside scripture and ceremony as obligations in no sense less sacred and less binding. The thrill given to the Greek by restrained expression, by nakedness of fact, by definition of limit, is now to be felt by all mankind. Orientals certainly must learn it, if they are in any sense to be modernized and made efficient for the struggle of the world,—for out of it was science born. Learning has now, in the East as in the West, to take on its largest relationships of space and time. Henceforth it is not enough to understand the structure of a plant. Its geographical distribution and the historical significance of that distribution have also to be grasped. No fact, no custom, no word, but to the modern mind has its far-stretching meanings and relativities. The depth and patience of mediaeval culture would seem to be banished for a while, but only because the human mind is in the throes of taking on new superficial dimensions of an extent hitherto undreamed of.

If we are to avoid mimicry and parasitism, however, we must understand that these aims have in every case to be approached through the familiar. Botany, for instance, must be studied by one from one's immediate surroundings, from the rice in the rice-fields

and the green growths about one's door. History must be a sense developed in every people from their own "surroundings, used in the elucidation of their own" past. Geography must start from the house itself, and focus itself on the homeland. Language must be concentrated in the mother-tongue.

What vast labours of scholars and prophets will be necessary before such education can be placed on its feet in Eastern countries! And how self-effacing must the workers be! Men who might be famous and powerful if they uttered their voices in European tongues, will have to bury their glory, for the sake of the poor and oppressed, in their vernacular languages. Sons of the saints, apprehending afresh the highest ideals of humanity, must devote burning ethical energy to the interpretation of orthodox duties as enshrining these. Even failure in the humble task of aiding the homeland and mother-kindred will have to be recognized by the whole Eastern community as infinitely nobler than victory in any other field of effort. Such is the spirit that shall make it possible for the Oriental countries to bridge the perplexities that lie before them. Such is the communal striving that shall enable the Eastern woman of the future to sum up in her own person more than the glories of all the past.

WOMEN AND THE ARTS

We talk a great deal of what is to be taught us. Why do we not glance occasionally at what we *ought* to learn for ourselves? National restoration may involve a *recoiler pour mieux sauter* (a recoil in order to leap better), but national restoration cannot take place by mere imitation of the past. For the strength gathered in that past we have now to find new applications. Are the old industries dead? Then, with the craft-dexterity and wisdom which they bred in us, let us invent new industries. The women's occupations are vanishing curiously. The old incised clay for dishes, the old modellings for worship, the nice floor-ornaments for the threshold, are less and less needed. But the power that produced these things is still there. Let it now become the mother of great Indian schools of design and sculpture. Let us open our eyes to the true ambitions. In some ages woman is admired for her ignorance and touching *naïveté*. In others she is equally praised for her learning. The one sentimentality is as useless as the other. Each is merely a fashion. The true question is: what knowledge, what power, what self-discipline and creative impulse has the race developed in this or that direction, by each one of its children?

For a great school of needle-work we require only that the energy of the intellect should be added to that training of hand and eye, which a hundred communities of craftsmen in India, and every Hindu woman in her home in some degree already possess. But who has thought of this subject as providing matter for the intellect at all? Who has thought of the historical learning that might be concentrated upon it, of the geographical knowledge that it might be made to involve? It may be that in this great synthesis and study of the past, the exquisite originality of Kashmir and Benares, of the Mohammedan woman and the Hindu craftsman, would dissolve away like dew before sunrise. But at least they would earn nobler passing, now that they are losing their character in vulgar adaptations for the European market. And if we may argue from analogy, there is no proof that the rise of synthetic study destroys

local imagination when the latter continues to be the minister of any deep undying conviction of the larger order. In Europe today, needle-work is a living art, because the Church and the doctrine of the Church continue to demand its *perpetual* illustration. Indeed a fresh accession of energy has enriched it in certain directions, it would seem, coincident with the revival of genuine mediaevalism in religious faith.

In India, the inspiration that waits to find realization and adornment in beautiful needle-work is that of the civil and national life. What ecclesiasticism has been to England with her political commonplaceness, that the political life is about to be to India. Hitherto we cannot think of any application of embroidery that has not been personal or domestic. In the time to come, however, we shall find ourselves ransacking the treasures of the past, and the imagination of all lands, in order to find material with which to express the enthusiasm of Humanity. It will be an Indian enthusiasm, and for it nature and the ancient monuments will be studied afresh. Each suggestion, each *motif*, will be worked up. The dawning idea will pour itself out in a thousand forms. Each hamlet will have its banners; each officer of the national life his regal robe, and in the temples the vestments of the gods will be as piously collected and as rigorously treasured as the ancient texts. For these things are symbols of achievement and aspiration, and not the puerile vanities they seem. We must learn to understand and express in unknown forms the national instinct for splendour. Each people, its history, literature, art, and religion, has to be sympathetically known and understood, before we can fully appreciate and distinguish the art-needle-work of a Belgian convent side by side with that of the Turkish zenana or the Chinese home. Only a deep and living knowledge of thought and feeling can enable us to place our symbolism rightly. And symbolism wrongly used always becomes a vulgarity. The red roses of Bokhara and the golden lilies of France are instances of what we call the political or national use of needle-work. Catholic altars furnish innumerable specimens of its religious value. And the treasures of princes. East and West demonstrate its importance among the arts of luxury. The great bulk of its achievements the world over has belonged to the last-named class alone. It is for women in India today to redeem one of the most beautiful of the arts from so undesired a negligence, and fill it with the fulness of their imagination and tenderness. Why should we

not realize that a thing into which we have put our own taste and our own works, is with all its imperfectness, a nobler offering of affection than anything that could be bought in the market? Why should the Mussalman woman who vows a Chadder of flowers to the honoured dead, not promise instead to work the blossoms with her own little tireless hands on some dainty fabric? Let the rich and aged offer glistening silk threads and cloth of gold, and let the young and devout ply the needle back and forth till the task is done.

It may be, many would be needed to co-operate in the task year after year. The tapestries of feudal castles in Europe were made by successive generations of labour in the women's bower. Why should Hindu women, similarly, not band themselves together, to work banners for the Durga processions at the Puja? Why should these ceremonies not be made increasingly fine and imposing in each respect year after year? It would not do to copy either design or colours from the horrible "made in Germany" school of pictures at present in vogue. There would need to be a patient searching of Benares and Rajputana for specimens of a finer age as models. But few subjects would lend themselves so rapidly as Durga to a magnificent treatment with the needle. The same difficulty would not be encountered in designing banners for the use of the Vaishnava Sankirtan. In the bazars even of Calcutta today, one comes now and then on the fragile little brush-work pictures of Radha and Krishna standing against a yellow sky under a black tree, pictures which are examples of a very fine though unconscious order of decoration. The painter of the Indian bazaar uses yellow here for exactly the same reason that made Cimabue use gold, to indicate the sacredness of the subject.

There is a touching custom prevalent amongst Bengali women, of working slippers for their husband's wearing. Unfortunately, at present the models imitated are generally atrocities of the rankest kind. But these would go out of fashion, if a larger knowledge came in, to feed a nobler imagination and sense of beauty. And why should slippers form the solitary offering? Why not an exquisite cover for some favourite book, or some article for the writing desk, or if the recipient be a woman, for the work-basket? Out of a worn-out Sari or Chadder, once precious, one might cut enough stuff to cover a blotting book, or make a bag, and work upon it with one's own needle a name or a date. As we search for ornament,

we may perhaps find on some brass vessel a pattern suggesting a border or decorative panel. Or we may deliberately attempt to copy a fragment of Chinese or Mohammedan workmanship. In doing the last, we are beginning in the finest way that deeper study of the art which might ultimately make us largely and permanently useful to others. It would be better to postpone indefinitely the imitation of such European patterns as we can get. In almost every case, the specimens of European taste, that have yet reached the East are of the most low and degraded kind, and nothing can be more painful than the roses, forget-me-nots, and coloured alphabets, in Berlin wool-work and aniline-dyed crewel silks, on which Bengali women, of judgment and dignity in other respects, can be content to waste their time.

In the attempt to popularize art-needle-work one is not unaware of the danger involved. The horror of embroidered tea-cloths and crocheted antimacassars is before us every day. The rage for useless rubbish and the multiplication of unnecessary ornament is vulgar and inartistic, not a service of the beautiful or the true.

Moreover, there is a real necessity in the present stage of women's education, for introducing varied manual occupations. A development of brain without hand, of word without deed, of thinking without power of initiation and sustained action, will prove almost entirely retrogressive. It is most undesirable that a woman should go blind, as has happened so often amongst the peasants in Venetia or in Normandy, in the effort to produce beautiful lace. Yet unless the notion of perfection for its own sake can speak to our girls through the new opportunities of the present, as it has in those of the past, there cannot be true education. And from such a gain even a case of blindness now and again should not deter us.

HINTS ON PRACTICAL EDUCATION

OBJECT LESSONS

THE object-lesson is the very heart of the New Education School. And by perversity of fate, it is the feature which of all others is most easily parodied and reduced to an absurdity.

In the object-lesson the child is to be brought into living communion with Nature as a whole, that Nature which is the mother of life, the life of the plant and the life of the animal alike, and also of the stone and metal. In the object-lesson, also, the child is to learn the scientific habit of bringing his thoughts back to their source, to be tested and corrected by the fact. Thus sympathy, truthfulness, accuracy, are amongst the qualities which are built up in this lesson. But through all these and behind them is the creative imagination, continually going out and explaining through the form that which is behind the form and finding the unity of phenomena in the course of phenomena. Reverence, even more than sympathy, should be the fruit of the object-lesson.

At the beginning of the week a chosen object must be taken and set before the class. For an hour, it must be observed, examined, handled and played with, and talked about. The children must feel themselves one with it, whatever it is. If it is a living thing, its movements will be mentioned and described, perhaps imitated. If it is not living and moving, its characteristics will be discovered and enumerated. Thought and play will centre for the week around this object as far as possible.

The first hour was the hour of *impression*. All the impressions that fall upon the senses are like seeds falling upon the soil of the mind, ready to germinate there and strike root. As long as they have not germinated our lesson is fruitless. But in order to germinate, their first need is time. That is why all our lessons last only for a limited interval, not more than an hour, sometimes, with very little children, only for ten minutes at a time. Many seeds, however, after beginning to germinate, are checked in their growth and wither away. Those thoughts that we wish to make fruitful have to

find expression. For this we must give much encouragement and scope. This is why we continually return to the object, day after day, and bring it into games, drawings, modelling, sewing, composition, and all the forms of activity that occur to us.

By this time we can see that the week is to be dominated by the object. It is a sort of keynote which is to sound again and again through the music of school. A great deal, therefore, depends on the selection of the object. It has to be simple and representative, leading to a widespread idea of animals and plants as a whole, giving the child power and impulse to go far in the knowledge and study of Nature and learn for himself.

For the first object, the form that radiates in all directions, can we do better than take an egg? The life of the plant starts from the seed which is an egg, embedded in the fruit, often only a larger and more modified form of egg. We may look, then, at the egg as radiating into life-forms in two different directions, that of the animal, and that of the plant. Thus—

Fish.	Brinjal.
Frog or Tortoise.	Guava.
Bird.	Bulb or Onion.
Mouse or Squirrel.	Lotus.
Cat, Dog, or Cow.	Flower.
Monkey.	Cocoanut or Palm-fruit.

The difficulty in dealing with Indian Nature is its profusion. It is hard to select. One has no idea how much easier this is in a cold country, where winter is strongly marked and all the roots and flowers begin to wake up gently and slowly with the first touch of warmth.

We cannot exhaust Nature in a year's Kindergarten lessons. We can only allow ourselves to feel that we have led the child to run its fingers over the keys. Nor must we give it these elements in their ultimate order, but we must lead and stimulate the child by comparing and tracing out resemblances to form an order of itself. When the child is young, in the first stage of observation, it must be led to interest itself in form and life. Here there must be no destruction, no cutting up. Afterwards, in the late stage, we come to structure, and for this we must examine. The animal that is alive should be the teacher of the child, as it ought to be the teacher of the artist. Even when, later, we cut up a fish to learn how it is made, it should be a fish already dead—not killed before our

eyes for the purpose of our knowledge. Even fruits and seeds, in this early stage, must be kept whole and not cut up.

But there are other animals also that might be studied. There is a whole class of animals that it would be good for us to know. Amongst these are spider, mosquito, dragon-fly, butterfly, snail, prawn, worm, centipede. There ought to be no such thing as disgust or horror in our minds of any living things, and to overcome this we ought to create in the very young a warm love and feeling of being a playmate.

In a somewhat later stage, say, the second term of the school year, we may take details or parts of the organisms which we first approached as a whole. Thus we may take a feather (hair, scale, bony case), a shell, a pot with seed in it, a wing, a flower, a leaf, a shell of nut or seed. Or we may decide to avoid even as much anticipation of order as this implies, and may decide to mix our course of objects from the beginning, taking in one week an animal object, and the next something belonging to the plant. The interest and the curiosity of the child is to lead us. Our only part is to select elements of expression in order to make sure that he has the chance of including them.

As the week begins with the *impression* of the object, so it should end with *expression*. This is why the ideal time-table ends with clay-modelling models of the week's object. Again we might take purely physical objects, with a later stage of learning, such as a burning lamp, flowing water, a moving ball, a pair of scales.

All that the child learns by the object ought to form part of a larger knowledge of Nature. The teacher ought to be the greatest student of all, teaching herself about botany, zoology and physics. She will be reading and watching to satisfy fifty questions where the child asks only one. Until you have begun, you have no idea of the infinite joy and thirst that these object-lessons can waken in teacher and taught alike.

THE TEACHING OF GEOGRAPHY

In all teaching we must be guided, not so much by that we have to teach, as by the thought of what the child's mind needs. Everything depends upon the child. The true teacher follows : she does not lead. The child will be happy and interested if

the lesson is right, just as we are hungry when we are properly fed.

The best class is one in which the children are much heard. We have to make them long for knowledge before the knowledge reaches them. We have to bring work to them little by little, seeking to offer them that difficulty which they are fitted to surmount. We teach in order to create *intellectual muscle* in the taught, far more than to give them information. If we succeed in developing their faculty, they might be left to acquire knowledge for themselves. This would be the ideal.

It is a law which cannot be too deeply understood and believed by the teacher, that thought proceeds from concrete to abstract, that knowledge grows by experience, and that experience begins with senses, that two senses are more than twice as good a foundation as one. Therefore where we want the young mind to acquire a new kind of knowledge, we have always first to sit down and consider : How can we make this subject concrete ? How can we bring it home to sensation ?

Watch the play of children. It is always with *things*. That play is really self-education. Their activity is spontaneous. It obeys some impulse within themselves. But it is the means by which they lay hold of the world outside. That teacher is most successful whose lessons are most full of the spirit of play. The one study that never fails is the early play of mother and grandmother.

How can we bring geographical ideas to a level where they come within the range of the play of a child ? How can we set the child to play amidst them ? When we know this we shall have solved the problem of geographical education. What is usually wrong with our knowledge is that *we are not properly prepared for it*. Every act of the mind would be rich and joyous and full of ease to an extent we cannot now dream, if only the mind itself had been developed up to it by the right stages of growth,—growth of the idea, growth of the mind itself. '

When we ask how we can concretize geographical ideas, so as to make them accessible to the mind of a child, there is one field of observation to which we may turn for our answer. The education of a child is designed to teach him in a short period what he could otherwise only hope to learn in the course of life. It quickens the process that it may add to it. Geographical ideas are ideas of *place*. Even an uneducated man learns to find his way, learns the relation of one place to another. What is the process by which he does so ?

Can we possibly learn the process, and reapply it to the education of the child?

Again, a child learns by his own *act*. What action can we give him that may enable him to lay hold of ideas of place, and bring them as it were within his command?

I. The place that even the uneducated man comes to know, in his own neighbourhood, is his own home. Let the child, similarly study the place he knows—his school and the vicinity of his school. And can we turn this study into play? Every good teacher will answer differently. She is no teacher who does not *invent* ways of playing out knowledge. But the *act* by which, in the spirit of play, the geographical faculty can be made to grow, is map-making. In a true education, the use of the map will never need to be explained to the student, for the simple reason that the truly-educated began himself to make maps before he was six.

This is the first stage of geographical education—the making of maps of the schoolroom; the school garden, the rooms in the school-house, the streets and lanes and houses and gardens in the neighbourhood. Incidentally, one may seek to train the public spirit of the child by teaching him to talk of what he saw on the road to school, of whether the streets were clean or dirty, of what was beautiful, of how noble it is to create beautiful things for the public good. Maps need not always be made with paper and pencil. Any of the material abundant in the country can be used, beads and sticks, clay, sand, wet thread, or anything else that pleases the child. But the power to make and use a map is assuredly growing nevertheless. This is the first stage of geographical teaching.

II. In the second stage we go a little further afield, and observe such of the geographical features of the neighbourhood—the river and its flow, a lake or tank, an island, peninsula, isthmus, as may enable the children to form strong and fresh associations with all these words. Instead of the old learning by heart of more or less meaningless terms, we have thus established a personal experience as the basis of future thought. And whole lessons may be given, in which the children are encouraged to find out such thing as, Where is the river going to? Where did it come from? How did it grow? The ideal river, with source, mouth, tributaries, Prayagas, and enclosing watershed, may be made in clay, as a relief map. Such a map might well take a whole term to make.

III. In the third stage of geographical ideas we have to take note of the fact that the human mind proceeds from the *whole* to the *detail*. If we notice the picture made by a young child, we shall find that he always begins by making a whole man. It is the maturer mind that seeks to render a face, or a hand, or what not.

In the same way, there comes a time when the child has to be led to consider the world as a whole, the world we live in. Here we enter on such conceptions as those of mountains and plains, land and ocean, climate, north and south, and so on. By this time, the notion of the map—the markings that mean mountains or rivers, and so on,—is well understood, and the child, with maps or a globe before him, can read off a description of any given country. It is always best to lead him to do this for himself. Remember that he learns by his own effort. He proceeds from known to unknown. He reads what maps express, in consequence of his own effort to express the same thing. Gradually, reasoning from what he has to what he has not experienced, he builds up the great idea of the world as a globe, with snow-caps, north and south, and a hot belt midway.

If possible even this idea of the world as a globe should be puzzled out by himself. If we could only carry each individual mind in its education along the path the race has travelled in getting knowledge, the whole of our lives would be changed, for the whole world would be a world of genius, so rich and strong and many-coloured would our thought become. So we must reach the child's deepest faculties by a problem or a picture. We must start him thinking and guessing for himself. He knows what east and west mean. He knows where Calcutta stands, and where is Bombay. Picture a sailor setting forth from Calcutta, in a boat and sailing on and on for months and years. At last after infinite struggle, but always going east, he arrives at Bombay. How is this explained? Even in the end it cannot be guessed if he has to give it up. The roundness of the world, after this work of the child's own mind upon the problem, will be realized and remembered. Until this has been gone through, he ought never to see a globe. The symbol, the picture or the story ought always to come as the reward of effort made.

What will be the climate of this particular country, hot or cold? Why? The effects of seas, mountains, plain, desert, latitude

can be worked out, in case after case, from a few simple principles, easily deduced from experience. There ought to be very little learning or memorizing, and a vast amount of reasoning and impression-building throughout this education.

The more fruitful of all considerations in connection with this question of general distribution of areas, is that of the nature of the work imposed by place and the character of the community and civilizations that grow in them. To work out the fact that coast-lines produce fishers, and fishers become sailors, that fertile valleys make peasants, that mountain-sides or deserts make shepherds, and to receive as reward for this some little knowledge of strange races or old civilizations and their history—this is to give a breadth to geographical ideas, that can never be forgotten.

IV. On coming to the fourth stage, that of a definite knowledge of given countries, beginning with his own, we shall find that the child's mind is not wholly a blank. The process that was begun with map of school-house and garden, has been going on silently, and ideas have been accumulating as to the relation of the places about him.

Here again, it must be the whole before the particular—India before Bengal, and yet the homeland first amongst the countries of the world. And the book must only come at the end of learning, in order to fix the impressions given. We must return upon sensation, and try to picture the whole country in a series of journeys. In the old days these journeys would have been made by river, today they are made by railway. But in any case the journey ought to be imagined, the cities passed, the mountains and lakes seen, the forests, flowers and climate thought out, with the map before him. After the journey, after many journeys, the province may be described and pictured. Finally, the learning of the lists that books contain may be demanded. Geography ought now to be a passion. Instead of learning the facts being a difficulty, it will be a delight. The mind of the taught has made a beginning. It can be left to teach itself the rest.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

History is very much more difficult to reduce to concreteness than is geography. But on the other hand, it has the advantage of

the child's natural passion for a story. We may be able to play tales of wars and migrations with bricks or with sticks, or what not; but on the whole we shall have to go to story-telling, and study the child's own methods there in order to deal with history.

We all know the earliest stories that please the child. The very first consists of such statements as that the cat mews, the dog barks, and these over and over again. This is far below the stage of history. Gradually the child comes to the period of grown-ups, and calls for story-telling proper. He listens for hours to tales of Krishna slaying demons, or Sita and Rama wandering in the forest, those wonderful fairy-stories that only the Indian child possesses.

This is the time when a few historical ideas begin to make their appearance. Amongst all the stories will be one or two names and tales taken from the country's narrative. The child begins to have friends and favourites amongst the great men and women of the past. This is the point at which history proper begins, and the teaching of it in the school.

I. The first point that we have to realize is that a very young mind cannot sustain a complicated story. The stories by which we at first build up the idea of history are such in name only, they are in fact word-pictures. We have always to go back to sensation, always to strike again the note of colour, form, movement, costume, act, word. The things seen must be brief, striking, clearly-defined, strongly-grouped. And there must at this stage be no subtle idea to bind the parts together. All must be simple, forceful, primitive and clear in motive as well as outline.

It is true, in many senses, that the history of India has never yet been written. And here is one of them, that it has never yet been reduced to a series of concrete moments. This needs doing. It can only be done by one who studies Indian history with the *heart*. Mere head-knowledge will not do. All history centres in a succession of vivid moments. We must be made to witness those moments. Having done so, the root of the matter is in us. Indian history is as capable as any other of such treatment. We know that Ashoka sent out decrees to be carved on rocks and pillars, for these exist to the present day. Would it be difficult to think out the scene itself, the despatching of the orders, the carving of the message?

A second point about these word-pictures is that they need not be told in their historic order. The child will create order,

later, amongst his own impressions. In the young mind there is no order, no correlation. One of the greatest of mental delights is to feel the growth of this. A child I know was given a flower to model. It carefully pulled the flower to pieces, and modelled each separate part separately, enclosed the whole in a match-box and handed it in, with perfect self-satisfaction as a model of the flower. There was here no perception of connection or co-ordination. The same applies to our ideas of history. We must first acquire a quantity of impressions, and then afterwards see the sequences spring up amongst them. This perception of sequence and succession is the true development of the historical sense. Our notion of time is derived from our idea of things that have happened in the course of time.

So we must make word-pictures, and we must give them in anything but their true order, only taking care to make them vivid and distinct. Buddha leading the goats up to Rajgir and pleading for their lives may be the history-lesson one day, and the very next may be Humayun breaking the muskbag at the news of the birth of Akbar. Or we may picture the arrival of the Chinese pilgrim, Hiouen-Tsang, at a Buddhist monastery, say Nalanda or Ajanta, one day, and the next day we may go back to Skandagupta and his victory of the Huns. History that is not seen as pictures is not history at all to the childish mind, and is better not attempted.

II. The next stage of history groups itself, not round vivid movements but round favourite characters. This is social history. Word-pictures of all old cities and the life lived in them, of old Ashramas or universities, of pilgrimages, of wars, all these have to be attached to personalities, to great men and women, and the idea, not of their lives at first, but of their personalities. We like them. We like to be with them. Beautiful things happen round them. This should be the feeling of the child. Here the teacher has most to discover what new meaning we begin to find out in old books when we search them for this kind of knowledge. In these early stages of history, the teacher should remember that the bent she gives the children's sympathies will stay with them probably for life. Therefore one should be careful to base one's feeling, and one's praise and blame, on the strong and simple outlines of right and wrong, leaving the judgment free as far as possible for later formation of personal opinion.

III. Again, there is the question of the *expression* of its

knowledge by the child. When these two stages are past, we shall find that we have built up two kinds of elements in the mind of the taught, which together make the historical imagination. We have built up the idea of events, and the idea of persons.

We are now ready for the swing and drift of history. Behind them we shall be ready to see the significance of persons and moments. We can watch the Rajput giving place to the Mussalman; or the Buddhist monasteries emptying in Gandhara; or the life and labours of Ashoka or of Shankaracharya or of Aurangzeb; or the Mahratta overturning the Mogul; or the French struggling with the English in the South. And here the well-taught student will show his quality by startling us with wonderful questions. Encourage him to find out his own answers—for original questions and original answers make works of genius.

Not until we are thus prepared, ought we to be asked to face the learning of dreary facts and talk about facts that are now so apt to be called history. Only the lover of India can write the history of India. Only the lover of India can teach the history of India.

India is the music of the song, the theme of her own drama. Throughout our teaching we have it in our own hands to determine the thirst that shall reverberate with their country's name through our children's lives. We have it in our power to create those elementary associations that shall forbid them to think other than that.

THE EDUCATIONAL METHOD

We all talk glibly about education, but how many of us have asked ourselves the question, what *is* education? What are its ideals? Where are the truest educators to be found? And yet in these directions, certain clear and more or less incontestable opinions have been arrived at by thinkers and workers which might be made material of common knowledge.

We do not apply the word education to what we learn, for instance, from the tailor or the cook, when we desire for one reason or another to acquire their professional knowledge. To learn to practise some special art is not to be 'educated', yet the learning of these very arts may be essential to a real education. What, then, do we mean by this word? Evidently we use it to denote a training of the mind as such, in which, if we will examine our conception, we shall find that we look to produce, not so much a familiarity with certain definite facts, as a trained power of attention and concentration, an ability to think connectedly and inquire persistently about a given subject, and a capacity for willing rightly and efficiently.

It is clear that if we would will efficiently, a certain physical training may be necessary. It is clear that if we desire the power of sustained thought, there may be certain branches of knowledge with which we are obliged to become familiar, but these are questions of *method* merely: the educational *purpose* is directed towards the training of the mind as such, alone. If this be so, the nature of the mind becomes more important to us than any special subject that has to be taught. The task undertaken being in effect a species of mental gymnastics, the question of the muscle to be developed is prior to that of the particular movements by which the development is to be achieved. It is along psychological lines, then, that a science of education is a possibility, and it is here that the comparison of methods becomes valuable. A special mode of teaching French or German, so that the learner may make the greatest possible progress in the shortest possible time, may or may not be

final. About the principles of educational psychology, once they are ascertained, there can be no doubt. They are as fixed as those of any other science.

When we begin to seek out educational models, we are startled to discover the truest of them outside the school-room. It is rarely that we meet a teacher who does his work with the same thoroughness as a mother. The ideal method is often enough the inborn gift of an ignorant woman. And this, if we will think about it, is not nearly so paradoxical as it may seem, for surely the need is not so much to teach the child as to stimulate the child to teach himself, and throughout babyhood there is a growing effort to render the taught independent of the teacher. This was the truth that was so deeply understood by Fröbel, when he went up and down the German valleys, observing and analysing the children's play, that he might make of the school-room a "child-garden" or *Kinder-garten*. It is not of course true that every mother is a born teacher, but it might possibly be hazarded on the other hand, that every good teacher, whether a man or woman, is something of a mother.

And first if we compare the modern school-room in India with the Indian nursery, we shall be struck by at least one great difference. The nursery knows nothing, either of lecture or text-books. Few men ever acquire the same ease and precision in mathematics as they do in walking, yet walking is taught almost without any word at all.

Is there a specific difference in this respect between the two activities, or do they both depend at bottom on development of *Faculty*? Undoubtedly there is specific difference, mathematics being a function of language itself, but at the same time the human intellect would acquire a deepened mastery of the subject, if it could only be dominated in its pursuit by kindred concepts to those which guide us in acquiring the art of walking. The nurse sets the child to walk. She watches, and guides his efforts. She protects from irretrievable injury. And all this she does by raising the spontaneous desire of the child himself for activity. Such is the true teaching.

For it cannot be said too often that *telling is not teaching*. Words do not convey knowledge. Education and information are not the same thing. True knowledge is the result of experience. And he who would impart it must provide for this. Or again, right training is the result of right will, and this cannot be evoked by mere

words of command.

The true teacher, then, is only following the lead given him by the mind and nature of the child. But he is following that lead, while himself conscious of a great intention. Intellectual power is not so much a special ability for this or that, as an irresistible pushing onwards of the mind towards the co-ordination of larger areas of experience in continually depending sequences. It is, in other words, energy, rather than a habit or trick, of thought. But this energy will only be awakened successfully by one who is conscious of striving to evoke it.

CHILD-GARDEN SCHOOLS FOR INDIA

THE main idea of the Kindergarten system, as this was formulated and arranged by Fröbel, early in the nineteenth century, lies in the two-fold principle enumerated by Pestalozzi : *Knowledge comes by sensation, abstract thought by concrete experience; and the child in its development follows the race.* These two conceptions, working together, account for the manifold toys and occupations included in the Kindergarten, and account also for the not less interesting and important feature of the Kindergarten game. Behind both principles alike, lies the perception of a deeper truth still, namely, that education is to be determined by the nature of the educated, rather than by the will of the educator.

To be initiated into child-study, to be enabled to observe the child for himself is a more valuable accomplishment to the teacher than any of the special subjects in which he may be proficient.

Like all great psychological discoveries, Fröbel's theory of education seeks continually for new expression. It is never to be considered as fixed or identified with its outer form.

The discoverer was himself a German, and local characteristics have adhered in a peculiar degree to his creation. The German Kindergarten was built up by observation of the German play of German children. It was equipped with German materials impressed with German taste. It expressed a German mode of thought, and in some respects bears the stamp and limitations of the age which gave it birth. If we are ever to have an Indian Kindergarten, all these elements must be correspondingly Indianized. It must be the result of the observation of Indian childhood, and must reflect Indian life and express Indian ideals.

Before such a system can come into being, however, we must be in a position to grasp the main outlines of the Kindergarten, or child-garden-school, as it is known in Europe, and to deduce from these the principles that are essential and universal in their application. For this, nothing could be more necessary than a brief synopsis of the Kindergarten as it stands.

Fröbel saw that the play of children was full of significance. By it the child enters into relationships with the external world and with his fellows; which in their totality, will constitute his character and personality. By play, again, the young animal begins the process of acquiring knowledge of the world about him.

And by play, finally, with its apparently aimless movements, he gains control over his own body, and finally becomes skilled in its use and direction. There is thus nothing, in the whole life of a child, which affords so much educational capital as the spontaneous self-activity which we call play. Education is understood to be a development, a leading-out, from what is already attained to what is naturally attainable. If this is so, it follows that we can help no one to develop, unless we are first in full sympathy with his present standpoint. Hence Fröbel's effort to watch the play of children as it actually was and make it the basis and starting-point of the intellectual processes, was strictly scientific.

He found that various raw materials were universally beloved —mud, sand, water, coloured chalks, beads, stricks, straw, string, paper, fibres of any sort, seeds, fruits, flowers, and a host of other substances were all, to the babies, as so many opportunities of delight. Neither Raphael nor Michael Angelo knew greater joy than the children, as Fröbel watched them, found in their mud pies. Metaphorically speaking, he imported the mud into the schoolroom, and determined to bring with it the creative joy that of right belonged to it. The result was the tabulation of some eight or ten processes, which were to be used for the initiation of education. In the Western plethora of manufactured objects, it was easy to provide the school-room, further, with certain toys, which were found to have a stimulating effect on the mental energy of the children. But these were all characterized by the quality of calling forth activity. A Fröbelian toy must always demand effort from the child, never represent labour accomplished by others for him. The one quality educates, the other pampers and spoils.

First of these toys—which Fröbel names “Gifts”—was a box containing six coloured balls. To a young child, as to a kitten, a ball is scarcely a thing. It is almost a person, almost a companion. Intending his gift for very young children, Fröbel gives it, in typical form, at the end of a string, and leaves it to be swung and waved and tossed, and played with in a thousand ways that will not mean losing it! It is by way of extension and continuation of this gift,

however, that in the play-ground or in the course of the game, the child receives an india rubber ball, and is taught to bounce and catch and through this, in accordance with the power of school and class, to organize and co-ordinate what would otherwise be merely aimless movements. The German logic in Fröbel sometimes overrides the motherly tact of the great educator and he allows himself to be led by the subject, rather than by the child. This must account for the nature of his Gift II, which consists of a wooden ball, cylinder, and cube. It actual teching this gift may be ignored. Gifts II to VI consist of boxes of wooden cubes and bricks for building. From there the child learns the elements of number, of fractions, and of Geometry, which have a power of giving pleasure and developing faculty which in the hands of a skilled teacher is little short of infinite. There is hardly any subject which they can not be made to serve. The children will work with them for years, always finding in them something new, and never tiring of them. A box of thin coloured tiles, some square and others of various triangular shapes, constitutes Gift VII, and completes the series known as "The building gifts." This is used for still further elaboration of geometrical ideas, and for pattern-making.

These boxes of toys form the gifts proper. For the rest, Fröbel supplies the child with raw materials which he is led to use in various more or less suggestive ways, and each of these is known as "an occupation." Paper is folded, or cut into definite shapes and patterns. Beads are threaded. Stitches are made with coloured threads on cards, by way of delighting the child with the elements of sewing. Simple weaving is provided for, with paper or string. Drawing is attempted both with carbon and in colours. The programme sounds as trivial asmay be, and its significance is derived, not from anything in itself, but entirly from its relation to the development of the chlid.

There is a third department of the Kindergarten process, as thought out by Fröbel, and this is the Kindergarten story and game. Fröbel himself wrote the simple little collection of Mother-and-Child-Songs.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL METHOD IN HISTORY

PROFESSOR Patrick Geddes is a Western Sociologist, whom I have often wished to see in India. That is to say, I have wished that his mind, and his methods of classification, might be brought to bear in all their fullness on our Indian problems. And yet, if we could send to him in the West a few earnest disciples to master his methods and apply these for themselves, it might be still better, for it is perhaps preferable that a sociological outlook which is full of hope and encouragement for India and her people should be wholly free from the personal bias which might arise from his own direct experience and sympathy.

One needs to know very little of Professor Geddes before one perceives that the thought and inspiration which he represents in the English world are largely French. It is the great French thinkers, Le Play and Comte, of whom he speaks when he makes quotations, and for my own part I cannot pretend to the learning requisite to disentangle originality from antecedent suggestions in his case. Certain of his theories he ascribes to Le Play, yet in Le Play I believe that they are merely incipient, as compared with his own formulation of them. And in some others, the whole world is perhaps assumed to recognize the familiar tones of Auguste Comte. But here, again, I imagine that the doctrines set forth represent unexpected applications and developments of the older teaching, rather than mere repetitions of it. It is best, therefore, that I should tell the tale of what I myself have learnt at first hand from this living teacher, rather than that I should attempt to analyse and criticize the base of his teaching. And as I am thus attempting to describe only a few impressions made upon myself I am not bound to take his permission, nor do I offer my remarks as having his approval. I alone am responsible for their errors and misrepresentations, the only thing for which I can answer being their subjective correctness. Professor Geddes' subject is Sociology. "*Not to approve*"; "*Not to condemn*"; "*To classify*" might be his mottoes. That

is to say, he advocates the understanding of human institutions rather than the partisanship of a selected few on one side or another. In this, of course, he is merely true to the scientific spirit. Yet the overwhelming attraction of his thought to myself has always been the full and adequate place assigned by him to righteousness as a sociological phenomenon. That morality is not only the noblest, but also the most spontaneous and imperious of all men's appetites has always appeared to me as one of his fundamental recognitions. And in this, until I had learnt something of the French School of Thought to which I have referred, he appeared to me as, amongst scientific and technical thinkers on his subject, as distinguished, of course, from historians, quite useful and yet it is surely a sociological fact of the first importance that there is a thirst in us which on occasions nullifies by our own act all our care for self-preservation and impels us upon a supreme act of self-destruction in defence of others or in indication of an ideal.

The method of Professor Geddes may, perhaps, be defined as one of the establishment of sequences. He solves a problem by showing how that problem came into being, and by what it will be succeeded. Thus, the first time I heard him in public he was lecturing in New York on Paris. I could not, perhaps, at this distance of time—it was 1900, the year of the great Exhibition—reproduce all the divisions under which he treated his subject. But he regarded the growth of the city as falling into historic strata, as it were, which afterward remained piled one upon another, in a mingling of real sequence and apparent confusion. The lecture was illustrated by a blackboard drawing of a sort of lotus, divided into numbered whorls and Paris was shown to include (a) an ancient, (b) a mediaeval and (c) a modern city. The last-named again, was, if my memory serves, divided into (1) Revolution, (2) the Empire, (3) the Financial, and (4) the incipient Cities. It was, in fact, this last classification which I found so rich in suggestion. For we were presently launched upon an enquiry as to the spiritual and temporal powers in each stage of the civic history. And it was shown that the spiritual arm of the Revolution lay in the press, and her temporal arm in the Third Estate, or, as we might say, in the Parliament, that the spiritual power of the Empire had been "prestige" and her temporal power the army, and that finally the Financial Era, to which we have all succumbed, found its temporal strength in the Bank, and its spiritual credit in the Bourse. The incipient City was necessarily

left undescribed under these heads. For the incipient City will be always what we make it.

Here, it appeared to me, was a most fruitful method of thought. If we would see how fruitful, we might bring it to bear for a moment on the city of Calcutta. Here we have (1) the Hindu (2) the Mussalman (3) the British and (4) a possible, shall we say civic or nationalized, city. In each of the three first we have a series of institutions and developments peculiar to it, and in the fourth, what we are pleased to create for it! Or we might look at the shipping in the harbour by the light of the same lamp. Obviously we have here (1) the old country boats for trade and traffic on the water-way (2) the wooden sailing ships of the Chinese and ancient international commerce; and (3) the steamships of Modern Financial Epoch.

Or we might take up the history of India. How much more clearly we can think of it, in the light of such a method. First, then, the religious government of caste and Dharma : second, religious government through the influence of a religious order preaching the spiritual and intellectual equality of all castes; thirdly, the military domination of still another religious idea, the fraternity of Islam; fourthly, the imposition of a great secularity, by right of its army on the one side, and its prestige on the other; and, finally, the emergence of the India of the future, in whose cities the mutual relation of these various ideas may be expressed by placing temples, mosques, monasteries, and churches indiscriminately on the circumference of the circle, and Civic Hall, the National Hearth, unravelled at the centre.

Or, taught by this same semi-geological method, we may take up Indian Geography, and watch it fall into its proper sequence of strata. First, then, we may peel off Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, with their attached hill stations, or summer seats. Having done this we stand in an earlier epoch, of which Murshidabad, Poona and Amritsar may, perhaps, be regarded as the most characteristic names in Northern India. Lucknow and Murshidabad, indeed, form a sort of transition, a link with the next period, going backwards, representing the disintegration of a great empire by spontaneous regional development, political revolt not yet having appeared and then we arrive at the magnificent group of Mogul cities. The great pilgrim places of Hinduism remain the same for every age. But through the study of ruins and obscure traditions we are enabled

to trace out not only the civic centres of the Buddhist period, but that self-same process of regional development which we have already seen at work in the Mogul Empire, breaking up the Ashokan also into a long line of inferior capitals.

This particular treatment is here, of course, only touched upon. The institutions which emerge with each period are also easily tabulated. And we may watch the abbey of one age giving place to the university of the next, the moral influence of the *Panchayat* displaced by the power of the state, with its police system and law courts, and the like. And the very fact of putting these things into orderly sequence is of the greatest assistance to clear thought about them.

But to return to our proper subject, this particular lecture which I heard in New York represented one form only of Professor Geddes' "*sequences*", and I never heard it repeated. For so many and so varied are the lines of thought opened up by this teacher that that hearer is fortunate, indeed who can listen to a second rendering of any one theme. There is, however, one of his formulae which is not to be placed in this category. For it is his *Veda*, and he cares not how often he repeats it. I refer to the Le Play-Geddes doctrine of the influence of place on Humanity. Le Play, it appears, was a French Mining Engineer who, about a hundred years ago, in mature life, went to Southern Russia to prospect some districts professionally. When he saw the country and the people living there and came to know something of their habits and ideas, however, Le Play was startled by the affinity of the whole civilization to the life of the Semitic patriarch, as described in the Old Testament, and he set to work to find out what was the determining factor which was common to the two cases. Obviously, both were pastoral. It is true that the steppes of Southern Russia were covered with grass, and the deserts of Syria and Arabia with sand. The one country lay in the Temperate, and the other in the Tropical zone. And the one civilization was Aryan and modern, and the other ancient, theocratic, and Semitic. Yet all these elements of variation were seen to be overpowered by that of unity. The place, necessitating that men should live by keeping flocks and herds, had determined both the developments and effaced minor differences. This led Le Play to an extended series of observations in a similar vein, of which the ultimate result, as we have it today, is the theory of the six fundamental civilizations. Thus it is held that the pasture

lands make races of shepherds; the fertile valleys, peasants; the shores of rivers and seas make fishers; the forests make hunters and foresters; and the barren, metal-bearing mountains make miners. According to Professor Geddes and his school, then, all true social progress, and all progress in Government and organization will lie in reinforcing these primitive civilizations, and developing each along its own lines, to bear its proper part in the communal whole. What such development may include is indicated in the fact that he regards the village smith and brazier as a strong miner, caught and attached to the present Commonwealth, and Lord Kelvin as fundamentally the village smith, seated on the shore of Glasgow city, bending his mind to the problem of mending the big ships as they come in ! That is to say, the conquest of nature which in one place or another forms the backbone of each primitive occupation in its turn may be carried beyond nature herself into a more spiritual and abstract region. The great mathematician, physicist, and financier are thus all alike to be regarded as examples of the miner emancipated from the material conditions of his calling, only that he may overcome still greater difficulties in another sphere. The school-master will thus be the culture-master, the peasant dealing with the mind of humanity, instead of the ploughed fields. And we catch a glimpse here of the long antecedent heredity in the subconscious thought of man that makes great religious leaders of a camel-driver and a cowherd and applies to a third the name of the Good Shepherd.

But some of these primitive occupations are less distinctly civilizing and more characteristically piratical than others. Looked at from this point of view, indeed, it may be said that the highest of all civilization impulses, must needs be that imparted by the peasants. The pastoral organization leads easily to war by the path of disputes about wells and grazing lands or personal quarrels between tribes. The work of the fisher in the deep seas demands such close organization that he is easily diverted into the looting of the coast towns, and the whole life and ideal of the hunter is one of exploitation, even as hunting is in all ages, from those of ancient Egypt and Assyria onwards, the sport and relaxation of those supreme despoilers, kings and nobles. Of all these conquests, however, the most intensive and coherent is that of the sea. Consequently island and coast peoples will always be characterized by the most aggressive and piratical tendencies. And in order to see how true this is we

need not, perhaps, confine our attention to the old-time Vikings, but may take the whole history of Europe, and every Western nation as illustrating the law in some degree or other, while in the East another island people is likely to lead the van in developing a similar type of civilization.

In truth, Professor Geddes' lectures make one bold to go further and lay down a law that I never heard from his lips, namely, that the true area of conquest for man is never other men, nor other men's freedom and means of livelihood. The real fight for an honest man lies in the conquest of earth, rock, water, or in the destruction of wild beasts, or the tending and protection of domestic animals. Or his task may consist of any abstracted or intensified development of these.

There are, however, two great social functions, essential to the six fundamental civilizations, as to every later phase and development of them, which are hardly included, or as yet even mentioned. These are the Home and the Market. Now the latter is easily analysed. It is for the most part wonderfully true to its proper origin and function. For in simple communities we may see for ourselves the farmer bringing in his farm-produce and the herdsman his cattle, to the weekly bazaars, and both at nightfall returning to their proper sphere of labour. Or in the sedentary market of the city, the milk and butter merchant represent, as Professor Geddes said of the smith, a stray member of the nomad pastors standing between them and the community they serve. The Home, on the other hand, with its accessories of the personal life, clothing, pottery, and metal work; the garden; the pet animals; the artistic occupations of picture, song and story; the nursing-place of the ideals borne in upon it from the occupational life without; the Home and its allied industries strike their roots deep into an older epoch than any of the six fundamental civilizations. For woman is the constructive energy here, and her place was determined, and her energies elaborated in the great primitive Era of the Matriarchate, or, as Professor Geddes calls it, the Golden Age. In this period, post-primitive, prepatriarchal, of the end of which the story of Satyakama Jabala in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* gives us a glimpse, woman and her dwelling place formed the one fixed unit in the social life. The mother, therefore, was dominant, and the occupations were of an order which she could initiate and direct. The Matriarchate, doubtless, reached great heights of political glory in its later ages, as in Babylon.

But, perhaps, in gipsies and Santhals and snake-charmers we are nearest to catching a glimpse of its simpler daily life. It was then that those experiments were carried out on the domestication of animals and of seed grains which must have formed the capital on which the pastoral and agricultural civilizations of the patriarchal epoch began. And, finally, it is to this period of the Matriarchate that we may trace many of the great religious symbolisms of the world as we know it. The mother and child, for instance, that group, so central to many faiths, derive the thrill of their sanctity from this long association. And how many of the saints in their forest hermitages have reverted to the old-time quest of the Matriarchate, in the taming of wild creatures by the secrets of the Golden Age !

If this cursory examination of a great doctrine has thrown out points of suggestion, fruitful of thought beyond anything actually laid down, it has been essentially true to the spirit of the teacher whom it seeks to represent. For this is Professor Geddes' chief characteristic, to suggest new lines of thought and observation, to give a method and leave the receiver unfettered to make his own application. And that this particular study of Sociology, with special attention to the work already done by European scholars on the Primitive and Matriarchal Societies, has a great significance for India I do not doubt. This is one of the fields in higher research where the Indian scholar may specially aspire to leave his mark. For the synthesis of India, her customs, her traditions and her literature will prove a veritable mine of treasure-trove to such seekers, when they are of her own children, able to use all her resources, because they are able to understand them from within. Moreover, it is difficult to see how the history of India herself can ever be adequately understood or rendered without such knowledge. I have long hoped to see such a history begin with an examination of the origins of human Society; go on to a restatement of the early shiftings and reshiftings of races and empires across the Asiatic tablelands; and proceed in its third and final stage only, to its own proper subject, of the development of India and the Indian peoples.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

CREATIVE KNOWLEDGE

IT is not the amount of a man's reading, but the amount of his *thinking*, that marks the degree at which his education has arrived. Thought, thought, thought, the struggle for new thought, every moment spent in the endeavour, this is the path. And for this, the interchange of thought is necessary. And if the area of interchange is to be widened adequately, we must deliberately seek to lift new minds in to it. We must become missionaries of thought, missionaries of knowledge, apostles of education, sent to one another. Each of us who receives a definite schooling, might try to share something of what he has gained with two others in his home who have not received it. It is little by little, brick by brick, that the greatest of cities grows up.

Indian boys might read the books of Charles Kingsley, if they would catch a glimpse of what educated man in a city, eager to share his knowledge, could do. Charles Kingsley was one of the clergy of Chester Cathedral, and he gathered round him a little club of working men, who, on their Saturday afternoon holidays, would tramp with him, all over the country, collecting plants and botanizing, or selecting objects for the microscope. An old watch-maker in Chester afterwards became a famous botanist, through the start given him by Charles Kingsley, on those Saturday afternoons!

A few peeps of the same kind may be caught in the pages of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Novel, *Robert Elsmere*. We have here a fine picture of the English Country Clergyman, who is striving to scatter, to distribute the knowledge that has been imparted to him, with so much trouble and expense, without any merit on his part.

And is it not clear that this is one of the highest of social duties? If it be a duty to distribute food, if it be a duty to help the sick and wounded, is it not ten times a duty to carry to those who have not yet enjoyed it, the lamp of knowledge, that their days may be made a delight, and their lives a power?

In this process, the ringleaders are of course the innumerable workers all over the country, at vernacular literature. In the magazine, in the village-school, in the home, amongst the women, the work is being done. But let us intensify it. Let us remember that knowledge is a religion, that privilege is an apostolate, that true conviction is aggressive, that Churches grow. Let us realize that the supreme necessity is to express *modern* knowledge in the vernaculars. And Mother grant that we pour strong true thought therewith into the cup of our people's minds, knowledge gained by the heart, and speaking straight to the heart. For this alone is knowledge, and it is knowledge, and not mere information, that makes us great!

FROM THE CONCRETE TO THE ABSTRACT

No mistake is more common amongst the religious than that of forcing upon their children a premature and precocious familiarity with the highest generalizations of theology and metaphysics. This is an error, however, from which the slightest acquaintance with the canons of educational science ought to be able to save us.

The child who is to be an abstruse mathematician of world-famed genius, has to begin by counting *things*. "Lisping in numbers" happens only in the imaginations of poets. The idea of *one*, or of *two*, is a high abstraction, as inconceivable to the baby-mind as "holiness" or "justice" or "equality." But two sweets, or one toy, on the other hand, is a concept easily grasped.

Thus the foundations of the sciences of quantity are carefully laid, in the mind of the rightly-trained student, by years of numbering, grouping, and measuring of concrete objects. And the

power of a great mind is nowhere more distinctively shown, than in the fact that the name of a given number-group, in afterlife, instinctively recalls some associated concrete image. The man whose mathematical imagination is saturated with memories of the concrete is the man of soaring power in mathematics, and no other. An instance of this lies in the poetic statement of old Indian problems in Algebra. "So many lotuses grow in a pond, when so and so happens," the proposition will begin, not, "the square of such a symbol *minus* such another," as in Europe. There can be no question, amongst minds capable of judging, as to which method of statement is sounder and more fertile.

The same problem, of making experience the basis of theory, has to be worked out by the competent teacher in all branches of education. It has never yet been done with completeness, but attempts are constantly being made. Unless the child can make a plan of the room or courtyard, unless he has made a map of the village-street, and the neighbouring river, we know that atlases and geography-books must for ever remain a sealed book to his inner eye. The wars of history are made real by the contests of the play-ground. Costume, poetry, and drama render every story more vivid, and every memory more enduring.

The point is, that no mind can launch another upon a generalization. All that we can communicate to each other is an element of experience. I cannot make my baby grasp the idea of *two*. But I can guide the chubby hand from eye to eye, cheek to cheek, ear to ear, counting "one, two, one, two," the while! Thus the mind is trained, and fruitfully trained. The act of counting is thus made into a Sadhana, to lead to the Jnana that realizes *two*. Even Sri Ramakrishna could not banish social pride, *in the abstract*, from his own heart at the initial stage. But he could wash the yard of the pariah, and wipe the stones with the hair of his head, night after night. Even he could not leap at once to same sightedness about wealth. But he had to practise it in the concrete, and change earth and gold from hand to hand and finally cast them both away, seeing no difference between them. It was this *practice* that made his realization so dynamic and powerful—whereas ours is pallid and abstract—when it did come.

Now just as the science of mathematics is after all nothing but the theoretic generalizing of the concrete facts of number and quantity, so is Religion the theory of life. Living is a Sadhana: true

doctrine is its Jnana. Doctrine, without living behind it, is empty talk. Philosophy is not a formula: it is a state of mind. And a state of mind is only to be imparted by actual experience of definite concrete sequences.

If the Ashramas of the *Mahabharata* give us a true picture of those universities in which were first recorded the sublime truths of the Upanishads, then were Rishis of the forest-clearing age no lame or sterile Pharisees, mouthing great texts, saturated in scholastic learnedness. Throughout the *Mahabharata* we see the Rishi dwell with the son of his early manhood at his side. We hear the lowing of cattle. We watch the homely vigorous life of the college-farmstead, at once home of labour and of the highest thought. Buddha, also, when he preached the more excellent way, was not beholden to the monkhood for his knowledge of life. He had hunted with the beast, and shot at a mark, and carried off the prizes of the world in open competition. There was a place for all this in his life as well as for the deep thought and realization that were to come after. It was this that gave to the realization its world-compelling power and depth.

Words remain words. It is experience that fructifies into knowledge. The power of religious realization is always directly proportionate to the depth of life that has been inwrought into it. All this is to show that youth is for work and struggle, not for meditation. Vedanta and Adwaita are not for children. Life must outrun knowing. Better for the schoolboy the gymnasium than the Pandit's abstruse comments. Better the sound of the battle-cry of life than the glib repetition of the texts.

Not that there should be *no* meditation, or *no* scripture! But contemplation and sacred theories should not be the characteristic occupation of early manhood. The man who is dreaming or praying when he ought to be observing, has his folly for his pains. The man to whom the words of the books stand in the place of the knowledge of truth itself, is no man, but a spouter-forth of texts.

We need to understand this in India at present. We have allowed ourselves, through long ages of peace and security, to become over-theocratized. We tend too much to measure manhood by the standards of the priest and the scholar, instead of rigorously criticizing these by the tests of men and citizens. Today, however, we have to reverse the process. Instead of a progressive Brahmanizing of all castes, we have deliberately to turn about and

Kshatriya-ize everyone, including the Brahmins. If to laugh be really, as the Swami Vivekananda said it was, "better than to pray," then to struggle or to toil is, equally, better than to quote scripture about struggling or toiling. Whatever may be the degree that we have attained in the poise of indifference, the imperatives of the *Gita* ring out the same for all of us.

FROM THE NATIONAL TO THE INTERNATIONAL

THERE is one mistake which our people are constantly making. It concerns the true place of foreign culture in a sound education. The question is continually cropping up, with regard to a hundred different subjects. People think that because we advocate Indian manners, or Indian art, or Indian literature, therefore we condemn European; because we preach an Eastern ideal, we despise a Western. Not so. Such a position would ill become those who have taken on their lips, however undeservingly and falteringly, the great names of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and Vivekananda. Interchange of the highest ideals—never their contrasting, to the disadvantage of either—was the motto of our great Captain, and the wisdom of this ought to be easily set forth.

Every branch of culture—be it manners, art, letters, science, or what not—has two stages, that of development and that of emancipation, of the required faculty. Through a severe cultivation in the manners of our own people, we acquire gentlehood, and express this refinement through any civilization to which, later, we may have to adapt ourselves. No woman can become a gentle-woman of any type, if her ancestors have not attained such inner control, such courtesy, such refinement, in whatever environment

belonged to them. Only with infinite difficulty can we raise ourselves above the level of our past though we may express that past in an infinite number of new ways.

But it is only through the thoroughly-understood that we can reach our highest development of faculty. Our language, our literature, our ideals, are all part and parcel of the same thing out of which springs our system of manners. One emphasizes and elucidates the other. One is concurrent with the other. All make in the same direction. Taken all together, they carry us to points of observation and degrees of discrimination that without their help we could not have reached.

A foreign system, the invention of a strange people, can never be so intimately ours as this. We can never reach the same last pitch of utmost perfection in anything that is not our mother-language, as it were, anything that bears on it the impress of a character different from ours, and accumulating that difference, through strange forms and institutions of many kinds. In the foreign thing, we can never be as perfect as the foreigner. Through the foreign thing, we can never reach our own perfection.

But there is such a thing as Freedom. In the use of every faculty, separately, there comes a point of development more or less correspondent to Mukti for the whole personality. When the training is finished, when preparation is sufficient, then there arrives enjoyment, use. Here we come upon the value of foreign culture. The freed faculty is same-sighted. Education has been its introduction—it is not a barrier!—to the riches of the world. Education has sought to bring the man to the knowledge of humanity. Through the creations of his own people, he has realized the heart of mankind. He has learnt to discriminate the common impulse of all men, from the special form peculiar to each people. He himself respects woman, for instance, in the Indian way, through Indian forms. But he knows that respect is the thing required, and he is made free to enrich his expression from all sources. It would be a sin to bring up an Indian child on anything but the *Mahabharata*. But if he could not, when educated, appreciate the poetry of Homer, that fact would mean a limitation of his culture.

A thorough training in our own ideals is the only preparation for an enjoyment of all. A truly cultivated Western man will kneel before the character of Bhishma, as the Indian will clasp his hands

before Tennyson or Fra Angelico. We learn our own, in order to enjoy all. Through our own struggle, we appreciate their effort. But we must not seek to reverse the process. We must not seek through Tennyson to produce the love of the *Ramayana*. Such shilly-shallying can induce only an imitative and bastard culture. Not by such training of poetic faculty can immortal literature ever again be written by us. Not even can there be perfect appreciation either of our own or foreign greatness.

THE EDUCATION OF INDIAN WOMEN

I

IT is not only India, but the world as a whole, that is being agitated today by the question of the future of Woman. In India, discussion centres on her right to education : in Europe, it centres on her right to political expression. In one form or another, Woman is everywhere the unknown quantity, the being of uncertain destiny. We are in no position to help Europe in the solution of her problems : it is sufficient for the present if we can bring a little clear thought to bear on our own.

What do we mean by an educated woman ? What is ideal for woman ? What, for the matter of that, is our ideal for man ? What is an educated man ?

As usual, it is easier to say what education is *not*, than to define what it *is*, or ought to be. And first, in order to test the depth and extent of education, we go instinctively to the examination of the individual's relation to the community about him. Evidently education is partly a question of social adjustment. If we find a man growing more and more extravagant, as he grows poorer, can we call him an ideally educated person ? If we find a wife making it impossible for her husband to cut down his expenses when necessary, fighting against him, instead of with him, on behalf of personal comfort and enjoyment, rather than the well-being of the family, can we call her an educated woman ? If the captain of a ship behaved in such a manner, could we call him a skilled navigator ? Evidently education is a word that implies the power to survey a situation and put oneself into a right relation to it. A woman cannot do this—she cannot even submit herself to her own husband—unless she has the power and habit of self-control. Self-control, then, with wisdom and love, must be the crown of the educated woman. In other words, education, finally, works on the will, and installs the heart and the intellect as its loyal and harmonious servants. *To be able to will nobly*

and efficiently has been described as the goal of education. The end of all culture lies in character.

But the situation to be surveyed, may be more or less complex. And according to its complexity will be the training it requires. Very little intellectual training is needed, to enable a woman to watch her daily bazaar. The great land-owner requires more, for the management of her tenants and estates. Some knowledge of engineering, of agriculture, of the laws of banking and returns upon investments, a far sight about building and afforestation, and a generous identification of interests, will all be of value to the woman-zemindar. Yet even here, it will be noticed that knowledge itself is nothing, without the wisdom and love that are to use that knowledge. And this discrimination it is that tells the woman what virtue to put in practice on any particular occasion. The mother and housewife must above all things be careful about cleanliness and good habits. The great Hindu queen, Ahalya Bai, shows her wisdom by special consideration for her Mohammedan subjects.

The days that are now upon us, demand of each man and woman a wider outlook than was ever before the case. No single question can be settled today, in the light of its bearing upon the private home. Even the food we eat or the cloth we wear, carries a responsibility with it, to those whose well-being will make or unmake the prosperity of our children and grand-children. The interests of the coolie in Madras are knit up with those of the labourer in the Punjab. In order to understand these facts, and weigh them well, it is clear that a good deal of intellectual preparation is necessary. A very ignorant woman cannot even comprehend what is meant by them. This intellectual training is what we usually call education.

But it is evident that the name is mistake. It is her awakened sense of responsibility that constitutes the truly educated woman. It is her love and pity for her own people, and the wisdom with which she considers their interests, that marks her out as modern and cultivated and great. The geography and history that she had learnt, or the English books she has read, are nothing in themselves, unless they help her to this love and wisdom. Scraps of cloth will not clothe us, however great their quantity ! There must be a unity and a fitness, in the garment that is worn.

This new knowledge, however, in a truly great woman, will modify every action. Before yielding blindly to prejudice, she will now consider the direction in which that prejudice is working. If she

indulges her natural feeling, will it tend to the establishment in India of nobler ideals, or will it merely make for social vanity, and meaningless restrictions ? Even the finest of women may make mistakes in the application of these new principles. But honest mistakes lead to knowledge and correct themselves.

The education of woman then is still, as it always was, a matter of developing the heart, and making the intellect efficient as servant, not as lord. The nobility of the will is the final test of culture, and the watch-towers of the will are in the affections.

II

We must think strongly about education. We must know what are its highest results. Let us suppose that a girl learns to read and write, and spends her whole time afterwards over sensational novels. The fact is, that girl, in spite of her reading and writing, remains uneducated. Reading and writing are nothing in themselves. *She has not learnt how to choose her reading.* She is uneducated, whatever be her nationality. That many Western people, both men and women, *are* uneducated in this deepest and best sense, is proved by the character of common railway-bookstall periodicals. Education in reality means *training of the will*.

It is not enough to render the will noble : it ought also to be made efficient if the true educational ideal is to be attained; and it is this latter clause which necessitates our schooling in many branches of knowledge and activity. But efficiency without nobility is worse than useless; it is positively destructive. Infinitely better, nobility without efficiency; the moral and ideal preparation for life, without any acquaintance with special processes. Let India never tamper with the place that the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* hold in the households of the simple. Her own passionate love of Sita and Savitri is woman's best education. Her overflowing admiration for Bhishma, for Yudhisthira, for Karna, is the wife's best offering, and the mother's best schooling, to the manhood of the home.

Does this mean, however, that Indian women are not to learn to read and write ? Let us ask, in reply, if Indian women are inferior to all the other women of the world ? Unless they, are why should

it be supposed that they alone are unfit for an extension of the means of self-expression, to which all the other women of the nineteenth century have been found equal? Has Indian Dharma, with all its dreams of noble womanhood, succeeded only in producing a being so feeble that she cannot stand alone, so faithless that the door may not be opened in her presence, so purposeless that added knowledge tends only to make her frivolous and self-indulgent? Modern Europe has produced great women? Is modern India incapable of doing likewise? Is our future evolution to be determined by our faith, or by our fear? Are we to insist on remaining mediaeval, lest harm come of change?

Even if we were so faithless as to answer 'Yes' to all these questions, it would be useless, for the Mother Herself has taken option out of our hands. Change is upon us, and necessity of change. The waves overwhelm us. Nothing is left for us, but to find out how to deal with them, how to make them forces of construction, how to live in our own day a life so lofty and so heroic that three centuries hence men shall look back upon this as one of the great ages of India, and desire to write a *Mahabharata* of the twentieth century.

Amongst other things, the education of the Indian woman must be modernized. Fathers feel this, where grandfathers fail, grandfathers know it, where fathers oppose. Let there be no fear! The Indian civilization is at least as great as any other in the world. There is no reason to believe that a little more sunlight will cause it to melt away! The Indian woman is as great as any. No amount of added knowledge could ever make her mean.

But let it be remembered that the true heart of education is in its ideals. There ought to be interaction between school and home. But the home is the chief of these two factors. To it, the school should be subordinated, and not the reverse. That is to say, the education of an Indian girl should be directed towards making of her a more truly Indian woman. She must be enabled by it to recognize for herself what are the Indian ideals, and how to achieve them; not made contemptuous of those ideals, and left to gather her own from the moral and social chaos of novels by Ouida.

Fathers and mothers must not suppose, when their children go to school, that their own task is ended. Rather must the thought of Dharma increase daily in the household. Indian ideals of family-cohesion, of charity, of frugality and of honour; the admiration of

the national heroes; the fund of poetic legends, must be daily and hourly discussed and commented on. All that makes India India, must flow through the Indian home to make it Indian. The family is something of a club, it must be remembered, and the true school of character, and the best education of children is the conversation of their parents. When the home-duty is done in this way, there is no doubt whatever as to the ennobling effect of school on the womanly, as much as on the manly character. Let us all beware of the danger of leaving our own duties undone, and charging the results to the account of some great cause, like that of the modern education of the Indian woman.

**ON HINDU LIFE,
THOUGHT AND RELIGION**

INTERVIEW WITH SWAMI VIVEKANANDA ON THE BOUNDS OF HINDUISM

HAVING been directed by the Editor to interview Swami Vivekananda on the question of converts to Hinduism, I found an opportunity one evening on the roof of a Ganges houseboat. It was after nightfall and we had stopped at the embankment of the Ramakrishna Math, and there the Swami came down to speak with me.

Time and place were alike delightful. Overhead the stars, and around the rolling Ganges. While on one side stood the dimly lighted building, with its background of palms and lofty shade trees.

"I want to see you, Swami," I began, "on this matter of receiving back into Hinduism those who have been perverted from it. Is it your opinion that they should be received?"

"Certainly," said the Swami, "they can and ought to be taken."

He sat gravely for a moment, thinking, and then resumed. "Besides," he said, "we shall otherwise decrease in numbers. When the Mohammedans first came, we are said—I think on the authority of Ferishta, the oldest Mohammedan historian—to have been six hundred millions of Hindus. Now we are about two hundred millions. And then, every man going out of the Hindu pale is not only a man less, but an enemy the more."

Again, the vast majority of Hindu perverts to Islam and Christianity are perverts by the sword or the descendants of these. It would be obviously unfair to subject these to disabilities of any kind. As to the case of born aliens, did you say? Why born aliens have been converted in the past by crowds, and the process is still going on.

In my own opinion this statement not only applies to aboriginal tribes, to outlying nations, and to almost all our conquerors before the Mohammedan conquest, but also to all those

castes who find a special origin in the Puranas. I hold that they have been aliens thus adopted.

Ceremonies of expiation are no doubt suitable in the case of willing converts, returning to their Mother-Church, as it were; but on those who were only alienated by conquest—as in Kashmir and Nepal—or on strangers wishing to join us no penance should be imposed."

"But of what caste would these people be, Swamiji?" I ventured to ask. "They must have some, or they can never be assimilated into the great body of Hindus. Where shall we look for their rightful place?"

"Returning converts", said the Swami quietly, "will gain their own castes, of course. And new people will make theirs. You will remember", he added, "that this has already been done in the case of Vaishnavism. Converts from different castes and aliens were all able to combine under that flag, and form a caste by themselves,—and a very respectable one too. From Ramanuja down to Chaitanya of Bengal, all great Vaishnava teachers have done the same."

"And where should these new people expect to marry?" I asked.

"Amongst themselves as they do now", said the Swami quietly.

"Then as to names," I enquired. "I suppose aliens and perverts who have adopted non-Hindu names should be named newly. Would you give them caste-names, or what?"

"Certainly," said the Swami, thoughtfully, "there is a great deal in a name!" and on this question he would say no more.

But my next enquiry drew blood. "Would you leave these newcomers, Swamiji, to choose their own form of religious belief out of many-visaged Hinduism, or would you chalk out a religion for them?"

"Can you ask that?" he said. "They will choose for themselves. For unless a man chooses for himself the very spirit of Hinduism is destroyed. The essence of our Faith consists simply in this freedom of the Ishtam."

I thought the utterance a weighty one, for the man before me has spent more years than any one else living, I fancy, in studying the common bases of Hinduism in a scientific and sympathetic spirit—and the freedom of the Ishtam is obviously a principle big enough to accommodate the world.

But the talk passed to other matters, and then with a cordial goodnight, this great teacher of religion lifted his lantern and went back into the Monastery, while I, by the pathless paths of the Ganges, in and out amongst her crafts of many sizes, made the best of my way back to my Calcutta home.

REVIVAL OR REFORM

How did the 'Pope go to Avignon?' says a European proverb. 'En-protestant'—as a protestant.

Even the Pope, then, in face of an usurper, may, till he is reinstated, act the part of a protestant. Even a Hindu, in a similar place, may call himself a reformer. It would be sad, however, if the Pope, in love with the attitude of a protestor, were permanently tinged with the originality and discontent of that character. The great church of which he is the head, divided thus against herself, could no longer stand intact under the blows that would then be dealt her by her chief pastor. And similarly of the reformer. The work of reform is always limited in any given direction, and nothing can be more mischievous than the temper of the professional reformer. One reform there indeed is, which may be pursued day and night, in season and out of season, but this is the reform effected by pure ideas. The same universality does not belong to reform proper, that is to say to the displacement of one institution by another. Never, for instance, can we sufficiently realize, never can any sufficiently aid us to realize, the highest ideal of faithfulness in woman. But who could presume to dictate to another the form in which this should be pursued? Picture the folly of one who tried to force the exclusive imitation of the Blessed Virgin on unwilling followers in the East, or that of Sita on equally reluctant disciples in the West! Imagine the disastrous removal of all familiar exemplars in order to spread submission to the ideal of the preacher. It is clear that the result would be moral and social chaos. Only the pure idea, the concept of faith and purity itself, can be universal. The form must always be of localized application. Only the crusader of the ideal, then, can claim passports without limitation. The rights of the reformer of institutions are definite, and have a beginning and an end.

It follows that the ideal itself binds together both reforming and unreforming. For if it be universal, it must be common to these two. In the great ends of human striving, the orthodox and

the modern are at one. Both alike are struggling to reach the ideal. Both alike recognize good as good and evil as evil. We may take it, however, that the reformer is often one who understands the reality of a need to which the rest of his society is blind. The members of the Arya Samaj for instance, are admirably sane in their attitude towards the waters of baptism. It would be well if Orthodox Hinduism could see as far. How shall they, in whose veins flows the blood of the Rishis be permanently contaminated by a Christian ablution? It is perhaps strange that those who talk most of the Rishis should attribute least of saving efficiency to their kinship. Orthodox Hinduism will lose a great deal, in this hour of a deepening nationalism, if she can find no way to take back her Christianized children, who seek reconciliation with their own mother.

We are usually very one-sided in our perceptions. All the world must prostrate itself in admiration before women who were capable of performing Sati. But Ram Mohan Roy was indubitably right when he took any means that lay to his hand to forbid women in future that liberty. The patriot admires the heroic wifehood and admires also the lion-hearted reformer. Hinduism has appropriated, in this matter, the labours of the agitator. Hindus know well that his stern prohibition must be eternally enforced. They hold only that in his person—original as was his impulse, national as was his whole upbringing—it should be recognized that a Hindu and not foreigners, put an end to the custom. Ram Mohan Roy's was the apostolate. The response of his own people was the sanction. All that foreigners contributed was the assistance of the police, on definite occasions.

This is indeed the mode of all social progression. Custom grows rigid or becomes exaggerated. Protest arises in the person of seer or saint or teacher, and society opens her arms, embraces her rebel son, and takes her stand henceforth on that wider basis which his work has built for her.

Or to put it otherwise, a healthy reform group represents an experiment in the laboratory of social growth. The Brahmo Samaj in Bengal may be looked upon as a community segregating itself from Orthodox Society for the purpose of working out certain results that were requisite to that society itself. It was desirable to show that Hinduism was capable of offering all that Christianity could offer in the religious life and organization, without de-nationalism.

The tragedy of Christianity in India is its imperialistic character. It may be quite true that the under-dog is not always in the right, still, no self-respecting under-dog will wag his tail over the upper dog's statement of his own ideals ! But congregational worship, the weekly sermon, the Sunday-School and the mutual aid of sectarian organization, were undoubtedly valuable contributions to the social side of religious activity.

On the purely human side, again, by opening society to women, Brahmoism silently made the important assertion that men stand or fall by their obedience to as high a moral standard as is required of their wives and sisters. Henceforth, in fine Indian Society, men must be ashamed to associate even with men, if these should be unfit for the finer tests imposed by the company of good women. The beautiful old reverence of the orthodox for womanhood was not lost; the exquisite reserve of the Indian householder, guarding the privacy of his home, remained. Only for those who were proved worthy of the honour, there was now opened a social sanctum where fine men might meet good women and make an exchange of courtesy and thought.

Freedom as to food and marriage did not mean the transcending of all social limitations. The Brahmo appears to the outsider to be as much a man of his own class as any other. But wherever he may have come from, he belongs to a caste now that is determined by its education, and any newcomer may join it, by reaching the required development.

Work and citizenship meanwhile were being realized as religious avocations. Only in some such way could a great public life be built up. New types were being prepared and channels opened at the same time for their social activity. The Brahmo who has travelled far to find knowledge is invited, on his return, to share his treasure with his own people, and amongst Indian religious sects I know of no other in Calcutta who can invite every distinguished stranger who visits the city to come and tell his tale of knowledge to a full house.

The Pope went to Avignon as a protestant. True. But he came back. And when he did return, it was as a good Catholic, glad to be at home, in familiar places, glad to be freed from the necessity of protesting against anything. So of reforms in general. A good deal of dust is stirred up by their inception. A good deal of antagonism and mutual conflict is required at first, partly to weed

the ranks of recruits who might not be helpful. But in the end there assuredly comes a time when the pioneer-stage of the labour is ended. Then a new duty arises on both sides. On society it is incumbent to appropriate consciously all that the social experiment has achieved and evolved. On the reformers it is desirable to draw closer the bonds that unite them to the old fold, and to sun themselves once more in those communal thoughts and sentiments from which, for a while, they were necessarily isolated.

Then arise fresh and still more living ideals. The divided consciousness of conservatism on one side and new-moulding on the other gives place to the sense of a great task of upbuilding to be performed in common. Men realize that they are after all but the children of their own fathers; that, could they reach the fullest significance of their own institutions, the achievements would be tantamount to the most perfect reform. The radical sees that his own moral fervour and love of integrity were handed down to him from his orthodox forbears, who must have been to the full as good men as himself. The orthodox man, on his side, realizes that a mere religion of the kitchen could never represent Dharma. Instead of casting stones at others for their errors of sympathy, it is his duty to widen his own activity. The Brahmo is no longer to be blamed for abandoning the ancient forms of caste, and neither is the orthodox to rest content with his own petrification of custom. For Nationality has arisen, as the goal of all sections of society alike, and side by side must work brothers of all shades of opinion, of all forms of energy, for the recreating of the Dharma, for the building anew, in the modern world, of Maha-Bharata, Heroic India.

Our watchword, then, is no longer 'Reform'. In its place, we have taken the word 'Construct'. We have to re-create the Dharma. We have to build again the Maha-Bharata. It was said that the church and its protestants, society and the reformer, are now to exchange achievements and become fused once more. For, after all, Humanity is greater than any church. Society was made for Man, not Man for Society.

But even reunion must have a principle of unity clearly seen, deeply and definitely followed out. As long as this is lacking, schism and reconciliation alike are but vague driftings, erratic, unreliable. Even the most comprehensive group must have its impulse, its reasons, its goal. The modern sects have shown by facts how useful are the four walls of the congregation to its

members. The world of modern India is a tournament, and many are the knights who tilt in it. True. But each one of them began in some smaller world, as part of a limited society. Here he trained himself, first as page, and then as horse-and swordsman. And here too, in some higher reach of it, he kept vigil all night over his future arms, and received the accolade and spurs that were to fit him for the contents of the wider world without. Where did each of those men who belong now to the whole Indian world find the smaller play-ground of his preparation? This man, undoubtedly, in school or college; another yonder, in village, estate, or kingdom; still a third in the office or at professional work; a fourth amongst his fellows in religion. A society or a nation is rich morally or socially in proportion to the number of institutions it possesses, which offer distinct and well-graduated steps of evolution to their aspirants. A country or a race that is robbed of all chief appointments in Government in railway organization, in administration of great offices and departments, in the activities of shipping and transport, that has no trading organization of her own, available for her most educated classes, a country or a race that is not consciously making experiments, and coming to conclusions of its own, in agriculture, in commerce, in literature, in art, in science, in public works, in private comfort and utility, in social amelioration, such a country, such a race, is by this fact deprived of thousands of schools of manly character and human development.

It is essential then, that a rich efflorescence of such opportunities be produced. It is essential that the brains of the race be set to the task. Every industry created, every factory established, however insignificant it may appear in itself, is a school of a manhood, an academy where shrewdness and responsibility and integrity are to be studied in the lesson-book of experience, an Ashrama where young souls may ascend the first steps of the ladder towards Rishihood. The task is the creating of a nation to take possession of its country. The men are to be produced by hard experience. The method is to be unity. But where is this unity to be learnt? The reformers have taught us the value of the fixed congregation that takes a pride in the achievements of its own members. But it could not be expected, it could not even be desired, that the body of the orthodox should drift into the camp of the heretics. How, then, can they appropriate the results of their experiments? It could not be asked that the reformers should return to the city from

which for conscientious reasons they set out, and abandon in the eyes of the world all for which, in the past, they have fought. Where, then, are the two parties to meet and confer together? Where are they to attack the common problem in common? Where and round what standard are they to assert their unity?

The answer is simple. *They are to meet on the common ground of place.* For rebuilding the *Maha-Bharata*, the village is to be the *work-room*. The city is the factory. The whole country is the site of the new building. In all that concerns the interests of India the neighbours are Indians, willing to avail themselves of all that can be learnt, from far or near, ready to obey anyone, whatever his personal convictions on other subjects, who has the strength and wisdom necessary to lead. Nor is this any despairing counsel of perfection. To an enormous extent it is true in India that good neighbourhood creates good feeling. The visitor coming to the city is received and entertained by representatives of all factions and all opinions. This is true of India as perhaps of no other country in the world. So far from there being any colour of truth in the statement that she has been "hopelessly divided and sub-divided for thousands of years", the very reverse is the case. We do not regard the garden as divided against itself, because the flowers in it are of many different hues. Nor is India divided. She has, on the contrary, unfathomed depths of potentiality for common civic organization, for united corporate action. But she must understand that she has this power. She must look at her own strength. She must learn to believe in herself. The power of steam is not a whit greater today, though it drives the railway engine and the ship, than it was of old, when it merely made the cover rattle over the pot where the rice was cooking. Steam is not more powerful than it was. *But man has recognized his power.* Similarly, we may stand paralysed in all our strength for ages, all for want of knowing that we had that strength. After we have faced the fact, there still remains the problem of how to control and use it. And long vision is not given in this kind to any of us. Only now and then, for hard prayer and struggle, do mists blow to one side a little, letting us for a moment, catch a glimpse of the mountain path. Yet, without recognition of our strength, there can be no possible question of using it. Without right thought, there cannot possibly be right action. To us, then, the recognition; to us, the thought. India is not divided and sub-divided in any effective sense of those words. She is not divided in

any way that could possibly hinder the working out of a great common nationality. We are working comrades, not because we speak the same language or believe the same creeds. Should I cease to be the brother of my own mother's son because he went abroad and learnt a foreign tongue, or took up the worship of Mahadeva instead of that of Vishnu or Parthasarathi ? We are working comrades on no basis so limited as that of creed or language, which after all, would limit us geographically to a province and spiritually to a single line of development. We are working comrades *because we are Indians*, children of a single-roof tree, dwellers around one bamboo clump. Our task is one, the rebuilding of Heroic India. To this every nerve and muscle of us tingle with response. Who is so foolish as to imagine that a little political petting and pampering can make half a nation forget its kinship with the other half ? Nonsense! We are one! We have not to become one. We *are* one. Our sole need is *to learn to demonstrate our unity*.

BRAHMIN AND KSHATRIYA

FOR many centuries we have gone on constantly Brahmanising our society. For it is a fact that cannot be denied that as things are the lowest pariah hanging to the skirts of the Hindu society is in a sense as much the disciple of the Brahmin ideal as any priest himself. Not all Hindus, perhaps, may claim to share the rank of the Brahmin, but all alike may certainly claim to share his intensions. There appears, however, to be a consensus of opinion amongst us that the time has now come to exercise the other power of our organization, and rouse to its full energy amongst us the heroic ideal, which must not be confounded with militarism. In proportion as we have all Brahminized, that is to say, chosen or wished to choose the life of calm thought, in the past, so, in the immediate future, it is essential that we should all *Kshatriya-ize*, that is to say, become men of courageous and energetic action. This is the cry of the age to us. Its recognition is a prime necessity for each life amongst us that would be active and straight and open and strong.

Thus all things take on new aspects. Sannyasa is sought no longer in the mountain cave, but on the field of battle, before the gates maybe of some doomed city : or in the plague-stricken city, fighting Death within the dark and squalid dwellings of the poor. Sacrifice seems greater than prayer. The joy of death intoxicates the hero. This is indeed the strength of the hero, that when he has suffered, he asks only, in reward, a greater suffering. And indeed we may ask whether all strength is not this—no longer to fear pain, but rather to embrace it ? In love, it is pleasure we ask to share ? Or is it suffering ? Surely the pursuit of pleasure occupies only a trivial and superficial part of our manifold nature, and equally, the desire for communion in pain may be an overwhelming thirst. When all fear is gone, when at the roar of the battle the flame of joy is lighted in the eyes, when a man runs forward at the call of death, to become one with the Terror, not dreaming of shrinking, then and then alone, have we achieved the worship of the heroic ideal. Then and then alone have we become worthy to be the offspring of that great Primal Force, that Adya Shakti, whence we came. *Bande Mataram!*

INDIAN THOUGHT

THE ideal way to follow up the introduction Mr. Geddes has kindly given me, would be, I think, to put before my hearers several points in succession, in which the conception at which we arrive by means of Indian thought, differ very strikingly from Western conceptions and after having in that way clearly established—on one or two definite points—striking difference, go on to talk of the great fundamental difference from which all such arise.

For instance, one simple detail of Indian religiousness which seems to me unparalleled in its poetry and in its depth, is that in that country, God, the Great God, is thought of not as a king sitting on his throne, not as a father giving bread to his children, but *as a beggar*, going from door to door at midday with a begging bowl asking for food, broken food, and taking it !

Another very striking little conception is expressed in one of the names of God, ‘Same-Sightedness’, ‘Thou art Same-Sightedness’. We hardly understand what the word means, much less the train of thought that leads up to it, when we hear it for the first time. And again we hear in Christian ethics that we ought to love our enemies and do good to those who hate you, and in Indian ethics, in the place that that command might occupy, you hear so subtle a sentence as ‘Be the witness !’ Evidently the nexus of thought, out of which these conceptions rise is profoundly different from our own.

If it should seem to you that there is anything in any one of these three little bits that might have a value of its own, then you will think it worthwhile to receive with welcome the great fact out of which it comes. And you will find it worthwhile to trace out the connections between the central idea and their minute details. Indian thought teems with similarly striking conceptions. They are strewn about your path, wherever you go, as you study; and if you take up the question seriously as the great interest of life, you will find that the new thoughts, ideas, symbols, experiences, that it brings

to you in realizing the meaning of fragments like these are simply endless.

The subject has now perhaps been treated so much in London that we all of us know, verbally at least, that the idea for which India stands is the ultimate unity of all experience. The ultimate unity of all experience ! India in fact regards man as mind, and regards all minds as one. Now to our own everyday thinking, we are not mind at all. There is no one here who will not agree with me that we are, to our own common experience, body, holding that what we know has come to us through those instruments of knowledge which we call the senses. We know one thing as sight, another as sound, or hearing, another as touch, and so on. Those who have gone very deeply into it, are probably aware that if we could only reach ultimate terms, we might find that what comes to the eye as light is only a slightly different degree of that which comes to the ear as sound. And that again is only a finer form of the thing we apprehend through another organ as touch. So even in the West, we are not unprepared to say that the 'Many', as we know it through the senses, is really only the 'One' as we know it with our mind.

But the Indian thinker is not contented with a mere theoretical inference that the manifold is the One. He is not contented without the *realization* of this oneness. And he goes again much deeper than that comprehension of external forces, of which I spoke, as a conception possible to Western science; he would say even there that we had not yet reached Oneness—that we were still speaking of two, or dualism, inasmuch as we were still imagining the one who perceives and the one perceived. If the truth of the truth of the universe lies in the absolute unity of experience, where there is none to know, none to be known, and nothing that you call knowing. This is an idea only to be gazed at, a conception not possible to think about, to define, and yet, the Indian thinker would say, have you never reached a moment of that mergence ? Has knowledge never so seized you that you forgot self ? For to his thinking the whole struggle lies in the forgetting of self, in the merging of the ego in the thing loved or known; in the forgetting that there was once one, who now knows. And this realization, to be complete must so perfectly overflow the whole being that it blots out all that knowledge which comes to us through the senses, all that we call sensation. The mind must be able to put these away

from itself, must shut and lock from the inside all the doors of the senses, must find out how to poise itself in that Unity which is expressed as Sat-Chit-Ananda, absolute existence, absolute knowledge, absolute bliss. It is when the mind reaches this realization that the subject of the experience attains the great act of monism, the act of absolute rest and yet activity, which is known as Samadhi, the state of realizing Oneness, or make what we must express to the Christian conception as the Beatific Vision.

We all here know that in Protestant theology there is really no equivalent for this word Samadhi, but in Catholic theology the idea that is technically known as the Beatific Vision is really very like the Indian concept; with this difference—that the Christian condition is only to be reached after we have gone through death and purgatory, and, even in heaven, is the culminating point of experience; while in Hindu religion on the other hand, Samadhi must be attainable every day, every moment, and must be an actual fact of the present life, visible and evident and undeniable. You must learn what it is to be so absorbed in an idea—it does not matter what, the idea of something you love, do, or know, whatever you choose—you must learn what it is to be so absorbed in this that you neither see, nor feel, nor are in anyway aware of that which is external and material.

I shall be very glad afterwards to do anything I can to answer any questions you are prepared to put, as to whether any persons actually do reach this state, but meantime it cannot be too clearly understood that religion, until it is reached, is incomplete. In the attainment of Samadhi, then, the Hindu finds the goal of experience. But is this the end and aim of Indian thought? If so, as compared with western thought, it is surely inadequate, because the act of Divine Communion may be good for the soul, but how are we to prove that it enables a man to do his civic duty, or makes him more efficient as a man, even though we take it for granted that he is more efficient as seer or saint? Here we come to one of those conceptions which are the glory of the Indian people. The real aim of the Indian religion, the real purpose, the culmination of the whole discipline of life, lies in that state in which you can enter at will into the knowledge of unity or the knowledge of manifoldness, and become A FREE SOUL.

I think this is very wonderful. You are not to enjoy anything. You are not to reach a reward. At once you perceive that these

ideas are childish, yet how they cling to all of us ! How difficult we find it to dissociate right from reward ! But, says the Indian thinker, Right may result in Pain. It is not always evil that has suffering as its consequence. Evil attended by pain, and good attended by pleasure, are both, and both equally kindergarten conceptions. We must reach FREEDOM, where we are equally remote from pain and pleasure, where we look upon both these as but examples of those finite quantitative factors in experience, which are known as 'the pairs of opposites'. Such are hope and fear, longing and memory, heat and cold, pleasure and pain. Desire is only desire; and desire is always mean, even though it be the desire for Heaven, even though it be the desire for a great social good. Desire is always less than we could attain. Humanity is capable of something more than that which seeks for a limited wealth, a limited good. So the real aim of the soul is not to be attained thus, and with the conception of the freed soul we come to the reconciliation of the disciplined soul with the universe about it. That reconciliation lies—or they say in India—in making manifest as freedom everything that is apparent to most of us as bondage. I do not know that the idea that every thing about us is bondage would naturally suggest itself to us, but so much has India had this idea, for hundreds of years, that she wages a subtle war of life and thought, perpetually, in which the one great study is always the degree in which we receive and give freedom. The great criticism that Indian people make on western people from the point of view of Indian institutions is always that we allow no freedom. Even in what we pray about, or do, we try to take each other by the throat and force our spiritual conceptions upon one another ! I do not know whether we plead guilty to this, but I think it is true that we have a very superficial understanding of freedom.

Now I do not propose at this point to be drawn off into a discussion of the relation of political freedom to this freedom, yet the fact remains that in India freedom is thought of much more deeply than it is with us; but it is always the ultimate freedom that is thought of—freedom from the personal, in the Impersonal. This is expressed in the antithesis between the Real and the Unreal. It is said that this Manifold is unreal; it cannot remain; it is impermanent. As we pierce deeper and deeper into the innermost truth of things all these fleeting sensations will appear as a shadow. This without is not the truth. It is not the real. The real is the One.

The Transcendent Unity, that is the Real. And so arises the great Hindu prayer of every day—‘From the unreal lead us to the Real ! From darkness lead us unto Light ! From death lead us to Immortality !’ And then, because there can be no distinction between the soul and God, ‘Reach us through and through ourself. And evermore protect us—Oh Thou, Terrible !—from ignorance, by Thy sweet compassionate face !’

God is addressed sometimes as ‘the Sweetest of the sweet’, and again as ‘the Most Terrible of the terrible’. They say in India that the dream of one who is all kindness is a childish dream, that that which manifests a kindness must also manifest a terror; that that which comes as Good, must also come as evil, for these are at bottom but foolish ideas, built on the second and third and fourth degrees of our own little notions of what is pleasant or unpleasant to ourselves. We must transcend all that is thus manifold and reach to that alone which is the ‘One’.

And what is the method by which this is to be reached ? The method is always, says the Indian teacher, by renunciation and by concentration. By concentration because renunciation is never of the high for the low, but always of the low for the high. Study is renunciation with a great object. Renunciation without any object is mere parsimony. There is no reason for parsimony. If the world is for enjoyment, let us enjoy. If we are not to enjoy, it is only because there is some greater end than enjoyment. It is never to be imagined that the Indian doctrine is one of ease and laziness, one of no struggle. It is a doctrine of the most intense struggle after greater and greater activity. You are never to lapse from the thing reached, but must go as from that to something very much more difficult to attain. This is the real doctrine of renunciation, the doctrine of an ever-increasing activity and effort, culminating in the concentration of every faculty—the blotting out of the manifold, the attainment of the One.

And so, in opposition to ‘the Indian prayer of which I have told you, there comes a text from the Upanishads that exactly reverses it. ‘They who see the Real in the midst of this Unreal, they who behold Life in the midst of death, they who know the One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal peace—unto none else, unto none else !’

THE LAWS OF THOUGHT

THOUGHT builds the universe. The mind alone is real. All that is seen is but a dream. There is such a thing as the conscious *holding* of a thought. When this is done, all that opposes it, or seems contradictory to it, gradually melts away, and we wonder what has become of it, or why we were at one time under its illusion.

Anything may be achieved by thought. Death, disease, poverty, humiliation, any or all of those may be overcome. The one thought, "I am the strong! I am the strong!" earnestly held, calmly, confidently, unwaveringly and yet silently asserted, is enough. In the presence of one strong thought, all of a contrary opinion or party become apologetic, and seek to defend themselves, or to explain why they cannot quite agree. And this without one word being said.

Immense batteries may be made by numbers of people uniting together to think a given thought. If the whole of India could agree to give, say, ten minutes every evening, at the oncoming of darkness, to thinking a single thought, "We are one. We are one. Nothing can prevail against us to make us think we are divided. For we are one. We are one and all antagonisms amongst us are illusion"—the power that would be generated can hardly be measured.

This force ought always to be used in constructive forms. We ought always to devote it to what are called positive ends. We ought never to use it for hatred or jealousy or anger, but always in love and faith, and for the upbuilding of something. Even when evil is to be destroyed, or a lie overcome, we must think of the truth that is to be revealed, or the good to be done, and not the evil or the falsehood.

The use of mental powers for directly destructive ends has always been regarded as accursed. It is what the West calls black magic, and certainly recoils upon the user in very terrible ways. A large beneficence should distinguish the man who knows the power

of his own thought. He should not, indeed, assert two conflicting goods at the same time. But out of all that is possible, he should select that which, for reasons that he apprehends, is most admirable and desirable, and concentrate upon it. As this emerges into fact, he will find that all that opposes it is automatically banished or destroyed. The confusion of wishing this and that in opposite directions is the ordinary way of the ordinary world. This way represents a clearing and rationalizing of the ground, it means a dealing scientifically with our own desires, in such a way as to make them realizable by the world about us.

The less selfish the things we wish for, the greater and keener will be accumulated and multiplied power of our thought battery. "Awake, awake, great India" is an ejaculation which, said within the mind, quietly, by hundreds of thousands of persons at a given hour would produce immeasurable force in proportion to the depth of their concentration on the thing itself. Our thought must be cleared and ordered. When this is done, we shall see, to our surprise, that it has become creative. The world without begins to reflect the world within. Men and women become incarnated ideas.

Let us take the question of education, for instance. At this moment, it seems to be slipping out of our grasp. What we have to dread is being turned into a nation of coolies and peasants, like the people of Java, and the process is making great headway. But what right have we to depend on anyone but ourselves for the preventing of this? What obstacle has any one to fear, in robbing us of knowledge, but the might of our own minds? Who is it that will sacrifice and labour and build and struggle till we have grasped and mastered our intellectual heritage? Ourselves. Ourselves. Always ourselves. Because we know and with all our might will demonstrate the truth that knowledge is more precious than rubies, we cannot be effectively deprived of it. At whatever sacrifice, we shall insist upon it. We shall give our very lives for it. We must have knowledge, at all costs. We must be educated men. As a nation, we must lead the culture of the world. In days when that culture was classical, literary, and psychological or mathematical, we led it. Now that it is scientific, with side-issues in mechanical application, we must again lead it. We shall never be content with even a second place in these things. The whole history of the world shows that the Indian intellect is second to none. This must be proved by the performance of a task beyond the power of others,

the seizing of the first place in the intellectual advance of the world. Is there any inherent weakness that would make it impossible for us to do this? Are the countrymen of Bhaskaracharya and Shankaracharya inferior to the countrymen of Newton and Darwin? We trust not. It is for us, by the power of our thought, to break down the iron walls of opposition that confront us, and to seize and enjoy the intellectual sovereignty of the world.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

ON LOVE AND CHARITY

To all our brothers and sisters throughout the world we give greeting. May peace and joy be with us, and the blessing of love rest upon us all—and may we take the great Consciousness into every thought and deed of our lives during the coming year.

At the commencement of the year we are looking for the manifestations of reviving nature. As we see the buds bursting from their sheaths of green, the feel of spring is in the air, the sense of growing life.

Let us try to burst the bonds of selfishness, make a fresh appeal to our faded senses and, shoot forth anew the buds of love and charity. Let us be inspired with the belief that life is no idle dream, but live, so as to bring out our original likeness to God, "though He is so bright and we so dim." We must awaken to our world citizenship and to our duties as members of that state.

As we go on our different ways, let us endeavour to guide our steps into the path of helpfulness; find out our tasks and stand to them, all working together in spirit to try to make this a better and happier world. Love is greater than the wisdom of the schools and every expansion of our hearts means an increase in happiness to ourselves and others, for the feelings of love and charity establish a communication between our minds, and keep very close to us the thought that we are in this world for love and service, not pleasure.

The gentle quality of charity, steadfast and tender in the hour of need, wins everyone to its arms. True charity is not represented by the expenditure of money only. The benevolence of a purse does not meet all the requirements of humanity. With our limited modes of thought, our purblind vision, who are we that we should patronize our neighbours, by classifying and systematizing each other as benefactor and recipient? All in vain is the selfish charity that gives promiscuously, not out of pity or compassion, but exclusively for its own spiritual advantage, because the giver believes that he is acquiring merit by his action. This tendency is most marked in India

owing to the fact that the religious mendicant is more powerful here than elsewhere.

Does not practical morality show us that we should do good irrespective even of the gratitude of the recipient ? For when charity flows spontaneously from the heart, there is no consciousness of doing good. Indiscriminate giving is diametrically opposed to all preconceived ideas of charity. It multiplies impostors, and gives rise to more evils than it cures. This is not the true way to deal with the great and crying problem of the poor—a problem which requires as little delay as possible in the handling of it.

The condition of our long-suffering masses is a matter of perplexity and solicitude to all philanthropists. But, there are two kinds of philanthropists : one alleviates and the other seeks to cure. One acts from emotion, the other from judgment. The first acts promptly in an inferior arena. To bestow well and wisely is a mutual gain to the beneficiaries of our bounty and to ourselves, and we would not repudiate our sympathetic understanding, but we should decline to have anything to do with other encroachment and infringement of the law of charity. It is not fit that we should make it consist in the play of the emotions only, for it may be the merest responsive thrill of feeling.

The second philanthropist who is really vitally concerned, gives knowledge to his generation and provides for those to come, will enable multitudes to help themselves who otherwise would be subjects of perpetual alms-giving. By tracing out a path, and opening up a source that shall flow through future generations, he blesses the world, and places his conceptions of benevolence upon a much higher plane, calculated to afford help and happiness to a larger number of people.

The strength of a nation cannot be properly gauged by its population, but by the facilities for sustaining and nourishing life, enjoyed by its units.

It is no wonder that many of our toilers prefer the uncertainties of death to a life of irremediable suffering, and the ever-present fact of famine, staring them in the face. We have no right to voluntarily close our eyes to the hardship of workers and labourers, who may be said to represent the mechanism of society, the machinery that keeps life moving. It is cruel to reduce their lives to a shapeless mass that is quite at the mercy of external conditions and responsive only to the coarse touches of the animal and material.

To provide opportunity for development by increasing and improving their mental and bodily conditions, to teach them the value of life, would prove more useful to the impoverished sections of society than charity, which induces pauperism. This could best be accomplished by raising the standard of life, equalizing opportunities for boys and girls in the matter of free education, so far as law and custom can do it, and to build up for this ancient land of ours and for its responsibilities, a healthy, strong, upright and intelligent people.

Our purpose should be to give fair treatment, encouragement and sympathy for the building up of industrial as well as agricultural activities : for the enlargement and unfoldment of inherent powers, as hitherto, their paralysed energies have proved an insuperable barrier to their material advancement.

The path of superstition leads to decay and extinction, while that of evolution opens up the potentialities of a great progress. Every so-called physical condition is a correspondent of a mental state. One of the curses of civilization is that the great majority of mankind have no chance of getting their lives into proportion, or seeing things in right relation. All their time and efforts are required in maintaining an existence, which is little else than mere physical endurance.

It is hardly credible that in this twentieth century we have still need to learn to read what even the elements of true charity mean, since we so frequently mistake the letter for the spirit, of which it does but shadow forth some fleeting form. For, in defining charity we must assume a corresponding feeling in the exciting cause, by which the notion of charity is excited—a unity which displays itself by showing the correlation of forces, namely, how we are mutually dependent and related. The perception of love is ever the perception of charity, of some identification of the giver and receiver but in order to produce the emotion of charity, this identification must be manifested, and thus the feeling of love is at once evoked.

The receiver and distributor are united in thought, and they form in their totality parts of a whole which constitute the highest relation—the Oneness of all beings. The idea of the union of many parts in one whole, in which all the parts correspond to each other, includes the idea of a mutual operation and of a united feeling exhibited by different persons, which can originate, transmit, and conduct their impressions from one to another.

Every intelligence must recognize the desirableness of this union, and occasionally see practical exemplification, more or less perfect, of it. The contemplation of this union will rouse in us the purest emotion of love and we may be assured that whatever else it is, charity is a sentiment of reciprocity, which in the language of the heart we term love; it expresses every emotion of sympathy and compassion. It should transfigure our religion, transform our social system, and have a purifying effect on mankind. The revelation of love bears the stamp of Divinity within us, and a sense of infinite happiness accompanies the perfect apprehension of its real self, of universal being. The spirit of Truth speaking through the ages, has in different climes, spoken in various tongues. We find it voiced here in the Rishis, there in the Arab, again, in Palestine in the Nazarene, and, in all, the same spirit.

So we see that the body corporate of humanity is affected by an interdependence of action from root to stem, from stem to branch, from branch to twig, and leaf, and blossom, and fruit. We must feed the roots, and by their cultivation will spring forth the ramifying, wide-spreading branches. So long as there is growth, the individual growth, the race may eventually incorporate the product of its growth, in the same way as the tree forms layers of its mighty trunk, which becomes the body for the use of future generations.

WORK IS WORKSHIP

“REAL action is in silent moments.” In these few words the great philosopher gives expression to a truth of profound meaning and of vital importance to man. The more we withdraw ourselves from the sense-world, the stronger grows our power to know and to

do, to endure and to enjoy. The Infinite Source of all knowledge, strength and peace, is at the opposite pole from the sense-world, and our progress towards the one is measured by the degree of abstraction from the other. This is renunciation, and this is the path to immortal bliss.

Unquenchable is the thirst in man for freedom. It is the one motive power that keeps agoing the machinery of the world. Whatever be the form in which it appeals to particular individuals or nations, it is ever present as the underlying spring of all activity.

Experience makes us wise and opens our eyes to the truth that it is mad to look for freedom in the world of diversity. It is only heaping misery upon misery, forging new links in the chain of bondage, to run after the objects that change and die, that court but only to betray.

Real life begins when we die to the world of senses. We become immortal when we are veritable strangers in this land of death. "What is night to all beings, therein the wise man is awake. Where all beings are awake, that is the night of the sage who sees," —says the *Gita*.

No wonder that spirituality will appear as insanity's twin to those whose minds cannot rise above the considerations of the flesh. To the earth-bound, even the poet or the scientist is a queer specimen of humanity. They laugh at them and say, "They spend in dreams and vain pursuits the time that they might have used to earn the wherewithal to enjoy the world to their hearts' content." Yet it is the spiritual men that bring blessings to the world as none else can ever do. Whatever material comforts we may get, however deeply we may steep ourselves in intellectual pleasure, so long as the flesh is subject to the torments of disease, so long as grim and relentless death is master of all that are born, and above all, so long as the consuming fever of desire burns in the breast of man, so long, there is no happiness, no rest, no peace. The great teachers of religion teach us how we can bid adieu forever to the world of senses and awaken us to something which is infinitely greater than it. When we realize the extent of our gain, we are filled with an overpowering sense of gratitude to them; we feel we have got an invaluable treasure and that for nothing. Shall we not say, then, that the gift of the spiritual teachers is the highest gift that man can make to man? And this gift is the outcome of perfect abstraction

from the sense-world. This work is the greatest, because it comes from perfect worklessness.

Perfect calm of mind brought on by severing itself from the discordant elements of the external world, brings the spiritual giants in direct touch with God. It saturates their soul through and through with divine illumination. All the perverse grains of nature are melted away, and they become one with purity, love and blessedness. What power can hold them back from manifesting these supreme qualities in everything they do ? In small matters as well as great, in eating or in walking, in contemplation or in religious discourse, they shed peace and benediction all around them wherever they be.

Truly has it been said that the means (*Sadhana*) should be made one with the end (*Siddhi*). When, for instance, a man meditates upon his Divine Ideal, he should try to feel as intensely as he can, that the Ideal *is* reached, the consummation *is* attained, the moral virtues that are the distinguishing marks of a perfected saint, *have become* part of his being. No more is weakness, no more is impurity, no more is misery or death for him. Likewise, one who wants to be a true Karma-Yogin should try to bring his consciousness as much on a level with that of those who, as the great Shankaracharya poetically expresses it, bring blessings to humanity unasked and unrequited like the beautiful spring.

Immeasurable is, therefore, our gain if we can get a glimpse of the consciousness of the great teachers of the world. Work we must; because, that is our nature. But to work along with the current of our natural propensities is to make our bondage the tighter. Yet if there is any way out of it, it must be through work, because we cannot get rid of it.

Diverse are the ways that lead man to God. One may be more suitable for some than another. But there is none that is bestrewn with roses, each has its peculiar difficulties. Karma Yoga may be easier than some other Yogas for men, who cannot completely cut themselves away from all ideas of work. But that too has its own thorns. We can work incessantly without much trouble, but when we want to work in the spirit of Karma Yoga, enormous difficulties seem to face us almost at every turn. Yet the unmistakable voice comes from within our heart, that we are stronger than they; that we are sure to vanquish them if we are sincere and true to ourselves. The words of the great teachers also come to us

and raise our drooping spirits, and by listening to them we are inspired with confidence. But the war must be waged by ourselves. No fight, no victory. No exertion, no success. And to fight the enemy triumphantly, we must know its strength. We must know the nature of the difficulties, if we want to surmount them. "Forewarned is forearmed," says the proverb.

One great danger of Karma Yoga is that it lapses into ordinary work. We may satisfy our natural craving for work, but we may imagine that we are performing Karma Yoga. Every work that brings success, or gratifies our innate desire for work brings some satisfaction to the mind, and this, we may easily mistake for the peace which religion brings. If we read the *Gita* between the lines, the one thought that strikes us as the keynote of Karma Yoga is, that we should rise superior to all considerations as to the agreeableness or disagreeableness of our duties. Attraction for what is pleasant, and aversion for the unpleasant are almost inseparable from human nature. But are they not at the root of all misery, ignorance and evil? The Karma-Yogin is therefore strongly advised to brush them away. He must be master of nature and not its slave. The human must be raised to the divine.

What a hard task it is! If we keep our eyes open to the workings of our own minds, we find how the dread moral foes are trying to attack us by stealth, every moment of our life. If for a second we are off our guard, we are under their sway, we slip. One mistake often tends towards another, and we know not to what a moment's inadvertence will lead us.

If we sincerely try to carry into practice the secret of Karma Yoga, as indicated above, we find that it is impossible to do so, unless we minimize to our own minds the worth of this world in terms of the senses. How can we help being influenced by the things of the world, if they are substantial realities to us? Rightly has it been said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If we think that the things of the world are valuable, what can keep us from becoming their slaves?

Again, the mind, by its very nature, is unable to alienate itself from the sense-word, unless it looks to something which is much greater, much more real, much more satisfying than the world; in other words, unless it meditates upon Him, who is the one cause of all Life, Knowledge and Bliss. By being centred in God alone, can we keep unaffected by the ills of life, turn work into

worship, and do real good to others. The many become manifestations of God, when our consciousness is bathed in His light. And, lastly, how can we meditate upon Him unless our heart feels a strong attraction towards Him? Unless we love Him?

Thus we see that a true Karma-Yogin must be perfectly pure, meditative and a lover of God. All these must always live together. For religion brings about all-sided growth. And here again we look to the *Gita* for light.

THIRST FOR HIGHER LIFE

IN bidding adieu to the Old Year and welcoming the New, let us all subject ourselves to a critical self-analysis and ascertain whether with the advance of years we have advanced in wisdom. Let us all put to ourselves the questions :

“Have we grown better? Have our lives been richer in those moral qualities which we value most? Are we more loving and sympathetic towards our fellow-beings? Is our judgment of men and things less biased by personal considerations? Can we keep ourselves less affected by the fluctuations of fortune? Has our Ideal a stronger hold upon us and the world less? And lastly, has our Ideal itself expanded?”

All these questions must be answered by each one to himself. Blessed indeed are they who can answer them in the affirmative. No greater blessing can fall to the lot of man than the *perception* of progress towards his ideal. But man, so long as he is on this side of perfection, is not quite safe. It is easier for him to fall back than to advance. Not unoften does the satisfaction that springs from actual achievement, degenerate into over-weaning confidence

or complacent repose. The result of both is stagnation or retrogression. In this universe of law, chance has no part to play. Progress is effected only when we subject ourselves to the operation of the laws of growth. What we call the influence of external conditions is as much the product of unalterable laws as any conclusively demonstrated scientific truth. Ignorance remains satisfied by attributing success and failure to the force of circumstances. Wisdom sees that they are within the law of causation and can be governed by man according as he chooses.

That there has been progress in the past is by itself no guarantee that it will be so in the future. Neglect of the principles by following which progress has been secured will surely bring about, first stand-stillism and then degeneration.

Only when we take a very narrow a view of the Ideal and our moral energy is at a low ebb, can we delude ourselves into the fatal belief that our work is finished, and that we can now indulge in sweet-do-nothing. Perfection and nothing short of that, should be our Ideal. He who seriously ponders over this, and keeps in view the infinite grandeur and beauty of the great lives in which it was realized, can never for a moment fall into the delusion that his progress has been adequate. By his success, the wise man learns only to aspire and endeavour for more and more. He knows that premature self-satisfaction is death and is therefore always on his guard against it.

Taking a retrospective view of the past, many will sadly own that their progress has not been of a tangible nature. Some of them may even be filled with remorse when they look back upon the period of their lives under survey. To these we should say, "Do not despair." To acquire solid moral worth is always a very slow process in the beginning. "The acquisition of virtue has in all ages been accounted a work of labour and difficulty."

Up to a certain stage, evolution of character is achieved only by the most strenuous exertion. Old habit of thought and action will yield to new ones only under strong pressure steadily applied for a long time. They have so long been allowed to reign supreme, and now it is but natural that they will die hard. But what of that? The power of the Spirit is infinite, and it is sure to triumph in the long run. Remember that every blow that is dealt at the enemy weakens them more than before, though they may seem doubly furious in the death-struggle; and if you persist, a time is sure to

come when denuded of all strength they fall, never to rise again. So, give up all vain sighs and regrets. Fight on, brave souls, firmly believing that the Omnipotent Spirit is within you. Know for certain that if you have a strong desire to grow and persist in following the right method, you are sure to succeed. If you have learnt to take a serious view of life, if there has come within you a longing to raise yourself to your highest estate, if you have found practical methods for realizing it, and lastly, if you are steadily following them in life, then rest assured that progress is inevitable. But if after due examination, you find you are wanting in any of these requisites, try by all means to acquire what you lack. There is nothing to dishearten you if you find out your deficiency. Only by knowing the exact nature of the disease can its proper remedy be found. Ignorance is no cure.

Thirst for the higher life can hardly be too strong and genuine. Too much care can hardly be bestowed to make it a constantly growing and self-asserting tendency. For many reasons, chief among which are scepticism and desire for wordly things, it becomes at times very faint and feeble; at others, it takes a morbid shape. When such is the case, religious practice, however exact and methodical it may be to all outward seeming, will have none of its vitalizing influence upon us and will, instead of inspiring us with strength and peace, only become wearisome. If this state of things is allowed to continue long, 'practice' becomes an unbearable drudgery and breeds morbidity. The only safeguard against this great danger, is to bring again and again before the mind a vivid picture of the Ideal in all its transcendent beauty and loveliness. For the mind thinks of deriving pleasure from the trivialities of the world, only when the Ideal is lost sight of or vitiated by earthly contaminations.

Let us then shake off all our frailties and weaknesses, our sighs and despair, and proclaim to ourselves with the utmost emphasis, that we are by our very nature deathless and pure, ever-blessed and self-effulgent. Thus completely charged with Divinity, let us unite ourselves in love with all that live on earth or in any other spheres, consecrate ourselves to the Ideal with our whole heart and soul, and make fresh resolve that the present year will see us more devoted to our duty, more faithful and vigorous in the practice of the virtues which are perfected in the Ideal, and more loving and tolerant towards our fellow-beings.

SAINTS AND SCRIPTURES

THE easiest way of rousing the drooping soul is to come into personal touch with persons who dwell constantly in the glory of the Divine within them. Though such men are few and far between, yet we can profitably study the history of their lives and teachings for our inspiration. Through books we can commune with great souls and breathe the divine atmosphere in which they lived. When we look at the intense reality of their purely idealistic lives, our scepticism gives way and the heart throbs with the longing to realize the Ideal, which then shines before our eyes in its over-mastering fascination. To be in the company of earnest men and to converse with them on the goal of life and the means of realizing it, is another effective way of keeping the mind from going astray or falling into torpor.

In considering the question of method the most important point to remember is, that though the Ideal of all true religious aspirants is the same, yet for practice, importance should be given to different special sides of culture by different persons. We may express this idea in another language and say, that though the final theoretical Ideal of all men is the same, the immediate practical ideal is different for different individuals, on account of their varying physical and moral conditions.

In determining this practical Ideal, regard should be had not only to the natural religious temperament of the individual, but also to the opposing forces (physical and moral) that he has to contend with. Natural inclination is by itself not always a sufficient clue to the path one should follow. A man, for instance, may have the emotional side strongly developed in him, and he may feel sure that the path of devotion is the right path for him. But it may be that this softening of the heart has been secured at the cost of some manly virtues, which are quite as necessary for the acquisition of a truly religious life, as a feeling heart. Giving way to feeling may in such a case be positively injurious, and the right method would be not the further development of the heart but the steady control of it, carried on simultaneously with the culture of reason and masculine vigour. This may apparently land him in scepticism and even in apostacy, but the ultimate result will be nothing but salutary.

The same individual may now and then find it necessary to modify his method to suit his changed conditions. Now, external activity directed towards good ways helps him most. At another time it only agitates him, and he finds that the right attitude of mind can be attained only by retirement and contemplation. Under peculiar conditions, a little austerity may be highly necessary for bringing the mind under control, but when those conditions are altered, the same austerity may produce harmful results.

But as back of the changing moods of man, there is his persistent individuality, so, back of all these modifications in the method, each person has a course towards which he mostly gravitates under his normal conditions, and perceptible growth comes most easily through the course. Different ways are temporarily adopted only to be assimilated into the main method, which thus goes on evolving more and more, till finally it embosoms within itself all that is great and good and divine, and fulfils its supreme purpose of bringing to its follower, perfect release from the servitude of the flesh.

The wisdom, or rather the insight, that unerringly discovers the right method, grows like other moral virtues, by slow degrees, through the accumulation of experience. But a mighty help in this direction can be derived from the wisdom of others. In fact, our knowledge of the wisdom of others, *if acquired in the right spirit*, becomes part of our own experience and makes us wise. Viewed in this light, and importance of the Sacred Books which embody the perfected wisdom of the great ones of the world, becomes infinite. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of studying them often and often with all the earnestness, devotion, and intelligent thoughtfulness of which we are capable. In the absence of living Teachers, the only available source, from which we can derive a true knowledge as to what constitutes the ideal of human life, and how to attain it, is the Sacred Books. Thus knowing rightly and doing rightly, can we steer safely the vessel of our life through the dangers of narrowness and bigotry on the one hand and moral dryness and death on the other.

OBEDIENCE AND DISCIPLINE

I

THE power of obedience is what we, as a people, require. It is a mistake to imagine that obedience is a form of servility. True obedience is one of the noblest expressions of freedom. If the problem ended with the act of submitting the will to a higher authority, India would have enough, if not too much, of obedience. But in fact this is only the initial step. The whole question of how and when lies beyond this. The authority being chosen, obedience is free. Most of us exercise this privilege when we select our work in life. With the task, we accept its conditions. Eminence is only attainable at the price of steadiness and reliability in keeping them.

But before freedom comes training. The child must be disciplined that man may be free. Discipline means, before all things, the mastery of how to obey. Obedience, to be of any value at all, must be immediate, instinctive, precise. It must not depend upon a knowledge of reasons—for in that case it ceases to be obedience altogether—but must be loyal, not to the man of approved judgement, not to the brain of greatest genius, but simply and solely to the man in charge, the constituted authority, the man at the helm, in that particular enterprise in which we have enlisted.

The supreme type of obedience is found in the ship. A moment of peril arises. Instinctively every member of the crew springs to his place. Each man, we may suppose, is a trained seaman, but are his eyes fixed on the ocean, on the enemy, on the conditions of the moment? By no means. Such a state of affairs would spell ruin and defeat. Every man's eyes and ears are on the captain. He alone surveys the scene. He alone can estimate the chances of success. He alone is responsible for the action of all. We may choose our authority freely. But once chosen, we must obey blindly. Even the crew of Christopher Columbus, threatening rebellion from hour to hour, did not attempt disorderly disobedience. As long as they had not deposed their captain they obeyed him. Even in a mutiny the new authorities are constituted before the old are disposed of.

A trained and disciplined crew in the hour of crisis becomes

one man, and that man the captain, the leader, the chief. He may not be the ablest man on board by any means. But as long as he is in command, the ability of his subordinates must be expressed in carrying out his will. And this even if his will lead to catastrophe. The man under orders has one duty and one duty alone, to carry out his orders. The fact that those commands may be foolish and headstrong, that they may carry him and his into the depths of the ocean, or lead them to the mouth of the roaring cannon, is none of his business. He is there to obey, and if need be to obey blindly. When the charge is sounded at Balaclava, when the admiral signals to bring the vessel too near its companion-ship, then is the moment to remember the words of the *Gita* : "Better for a man is his own duty, however badly done, than the duty of another, though that be easy."

This duty of obedience can only be rightly balanced by the responsibility of the leader and commander. On him rests the overwhelming burden of wisdom and discretion, of the maintenance of his own authority and also of its rightful use. The subordinate who feels it in him to outshine his own officer, may very possibly be right in his estimate of their relative ability, but for the present, and until he himself has reached the sovereign position, the responsibility of judging, directing and determining is not on him.

Let him think and contrast methods as he will, but let him in the meantime keep silence and obey. Criticism of the superior officer is disloyalty. Disobedience is mere chaos. The man who would gather power of government must act, and think in silence as he acts.

On this twofold discipline—the discipline of obedience and of responsibility—rests the power of humanity to fuse, to act in unison. This power, to be complete and perfect, must never be at the bidding of the emotions, nor even at that of the judgment. We must obey the superior because he is the superior, not because we approve of him or admire him, still less because we love him. Our power to obey must be entirely at the disposal of our will. We must obey because we are determined to obey. No shilly-shallying, no reasoning-out of premises. No re-trying of the case. Once we have accepted him, the chief is no longer on his trial before us. What is on trial is our own power. In the moment of acceptance or rejection of a given authority, in that instant of discrimination lies the whole freedom or bondage of man.

Prompt, perfect, precise obedience. How is the child to be trained to this? Strange as it may sound, by a twofold experience. There must be a part of his life in which a responsiveness to command which is military in its instantaneousness is required of him. But this must not be the whole. If this were to cover the whole of his life, he would grow up weak, servile, and incapable of sound judgment. The other half of the child's life must consist of perfect freedom, freedom and self-government. This he finds in the absence of his masters, amongst his comrades and in the playing-field. In these intervals of spontaneity and self-direction, he has the opportunity of realizing and practising the virtues learnt under the restraints of discipline. If all were control, the character would be ruined in one way: if all were indulgence, it would be warped in another. A slave and vagabond, the creature of rules that he dare not break and the spoilt darling, none of these is a MAN, and men are what we must make of our children. Amongst nations there is no other test of efficiency. That people which has the greatest power of sustained and concerted action is the strongest; that which has least, the weakest. But the nature of the discipline that is to produce such power, is the concern of parents and school-masters, for the faculty has to be built up during the earliest years of childhood.

II

To the great, strength is first necessary, and next, discipline. It is the discipline we have had that determines our power of endurance. Power of endurance is always the result of discipline. By great impulses alone little is achieved. They sometimes bring about ill instead of good.

The youth of European nations is full of iron discipline, and to this they owe their success in combination. The schools attended by the English boys of the upper classes have been called by a thinker "one long reign of terror." From the moment a boy enters till the day when he leaves, he is the centre of a conspiracy of his peers to punish the slightest outburst of egotism or other offensive trait. This accounts, perhaps, for the mechanical head clerk type of

distinction which so often seems to be the Englishman's main idea of greatness. It is quite clear that any individuality which survives five or six years of such treatment must either be lofty and persistent or a mere justification of mediocrity. Yet individuality of a noble kind does emerge sometimes, and it is easy to see how beneficial, on the whole, must be the effect of such a training on the average. Above all things, it breeds *the power to act in concert*, the power to distinguish between one's own whims and the main issues at stake, the power to suppress self in the interest of the community. In England, at any rate, it is this trait which distinguishes the ruling classes from the ruled, and it is their want of it that makes what we may call the Shudra-causes so contemptible in the eyes of aristocracies.

The Irish, compared with the English, are an undisciplined race. Historically, Ireland escaped both the Roman Occupation and the Protestant Reformation, and in these she lost two great chances of schooling. The fruit of her want of discipline is seen in her constant failures at united action, in her tendency to split every main party into half a dozen sections, in turbulent characters and aggressive bearing. Yet it is this very race, under changed conditions of discipline, that provides generals and commanders-in-chief for the armies of England.

European races concentrate their education on the man himself. They are not trying to bolster up this society or that institution. The European man is essentially an adventurer, and the world is his field. His career is in himself. He inherits nothing but his personality. He accepts no master but him whom he has himself elected. Having elected, however, he follows through thick and thin. It is this that makes him so strong, when he sets up 'pack-law' as the supreme sovereign. In the fulness of his freedom he chooses to be ruled. No other rule has such power as one thus created.

In Asia the undivided family is the source of all discipline and the goal of all effort. Instead of the hardened muscle produced by the constant friction of public opinion, we have here the warm heart and delicate emotions that go with ties of blood. No wonder Asia has produced saviours! The individualism of Europe has no means of sounding the heights and depths of love. But instead of true discipline, the family can offer only a pattern, a mould, into which the individual has to fit. Let certain forms of respect, certain

habits of religion be duly fulfilled, and the family has no more tests to offer. It may be that one, with the capacity of a hero, rises within its bounds. Instead of jealous rivals, he is surrounded by applauding kinsmen. Instead of a task- constantly growing in difficulty, he meets with praise too easily. The great fault of the family, as a civic unit, is that *it forgives too much and trains too little.*

A discipline that remains the same age after age comes to be an added fetter, instead of an occasion for the birth of faculty. All education ought to end in freedom. The new task develops the new powers. Europe itself shows signs of becoming socially stereotyped, even as she once imagined Asia to be. Only by the action and reaction of these two upon each other, can the future mobility of the human intellect be secured. This action and reaction constitutes what the Swami Vivekananda called "the realization and exchange of the highest ideals of both East and West." The histories of nations prove their significance by the men they produce. But in the end we have to remember that humanity is one, that the whole spiritual heritage of the ages is for each one of us.

Again to quote the Swami Vivekananda, "The ultimate unit must be psychological. The ideal Hindu may be some man born in the far West or North. The typical occidental character may appear suddenly in some child of Hindu or Mohammedan-parents. Mind is One, and man is mind; he is not body."

All that humanity has achieved, then, in any of her branches we may make our own. What the genius of another race has led it to create can be ours. What the genius of our race has led us to create can be made theirs. The true possessions of mankind are universal. We whose strength is in feeling may proceed to assimilate severe new disciplines. They whose uniformity tends to become a danger may educate themselves on our family-ideals. Thus proceeds the great exchange, and man climbs painfully that mountain whose head is in the clouds.

THINKING AND LIVING

WE need now more than ever the urge of the religious impulse. Personality, without the religious impulse, reaches, grasps, desires. Personality, with the religious impulse, seeks self-effacement and renounces self.

The religious instinct is the result of innumerable efforts towards the development of that great method of perceiving life as relative to That which life attempts to but never can express—God—the Infinite. The religious man concerns himself not with the expression but with That which is incarnated relatively in the expression—and That is the Highest, God.

The religious instinct is a growth from the beginning and points towards the End-wardness of all things—God. It began with the desire, instinctive on the part of unthinkable numbers, to struggle from lower forms of mental and sense life upward to the life religious. It suggests the remote and infinite goal towards which the soul is progressing, and that goal is the point to which the utmost educated desire and training of will and mind can lead the surge of human life—Nirvana—Mukti—Realization.

The instinct is the idea incarnate; the ideas incarnate of the *Bhagavad Gita* were Krishna; those of the Upanishads were Yajnavalkya, were Maitreyi. In so far as the soul expresses the ideal it is one with it, and, in this sense, great teachers are Incarnations because they fully express and livingly interpret the ideal which humanity has conceived of God. In this sense, also, the Guru is God.

Try to understand religion to be a natural fact, not something dissociated from reason and experience, but the highest development of these. It is not abnormal from life; it is the most normal and natural of normal and natural things. As the Swami Vivekananda held, nothing should be accepted as truly religious that antagonizes reason and experience. Religion is the fulfilment of life; it is not negative to life, but the positive result of having lived in the widest, deepest and highest ways.

Life is the greatest education; living and experience are the educators of the mind. A man must be judged not by his intellectual standards, but by the depth and purport of his desires.

A man may be a fool in technical and academic knowledge and yet a sage in the way he feels and desires.

Go below and find the flame on which personality lives and feels, not on what it thinks. Thinking is light, but living is ponderous and, according to the character of his feelings, are we to judge a man. In this light one understands how Christ, how Buddha, how Sri Ramakrishna were teachers not so much by what they said, but by the glowing and divine example of their lives. To them, as to all saints, religion is the living out of the idea. It is the idea made actual, the subjective transformed into the objective.

Thought is constantly becoming instinct. One's instincts, one's temperament are the composite of the activities of the mind. Beneath the surface of the mind is the heavy undertow of tendencies. These are to be weighed, for these count. Thinking is only describing the ideal; living is expressing it; the former is philosophy, and the latter, religion, and in India, particularly, thinking and living have always been one. In the West this has not been so. Philosophy and religion have, for the most, been considered separately.

RELIGION AS A LIVING FORCE

THIS is an age when the meaning of any great fact or any great idea that affects human life in a vital way is constantly assuming a more inclusive and constructive basis. Man is ever demanding the more comprehensive explanation and the larger synthesis.

In this connection a religion must be viewed in a higher relation and can no longer be regarded through the theological angle solely. It must be judged as well as its founders and

interpreters through the influence exercised in a sense—social, intellectual, artistic or otherwise.

Each new religion has always been a World-Impulse impelling not only a higher level of spiritual thought and ethical expression but also a renaissance in the arts, sciences and letters of the age. Its social significance has therefore been extensive and vital.

We must see more than Buddha, the Teacher. His life and realization became in time the life and realization of the Buddhist epochs. In giving a new emotional impetus to the society in which he found himself, Buddha was the incarnate spirit of social, intellectual and general reform. His thought and life infused a strikingly new character and spirit wherever his teachings were spread. In India, particularly, he was not only the inspiration of the Tripitakas and of a new period in philosophy but likewise and especially the living force of the Ashokan Empire with its tremendous social, artistic, industrial and general revival.

What is true of Buddha is equally true of every great religious Teacher. There is that aspect of religion which concerns itself with and affects not a system of theories and dogmas but the heart and life of nations and of races in their practical social experience. For example, when we study the history of the rise and establishment of Christianity we are also reviewing the decay of the Roman Empire against whose civilization the grand ethical ideas of Christ and his disciples volleyed in torrents of reform. We are also reviewing the upbuilding of European races and nations, the history of the Middle Ages, charged with the name and spirit of the founder of Christianity.

In this light we must thank Buddha for and attribute to him the culture and art represented by the civilizations that wrought in stone or with colour or upon the canvas of human life the Meaning and the process of unfoldment of the ideas of the master. In the West the Gothic cathedral, the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, the poetry of Dante, the Renaissance, the romantic chapters of mediaeval history—all are the works of Christ.

Such, among innumerable other things, is the effect of religion upon mankind, and with this in mind we easily abandon the method of looking at religion through distorted lenses and a narrow theological perspective and give it its proper place as the first fact in any nation, age or racial experience.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT

THERE is a certain undertow to every human life wherein the keynote of that life is to be found. This keynote is expressed in conscious life as the prevailing quality or tendency. In some it may take the form of the ability not to take life seriously; in some it may manifest itself as the capacity to sound profundities of mind; in others, again, it may express itself as personal charm. Whatever it is, it surely represents great culture and momentous effort of the mind in the given direction of attainment. A man who has extreme personal charm must have cultivated those instincts, either physical or mental, that cause him to stand out among masses of his fellow-men as distinctively attractive.

Or if it takes on intellectual aspect one may be sure that the mind thus qualified has reached the full expression of its possibilities only after a tremendous period of close application. For even as the form of man has ascended an inconceivably long scale of evolution, so the mind of man has gone through even a vaster process of unfoldment.

Just as we have vastness of physical distance, so also and more especially do we have vastness of mental distance. As there are tremendous physical variations regarding size and power, so also there exist ponderous psychical variations by which the individuality of one person is separated by unthinkable differentiations from that of another.

For this reason, the undertow of human life, be it what it may, should be sounded by each. Each should study the prevailing faculty possessed by him, for by the extension of that faculty will true self-development and self-realization come about. And in this personal examination a great guide is the opinion of others with reference to our possibilities. Their estimation and personal regard for us must be explained, for, knowing it, and the basis upon which it is founded, one can consciously direct the better and constantly better development of it.

If it is the ability on our part to survey and adjust, to their most proper results, situations that come under our observation and jurisdiction which is so admired, then, dissatisfied with any given development we may have reached along this line, it is well to

further unfold those traits of mind that call forth and make judgment and discrimination. If it is personal charm that attracts, then we must attend to those qualities that make personal charm possible. With one it may be religious ideals, with another frankness of disposition; with one, again, it may be the precious quality of sympathy, with another, the developed tendency to sacrifice generously in great causes.

These mentioned qualities are only several of scores of traits that tend to leaven and make weightier an undertow of our being which, unbeknown to ourselves, makes for our greatness. For, the development of a faculty which at first requires conscious application, in time becomes, through numerous repetitions, an instinctive fact. The conscious process becomes in periods of repetition a habit whose processes are carried on with little attention of the conscious mind.

All greatness is really unconscious. All leading is really unconscious. The ways by which great men become great leaders is never understood, not even by themselves. This makes the romance and the poetry of life. It shrouds great souls in the mysteries of their own being, transforming them, as compared with the average man and woman, into veritable demi-gods. Aye—for all greatness, be it mental, emotional or spiritual or otherwise, comes as the direct result of having touched deeper profundities of that Self, which is the same, the one in all and which is, likewise, the source of all attraction and bliss. The charm of all great personality is the charm of the developed Self residing in it as its essence.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL

THE facts of life must be faced. There is no escape from the actual. It is the actual which we, as human beings, are dealing with and if from the boundaries of the actual we can see the horizon of that which exists beyond what we term the actual, well and good. This life which we live must be exalted and widened so that its form embodies the empyrean of the ideal. Even the ideal must become the actual. The objective is the subjective incarnate, and thus the ideal, to be realized, must assume the embodiment of the objective.

The realization of something higher than life can come only when life has been extended so as to include all areas of thought and experience. In the processes of transforming the ideal into the real, or the real into the ideal, the mind must always balance itself through a never-varying tendency towards objectivism. The ideal must become the visible. The ideal must become the actual. This is the portent of realization. For what is now real and actual was at one time only possible and ideal, but in the larger definition of the word Real, what is called the ideal and the real are seen as aspects of that Reality which synthesizes all relativity, and unifies all manifoldness, and of themselves the ideal and the real, as they are commonly interpreted, must ever war with each other, unless their juxtaposition and harmonizing relation can be touched and sensed in some definite third and inclusive Reality.

It is that Reality, the explanation of all variants that we must search for in life. The dualities will always continue to puzzle, unless their background is discovered, and this background, beyond all variants, beyond all dualities, beyond the relative, beyond the relatively real and the relatively ideal is the Self of man, which, in its progress of unfoldment lends larger or smaller interpretations to different facts in life according to the progress, area, intensity and faithfulness with which it manifests. The ultimate is its own Self-sufficiency without need of manifestation.

The same struggle continues—the war against the instincts that bind the mind of man to animal life, when the soul would rise into its own region and express its own life. Morality is only a means to an end,—that end being the uplifting of the levels of living, because

with the refinement of the ways of living, the levels of living are shifted from the lower to the higher, and the mind and the soul broaden their vision, their activity and life.

Properly regarded, there can be no struggle, or at least the idea of struggle should be forgotten and the ideal of vaster opportunities and of expanded life should take its place. We must realize the great advantage to be derived from control over the animal tendencies that would drag the soul to inferior expression. This advantage should be the spur urging us speedily onward to the goal of morality which is always the refinement of the feelings, and the genesis of the capacity to feel in other and loftier ways than we are now aware of.

Curbing force means rendering possible its greater usefulness under enlightened direction. If this is true of physical force, it is true, particularly, of mental and emotional power. Controlled, these provide the proper foundation on which the mind can work in new ways and survey unexplored fields of knowledge. Whereas uncontrolled, they cause great unsteadiness and dissipation of mind, so that it pursues and achieves nothing, wandering aimlessly and helplessly.

Direction of force is the keynote of the power over force. Psychically speaking, our minds are vessels of power and unless it is safely protected, the vessel will meet with ill-fortune. This ill-fortune comes through un-controlled emotion that tosses, throws over-board, the vessel of the mind and dissipates its contents.

BEING AND BECOMING

THERE comes a time in the evolution of the individual when he recognizes a prevailing continuity underlying all series of experiences, making them common so far as the purpose of life goes. This is the education of the soul. So the fulness of life must be judged by the variety and fulness of experience. Experience is the teacher. Experience is life, and yet experience serves, ultimately, to teach the necessity of transcending all experience, because the soul can never be satisfied by experience. Experience is manifestation and the Within cannot be fully manifested. For this reason, religion and philosophy are efforts turning the soul from experience, from manifestation, and impelling it towards a search for, and a study of its own innermost-ness. It is only the soul, in its most subjective life, that can satisfy its Self. This constant yearning to become, must end in Being. The ceaseless struggle to express must end in the sensing of That beyond any expression. Becoming is a constant effort towards, but Being is the accomplishing of the end, the effort realized, the aspiration made visible, the objective yearning transformed into the subjective blending.

The steel must run to the magnet and with the soul that profundity of Being, called the Lord or Nature, is the Magnet. The objective steel of soul must become one with the Magnet, which is the Lord. The stream must broaden and broaden until it becomes the waters of the sea. And this form of transformation is growth, positiveness, life to its completeness, not the stupefaction, the death of life as so many hold merging the soul into God to be. Nirvana is the realization of the entire possibilities of soul, not the atrophy of possibilities. It is the manifestation of the soul beyond all lesser expression. It is the complete synthesis of life, apart from any difference in part.

Now, more than ever, there is needed a full consciousness and understanding of religion that must be perceived in a broader relation than hitherto. It must be extended beyond the theological interpretation. It must be seen to include all the possibilities of human realization, so that religion may affect all forms of human endeavour. Sincerity of life and high purpose of will is the bottom rock of all religion. Whatever tends toward the evolution of Self,

using the term relatively, is religion. Thus, the artisan is the priest and the slave, the poet and the philosopher, the artist and the musician. In this perspective religion is seen to be the proper way of living, the highest expression of those talents and faculties of mind and heart, that are embryonically portent of the omniscience, omnipotence and omni-existence of man.

If religion is anything, it is human. It is its humanity that imparts to it its divinity. That which is human must be sensed as divine. The ideals of humanity have dominated the religious concept. The activities of human life have builded themselves into the subject-matter of the philosopher. The human heart, idealized as the ideal itself, has mirrored itself everywhere, in art and literature, in history and philosophy, in poetry and in religion. Thus regarded, religion embraces all and the definition of religion is the art of living up to the highest level of expression possible to the soul.

The very fact that everything is human should be a spur to further effort. There is every fact in favour of man, because out of the heart and mind of man his own vision of God has come. No God ever descended from the heights to tell man He existed, but the reaching out of the soul of man itself has touched and realized these glorious truths.

TOWARDS THE SUPREME GOAL

LIFE is a mood. There is something beyond. Life is change. Beyond life there is the Changeless, the Deathless, the Imperishable. Life is bondage. Beyond life is Freedom.

The dream binds and causes the nightmare in which one feels

the impossibility of moving; but when the awakening comes there is freedom. The evil dream passes and with it, on awakening, the terror. So with the dream of the bondage of life. We must awake spiritually; that will break the dream; that will dissolve the bondage.

There is a higher life than the senses. Even than the intellect there is a higher life and from that higher life comes all inspiration, comes all illumination. To sense and realize that higher life is the meaning and purpose of religion. It is the goal of the soul which seeks freedom from the thralldom of mere sensuous existence and of the mind which has only the experience of the senses as its nourishment.

The purpose of the soul is to strike out into that ocean of light, which man has called God or Reality. It is that illumination which the life of the mind and the senses borrow and refract. It is that life which the teachers of the world have known and have spoken of as the only reality. The monk aspires to that life. His mind is wholly centred upon it. He is the monk whose mind is so concentrated.

The desire to go beyond the senses is at once a test that something higher exists which attracts the soul which otherwise could not be attracted. All other desire and its gratification is fraud to the soul. Turning away from the experience of the senses, the soul finds its purpose and its hope on and directs its vision to that which, unlike the experience of the senses and their objects, is indestructible, immortal and unchangeable. It seeks and searches, finding, at last, that all satisfaction, all sense of peace and freedom are of the soul.

No longer depending on the external it plunges into the fathomless reality of its own inner nature. There it realizes there is neither death nor change. There neither matter nor mind deceives. Only the soul itself shines forth free and perfect, bereft of body, bereft of mind, sufficient in its self, conscious of the self as the Divine Reality.

The test of freedom is the capacity to feel it; the very sensing of freedom is freedom; aye, the very thought is freedom. Whosoever has sensed the Reality beyond the bondage of life, he, indeed, is the Free One. Given the emotional power to experience it, given the intensity of desire—freedom, then, even like God, or like man's own Inmost Life and Indwelling Self is Infinite.

Death only extinguishes the earthly light of form; it does not extinguish the flame of desire. Desire is everywhere and bondage

and problems. If there is freedom then it is to be realized here and now amidst the tumult of struggle and search and problems; not after the change of death comes Nirvana. The Free and the Deathless is Now—eternally Now. Nirvana is Now; it is Here. This the sage knows. In life he dwells already is God. In life he is already free. Death only removes the form. While living in this body he has illumination; he has emancipation.

The very knowledge that we are free will make us free; the very belief in spiritual freedom will tend freedom-wards. What is belief but an approximation to knowledge, and knowledge, in its completeness—is realization.

First, the idea of freedom; then, the desire for freedom; then, the effort at freedom; then, the realization of freedom.

The evolutionary urge is the impetus of the Self, of the Atman in us.

There is no Hereafter in the Eternity of Freedom. Let us find that Eternity of the Spirit, that Freedom of the Atman, Here.

To soar beyond all bounds; to trample under foot all barriers that oppose the march of the soul to the realization beyond is to hold equally both pleasure and pain, both life and death, and to be eternally mindful of the mandate heralded from the dawn of the day when truth shone to view: "Thou art not the body; thou art not the senses. Thou art the Spirit; in thee the Divine doth dwell." "Dust thou art to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul." said the poet and he sounded therein the triumphant note of the Vedanta: "Tat Tvam Asi." "Thou art That which the sword cannot pierce, nor fire burn, nor water wet, nor the air dry. Thou art the Indestructible One; beyond all change Thou art, the Deathless One. the Pure, the Holy One."

GURUBHAKTI

ALL exchange of high things is, to the Indian mind, "mere shopkeeping." And indeed the man who gives himself, and, doing so, strikes a bargain, is, in all lands, held to be contemptible. This is why Gurubhakti so rightly demands that we offer "all or nothing." Very properly "nothing," until we are absolutely convinced that here we own all. Why should we offer anything, if in our heart we believe that the teacher is an enemy—that we must protect from him something of our highest life? To give anything at all, is the merest weakness, while their remains such a shadow in the mind. Only if 'all' appears to us as nothing to give, will it be strength to make the offering of discipleship. Only if 'all' seems far too little, have we the right to call a man our Guru. Only if he is absolutely identified in our eyes with the highest striving towards the highest right, have we the call to offer him allegiance. But if he is so identified, how can we set a limit to our sacrifice, to our gift?

As the soldier follows the officer into the flaming breach, throwing his life away for the instinct of faithfulness, as the engine driver stands by his engine, even in flood and fire, for the blind impulse of duty, so without a thought of any alternative should be the life once dedicated. "He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the Kingdom of God."

One of the greatest of Sri Ramakrishna's sayings was that about the amateur farmer. The gentleman-farmer will give up his farming, as soon as one bad season gives him a hint of disappointment. But the born peasant, the farmer by caste, will farm on, though year after year his crops fail. He has no conception of any other course. His whole view of life is bound up in this vision of seed-time and harvest, and though hope die in him, the dog-like habit itself survives.

The love and devotion that we owe the Guru is greater far than our relation to our parents. With his father, a man may, as age advances, make a treaty. No man who is worth his salt, seeks to make a treaty with his leader! Can flame make treaty with flame, when—kindled with kindler—they rush to devour the forest between them? Can the idealist set bounds to the idea? "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther"? Ah no! in the life of the mind, the

heart, the soul, "all" is too little to give, once giving begins; "nothing" too much to consider, where no giving is best.

On the other hand, the Guru makes no demands. The gift of discipleship is free. The Guru indicates the ideal. There is a vast difference between this, and the attempt to enslave. Nay, there is none who so strives to give the freedom in which ideals grow and ripen, as does the Guru. The disciple's devotion is for ever outstripping anything that could be asked of it. In his own time, the Guru ends personal service, and proclaims the impersonal mission. But this is of his doing, and not of his pupil's seeking.

The Guru's achievement is the disciple's strength. And this, though it be the common ideal that is followed by both. Better to be no man's son, than an original genius, without root or ancestry in the world of the spirit ! Quickly, how quickly, shall such wither away ! They wither, and the men who set limits to their own offering never strike root. Which of these two is the deeper condemnation ?

If we learn nothing else, let us learn to *give*, let us learn to *serve*, let us learn to renounce. Let us root out the last remnant of "shopkeeping" from our hearts. Let us offer ourselves and all that we are, not for the sake of self-culture, but for the ideal itself. Love for the sake of love. Work for the work's own sake. These are the highest terms of the Indian Aim.

A NEW SECT ?

To belong to a new sect does not often have the effect of opening a man's heart to all about him. Sects, as a rule, unite us to the few, but separate us from the many. And here lies the meaning of the fact that Buddhism in India was no sect. It was a worship of a great personality. It was a monastic order. But it was not a sect. Ashoka felt himself to be a monk, and the child of the monk-hood, though seated on a throne, with his People as his church.

Similarly to this day there may at any time rise within Hinduism a great Sannyasin, whose fully-enrolled disciples are monks and nuns, while yet he is honoured and recognized as the Guru by numberless householders. The position of the memory of Buddha as a Hindu teacher, in the third century before Christ, was not in these respects different from that of Sri Ramakrishna today, or that of Ramdas of Maharashtra in the seventeenth century. In the two last-named cases, however, the citizen-disciples, *Grihastha-bhaktas*, have a well-defined background, in which they inhere. Hinduism is long ago a virtual unity — though that fact may not yet have been realized and defined — with its choice of religious systems to meet the needs of various types of character, and the great monastic Guru stands outside all of these as a quickening and spiritualizing force, whose influence is felt in each of these alike. The citizen-bhakta of Ramdas or Ramakrishna remains "a Hindu."

PASSING THOUGHTS : I

RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

THE Utsava of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa is an event that annually stirs Calcutta to its depths. Year after year the number increases, of those who believe that the birth of the sage of Dakshineshwar has been the critical event of the present age, in India. Some believe this, for one reason; others for another. The devotee sees in him the last of the Avatars. The historian sees the Keystone of the idea that constitutes Hinduism. The partisan feels that he satisfies all parties and conflicts with none. The philosopher finds him the living embodiment of the highest Vedanta. And even amongst the workers, there are some who derive from the spectacle of his birth, the faith that inspires and sanctions all their struggles.

WHAT IS A NATIONALIST ?

For a nationalist may be described as one who believes that the light has already shone upon us. He is not waiting for someone to arrive, for God to remember His India, for the leader of the age and the heroes to be born. In the eyes of the nationalist all this has been done for us already, and it remains with us to work out the trust laid upon us. We have every opportunity that a people ever had. We have nothing more to ask for, nothing more to wait for. Ours is only to love and work and suffer, and struggling to the last with all our might, secure in the conviction that the Great Power which bore us will bear others also, and round out in fullness of fruition the lives brought forth.

Some such faith is an absolute necessity, to those who pledge themselves to a cause, for life and for death. Our own action is limited and guided by our own vision, our own opinion, our own knowledge. Others, with a different, or a defective experience

act variously ; some in ways of which we do not approve ; some in ways that are proved mistaken; and others by methods that are mutually destructive. A certain hope and joy is essential to all work. It would take a Titan like Bhishma himself, to throw his whole heart into a losing cause, a cause that he knew belonged neither to God nor the future. Mere mortals are not so made. The nation-maker, therefore, works to his utmost; but he must be free to realize the while that very little depends on him, that his work achieves significance only from that immense current of destiny that is working through him and his efforts and that, whatever outward form it might take, it would, so long as it was whole-hearted and sincere be carried in the self-same way, on that self-same stream.

SUPER-CONSCIOUSNESS THE GROUND OF ACTION

In other words, behind the best work lies a quiet super-consciousness—knowledge that the work itself is not the great thing, but the spirit that speaks in it. It is the purpose of help and redemption, the pitying love, the steadfast hope, that determines the value of the act. The deed itself, the work performed, is merely apparent, and does not count, in comparison with the thought force sent out, and the spiritual energy generated. God is working through many people today, in different ways, and though mistakes may entail suffering, hatred is a mistake, yet even these defects cannot retard the onward march of what has been begun.

WHO THEN, ARE TO BE CONDEMNED ?

Are we then to condemn no one ? Are all to be held equally useful, equally valuable, since, whether they will or not, God works through all equally ? Is the renegade to be pardoned, and the traitor treated as a saint ? Very much the contrary. We are not to ask that a man stand with us, but we are always to demand that he stand with God. Here there must be no slackness. The politician and extremist, the religious and the Swadeshi worker, the social reformer and the ultra-orthodox can all co-operate, as long as they can heartily respect each other's characters. Integrity

is the only possible foundation for common faith and work. Once let the character be found questionable, however, and the worker is better passed on one side. If the heart of a man be divided in its allegiance, that man is not the mouthpiece of god. Honest conviction and sincerity of purpose are all that is necessary; but conversely, we cannot be too stern and clear in our condemnation of dishonesty, treachery, or insincerity.

Nationality will be the synthesis of all righteous forms of effort, but it has neither hope nor heaven to offer to the man who makes and teaches a lie. On the one side infinite charity, on the other unrelenting condemnation. Idling is bad enough in the day of our need and opportunity. But deceit and falsehood of intention are not to be condoned.

COMMON FALLACIES

A lie that we often hear is the lazy man's promise that God will someday send us an Avatara to rouse and aid us. These are the fallacies of sluggards, who would fain turn over in their comfortable beds, and dream that they are safe. Face to face with the great life of Dakshineshwar, it is difficult to put up with such fatuous self-assurance. Said the pots, discussing their future destiny, and alarmed at the prospect of possible breakage, "Tush ! the potter is a good fellow ! It will be well!" Of this quality is the faith of the man who is looking for a future divine revelation before he stirs. The revelation will come. The world throbs with such, hourly. But it will pass the slumberer by. "Rascal!" said Tota Puri. "Fire is burning before your door, and you have come to the sands of the Narmada for heat!" The world could not bear a second birth like that of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, in five hundred years. The mass of thought that he has left, has first to be transformed into experience; the spiritual energy given forth has to be converted into achievement. Until this is done, what right have we to ask for more ? What could we do with more?

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN INDIA

Religion always in India, precedes national awakenings. Shankaracharya was the beginning of a wave that swept round the

whole country, culminating in Chaitanya in Bengal, the Sikh Gurus in the Punjab, Shivaji in Maharashtra and Ramanuja and Madhavacharya in the South. Through each of these a people sprang into self-realization, into national energy, and consciousness of their own unity. Sri Ramakrishna represents a synthesis in one person, of all the leaders. It follows that the movements of his age will unify and organize the more provincial and fragmentary movements of the past.

Ramakrishna Paramahamsa is the epitome of the whole. His was the great super-conscious life which alone can witness to the infinitude of the current that bears us all oceanwards. He is the proof of the Power behind us, and the future before us. So great a birth initiates great happenings. Many are to be tried as by fire, and not a few will be found to be pure gold; but whatever happens, whether victory or defeat, speedy fulfilment of prolonged struggle, the fact that he has been born and lived here in our midst, in the sight and memory of men now living, is proof that—

God hath sounded forth the trumpet

That shall never call retreat!

He is sifting out the hearts of men

Before His judgement seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him;

Be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on!

Julia Ward Howe

PASSING' THOUGHTS : II

RELIGION VERSUS SPIRITUALITY

IN everything we have to distinguish between the essence and the form. Spirituality is that essence, of which religion is one of the forms. If One Fact breathes through all things that constitute the Universe, it follows that it is only one, and not the sole form, in which spirituality can find expression. Education, science, poetry, art, are some of the other forms. Indeed there is no activity of man which is not capable of being the vehicle of supreme spirituality, marked, as that is by the flood of realization of some idea, sweeping away self. Religion tends more than other things to be confused with spirituality, because religion is built up of those forms and doctrines in which humanity has striven from time to time to enshrine the essence of things spiritual. It provides for most people, the ladders and scaffolding by which at a crisis, they may climb to the heights of the tower of spirituality. But religion, it must be remembered, is only a means, never an end. Spirituality is the aim, and each soul, having in this, reached its own height, may come down by its own stairs, so to speak, may express its vision in its own way.

A COMMON FALLACY

If spirituality, then, is a fire, religion can only be thought of as fuel. Fuel will never do, *instead* of fire, but only as a *means* to fire. Religious practices and beliefs sometimes appear at their most perfect in hypocrites, and the worldly wise; spirituality is to be seen only in him who can tread the world beneath his feet. It follows that religion derives all its value from spirituality. It can never be offered as a substitute for it. Spirituality, on the other hand, may choose its own instrument of expression, and religion is but one of the means that lie to its hand. Ramanuja, Chaitanya, Shivaji, Guru

Govind, how different are the means of expression, chosen by each one of these! But can anyone dispute the fact that it is a common tide of spirituality that bears them on its flood? Such facts cut the ground from under the feet of the coward who excuses himself from nation-building on the plea that India is to be saved, 'not by politics, but by, religion.' The words are true enough, if by religion is meant the spiritual energy of religion, the volcanic forces that may focus in it, and cleave the earth to find their own path of projection. But if it means a collection of forms, a series of formulae, the path of safety and popular approval, then the phrase is a lie, and nothing can redeem it.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE MAKES ITS OWN FAITH

Is nation-making 'politics'? Or is it, after all, religion? Politics is a word that we associate with divided interests, with warring ideals, and rival parties. In nation-making there is but one ideal, carried out by different methods, and the interest is the common interest of self-sacrifice. In the higher use of the word 'religion', then, nation-building would seem to come nearer to the ideal definition of it, than rites and ceremonies. Indeed it is a perception of this fact that has gathered the whole Indian people in such striking fashion round the banner of nationality, during the last few years. Those who have not ranged themselves beneath it, are mere laggards without a name, who dare not speak above a whisper, to give an account of their position. Different groups claim in widely different ways, to be working out the common end: our point is, that every man *claims*. Nationality is admitted as the goal and interpretation of all methods alike. In other words, the spirit of each age creates its own religion, and Nationality is the religion of the present period. Behind it stand the forces of Indian spirituality; upon it converges the passion of Indian religion. It is aglow with the light of ideal personalities; sanctified by the lofty motives of workers known and unknown, filled with the infinite tides of love and compassion. It feeds itself upon its own service, its own sacrifice. And it opens the road to all, that they may climb upwards. Is Nationality politics, or is it in truth religion, the highest spirituality?

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

To us as a people it is necessary at this moment to believe in Nationality, as the highest possible expression, for the time, of the spiritual life. It is necessary. And assuredly the world has seen no race which held in its hands so great a treasure as, in this respect is Indian thought. The One in the Many, the Many equally in the One. No room here, for the superior sanctity of Puja-bells to the factory-gong, for the greater holiness of Ganges-bathing than gymnastic exercises. Jnana-path, Bhakti-path, Karma-path all—equal, all authentic. No excuse here for the man who says the Pujari is enveloped in spirituality, and all others are lower. Other religions may offer pronouncements of this description, but not Hinduism!

To Indian thought alone, there is nothing startling in the words *to labour is to pray*. Its own message has been nothing less. *Struggle is worship*. What else does the *Gita* teach its people? *All knowledge is beatitude*. There is no Hindu who does not realize this. *Then discovery is one with inspiration*. Who can deny it? Verily, our faith is even as a land strewn with jewels; for us, it is only to pick them up. In sober truth, it declares to us that all that is true and right is religion: only that which is false, can be excluded.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE AVATARAS

In this sense, we are using the word as one with spirituality. And here we can see the reason of the great law of the national evolution, pronounced by the *Gita*—"Whenever righteousness decays and unrighteousness prevails, then I manifest Myself." We can see now that a great recrudescence of the national idealism is inevitable, every time it has been betrayed, just as the top of the next wave is inevitable, the moment the bottom of the wave-trough is reached. This great recrudescence comes as the birth of some person, in whom all the existing ideals of the age are summed up. This person attracts to himself all the emotional and intellectual forces of the nation. There is none that can hold back, since the sensitiveness of each one of high vision, will be in exact proportion to his own greatness. India has a trained perception of spiritual power. She finds it irresistible. All her own power is concentrated in a single point, and the magazine of energy thus accumulated and individualized, shakes the

very earth, in its effort at constructive expression. Thus the epoch is made by the Avatar; and spirituality becomes the hearth and altar-place of Nationality.

SPIRITUALITY VERSUS RELIGION

But if we return to the lower sense of the word 'religion,' we shall have to admit that the typical representatives of spirituality are never bound by this. They use religion, as common men understand it. They love it. They speak its language. But when they suspect that truth leads outside and beyond, they never hesitate to defy it, to set it at nought. Truth is after all, their religion, and they must need break smaller bounds. Did anyone ever hear of a great saint who did not transcend some limitation or other? Who has forgotten the tale of Guru Nanak, and how he went on pilgrimage to Mecca? There he slept, with his feet against the Kaaba Stone. Moved to righteous indignation, pious Mussalmans came, and woke him up, threatening to kill him, for daring to put his feet on the place where God was. "Ah", said the saint quietly, "Just show me the place where God is not, that I may place my feet there!" And great was the multitude that became his disciple.

Have they not all been of this type, those great souls in whom our nation ought to glory? Ought we to need to be reminded that fire of spirituality, when it is lighted, burns up *all* the forest, even the jungle of religious rights and doctrines?

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD : I

GANDHARI AND DHRITARASHTRA

Gandhari : Awake ! Awake ! We are called again to the play ! The play ! The players wait. The drama cannot go forward until we are found. They are so earnest, those already on the stage. How can we keep them at the pause ?

Dhritarashtra : So earnest, yes ! There they are, mannikins striding up and down the stage prating about ideals, and calling aloud to heaven about their rights and duties ! Their right to do this duty, their duty to claim that right ! Ugh ! Ugh ! Ugh ! The whole thing is a tempest in a cow-puddle. How much sweeter were harmony and concord without all this talk of rights and duties ! Can they not see that the whole thing is Maya, anyway, that the stars are very distant, and the earth is wide, and it matters little who wins or who loses in these mimic battles ?

Gandhari : Ah, no my Lord, you look with the outer eye, alone. To see thus is to be oneself beneath the spell of Maya. The idleness of uncertainty is not the same as victorious insight ! I also look, but with that inner sense that your wife gained. And I say, let them strive and struggle with all their might ! Let them wrestle to their utmost. Let them fight, with teeth set, and grim determination, though they were even less than five to a hundred men ! Unless they can win, in this contest of the play-house, they are lost, lost for time and for eternity !

Dhritarashtra : Yet you were never a turbulent woman, *Gandhari* ! By your side found I ever a refuge, in days when our sons and their foes kept the whole world at fever-pitch without. How can it be that you, sweetest of women, and ideal of wifehood, would fill the stage of our time with violence, would welcome warfare and the din

of battle, would call down confusion and bloodshed, from which even men may shrink with fear and horror ?

Gandhari : Can you not see, dear Sovereign and Spouse, the next act in our play is all of this ! Man sees only the external, the superficial. But woman everywhere looks deeper, and interprets, urges, and inspires. Man sees only the results of the fight, and has little heart to pay again so great a price to gain so little; but woman sees the heroes themselves, and thinks even defeat were nothing, to give for such.

Dhritarashtra : Tell me, my wife, what is it that you see ? I shall talk no more of life being all a dream, talk no more of the sweetness of peace. Here is indeed the spell of Maya, to use even the highest of thoughts, only to justify one's own comfort and retirement. But utter to me your prophecy, that I may go down to the great drama with heart at rest, making my right arm serve your sight ! I am silent. I await in you the voice of vision.

Gandhari : (With head bent forward, eyes fixed and unseeing. She is at first silent, then her voice rises gradually, in a low, plaintive chant.)

Dreams ! Dreams ! The past is hidden like a dream, beneath the clouds of time. Gone is the age of our sorrow. Gone is the kingdom of Yudhishtira. Great are the changes on the earth we loved. The play has grown sad. The players are old, and bent, and weary. The music is now so low that I can scarcely hear it. The Lakshmi Puja is feeble and small... Yet still I see, in simple hearts, burns the light of faith ! Villagers, seated beneath the tree at nightfall, whisper together of the coming again of Rama. The peasant, driving the oxen at the plough, mutters "Rama, Rama", with every sigh. And listen ! listen ! what is the word I hear ? Dharma ! Dharma ! Yato Dharma ! Ah ! Yato Dharmah, tato Jayah ! tato Jayah, indeed. Now, now I see ! . . . I see the battle of the souls. How many lights rise upwards and are lost in God ! Again awake the sounds of action among the players. Again take place the great renunciations. Men are become strenuous once more. They think great thoughts, and attempt impossible tasks. They laugh at words like loss and death. They toss lightly aside the notion of defeat. To the heroes, they say, whether victory or defeat

is only a question of the fortunes of war. Today this. Tomorrow that.

The lights are brighter. The music grows louder. Ah, good in my ears sounds the clang of shields and weapons, and the laughter of the heroes ! How gay and bright grows the play ! Ah Husband and King, how firm is my faith! Arise; let us go forth upon the stage. Yato Dharmah ! tato Jayah !

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD : II

TWO SOULS IN PITRI-LOKA

First Soul : How weary am I of the subtle pleasures of this long existence ! Satiated with sweetness, fanned by southern breezes, surrounded by wondrous gardens, I long to cast off all, all, and to escape. I cry out for the hard, for the terrible, for freezing cold and burning heat. I desire to sound to its depths the ocean of my own being, to grapple with things strange, and difficult, and overwhelming. A single range of experience wearies me. Let me taste the bitterness of sorrow. Let me learn what I could suffer ! Let me explore my own powers, to their remotest frontiers. I seek Freedom! Yea, and will not be denied !

Second Soul : Again, dear Lord, is come the hour that we remember of old. How often in the past can we recall how we met on earth and, thou by sword and I by fire, we fled together, along the shadowy paths, to this our Swarga ! And now is lived out again the dream of worship. Now once more comes the moment of awaking. Here, to each other, we have been as thoughts. Each has seen only the radiance, the glory of the other. There, we must cover ourselves with the garment of earth, woven as that is of mingled good and evil, of hate and love. Here we have known only the friendship of the heroes. There blindness will come upon us, we shall fight with some of these, as foes. Alas, Alas, is the time then indeed come, that we should return to earth ?

First Soul : Listen, Beloved ! Hearest thou not the wail that rises from the land we loved ? Hearest thou not the sob of bereavement, the cry of hunger, the sorrowful moan of small things trampled on ? Is there no stirring of pity in thine heart ? Is thine own bliss sufficient for thee ? Canst thou remain content, in this hour of her need, to leave our earth unvisited ? Wouldst thou leave others to suffer, all unaided ? Feelest thou not the longing for sacrifice, the strength for sorrow, the thirst for strife ?

Second Soul : Ah! Sweet was the silence of death on the field of Kurukshetra ! Gently fell the twilight beneath the trees, when the heroes lay dead besides the Jamuna. And methinks again at dawn that I heard through Swarga the sound of the battle-Shankha. The Lord Kartikeya, it may be, marshals his hosts once more, and the heroes meet, ere again they go down to the clash of worlds. I awaken ! Oh, I awaken ! Yea, and I shall follow thee. Yet never again, Beloved, shall I stand as thy wife beside thee, on the fields of earth. Never again shall I comfort thee in defeat, and assuage thy fevered wounds ! Seven times trod I the road-way of fire, fearlessly following thee into Swarga. Alas my heart misgives me, lest I meet thee not below !

First Soul : Nay, nay, thou foolish heart ! Can they be parted, whose love and hope are one ? Seest thou not that side by side we stand henceforth ? In thee alone, with thy great past, can the heroes and leaders of our beloved land find metal ready molten to their purpose ! Come thou, Beloved ! Come thou, my younger comrade ! The sorrow of the world calls us ! We return to earth !

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD : III

GURU AND CHERAS IN PITRI-LOKA

Guru : Pralaya is come ! Pralaya is come ! Upon the darkened earth draws down the cloud of confusion and doom. It is the twilight of the gods, the meeting-point of ages, into which is cast the past, out of which shall emerge the future. How strange that to the common world, seeing nothing but the objects of the senses, the present is a yesterday and tomorrow but an added day ! Is there in all the universe another mingling of vision and blindness like that of man ?

Chorus of Chelas :

“Power Thou art, give us power !
Thou art strong, give us strength !
Energy art Thou, give us energy !”

Guru : Here, amidst the psychic realities of Swarga, how impossible is it to darken the eyes ! Almost one must weigh and measure the opposing forces. How hardly can one refuse to number and estimate the chances of victory. But the spiritual battle must be recognized. How sharp and burning blew the desert wind, but a moment ago, in the passage to earth of those ruthless spirits, whose lust of pride and power, at any cost to man, makes them like lights sombre of hue, burning in sulphurous atmospheres ! How cool and sweet is the breath of this army of young souls, whose chanted prayers even now break in upon my reverie

Chorus of Chelas :

“Energy art Thou, give us
energy !
. Oh make us strong, even as
the thunderbolt,
To keep our vow, of purity
for life !”

Guru : Standing here on the inner side of the doors of birth, and watching the souls pass through into the world, it is given to me to read each man's destiny in the great Pralaya. As the eyes of my own turn towards me, at the last. Ere he lifts the curtain and vanishes into earth-life, I see whether failure or success awaits him, on the battle-field of the spirit, and I give the Ashirbad that will be his star of life. Failure or success ! Ah, speed into the dusk of time, ye souls so bravely destined ! And blessed be ye who shall be defeated ! For ye also are mine ! Ye above all need comforting ! Yea, and ye shall yet conquer, in another age !

One amongst the Chelas : Hush ! Let us cease our praying and keep silence for a while ! Surely the Guru called ! I heard his voice! Listen ! It comes again. Let us arise and go forth ! The time is come ! We come, Oh Lord ! We come !

Guru to the first soul : Thou ardent soul, the first to hear my voice, thou goest forth into the night of life and time. Be strong. Keep ever this thy love. To thee will come the new. Test it. And when thou seest, think not it was thine. Make vision into deeds. Be faithful and endure.

To the second : Thou strong and steadfast sentinel ! To thee I give the light within the heart. Let it shine far, in quiet faith, and light thy path with confidence serene. Men, it may be, will call thee great. Let not thine ears hear these, the voices of the crowd, lest thine hand slacken on the lamp it bears. These are the dreams of the sense-life alone. Look thou straight on, and be not drawn aside.

To the third : My playful child ! Unspoilt thou dances through thy days. Laughter and song are ever on thy lips. Fear is not known to thee, nor ever shall be. Nay, even though the play of life be tragic, and in three acts draw to their close.

To all the souls : Oh ye great host of souls, beloved and blest, go forth ! Plunge in the dusk ! Revel ye in the doom, and from it wing your shining way to God ! Ye herald souls go forth, and call a sleeping world to wake and live. Sentinel-souls, pass out, and stand ye firm ! Guard ye your trust, and falter not. Obey ! Heroes and

children, bards, armourers, and bearers of the light, go forth and strive ! Be free of self ! War with the hosts of evil night and day. Smite them and spare not, high of hand and will. Conquer the weakness in your hearts, and be men of a new great race, earth has not seen ! Go forth ! Go forth ! And, when the dream is done, return ! I shall await ye at the doors of death ! Pralaya, Pralaya is come. Fear not ! Go forth !

**ON POLITICAL,
ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS**

HAS BRITISH RULE BEEN BENEFICIAL TO INDIA OR NOT ?

THE question : "Has British Rule been beneficial to India or not ?" is one which is constantly being discussed. One point seems to be conceded generally, namely, that whatever Great Britain has done, she has brought about the unification of India. That now the many and varied nations which dwell on the Peninsula may really be called one nation under one common head. We say we have civilized them. That depends upon our definition of the word. If civilization means Europeanizing them, then we have had some measure of success. If it has the meaning I prefer to give the word—the permeating of a great mass of human beings with an idea—we have hardly so much to lay to our credit. Perhaps the movement which appears on the surface to be the direct outcome of British influence is the National Congress whereat representatives of every part of India, of every shade of thought, of every variety of physique, meet to discuss the problems of their country. The dress of many of the delegates is European, the language is English, but the idea is one, that of the benefit and prosperity of their country, it seems to some extent the permeating of a mass of people with one idea. But beneath the surface is a unity which we did not implant. The Hindu mind is naturally disposed to looking at life judicially, to weighing problems, to sifting evidence, and worked along these lines long before we in England could lay claim to a vigorous national life. The Congress represents all that there is of political life in India. If India had a voice, could she have anything to say ? It is in the Congress that we hear her voice. The economic conditions of the country are discussed in no rebellious spirit but with the one aim of bringing all the facts possible together and judging accordingly. India may not have much power in the Government of her country but she is not uninterested in her economic problems. The Roman Empire tended to unification. The Roman Empire fell. We are now that Empire. The units have become nations.

A simple example of how one idea may permeate a vast community is to be found in the Hindu custom of not eating beef. That the cat is not eaten in Europe is no parallel; the cat was never ordinary human food. There was a time however in India when the people did kill the cow and eat it. That they refrain from so doing today is an example of how the one idea has spread through the community. The cow is part of the life of the Hindus, necessary for ploughing; also if the cow be slaughtered, how is the next harvest to be prepared? This above and beyond the spiritual ideas with regard to it.

If then, this be the true aim of civilization, the one idea should be of genius, greatness. The foundation of all religions, whatever be the fairy story with which each is clothed, is the striving of the human soul after the great—not material greatness—of which it feels itself a part. The Hindu mind grasps this philosophy and has always preached it. It looks upon Mankind as practically divided into two parts—those who strive after comfort, happiness, their own well-being, who have the one idea day by day, to make life as livable as possible, to get the utmost of comfort and enjoyment out of it, taking the sadness with the gladness, “the harvesters”; and—those who do not feel themselves to be isolated fragments of greatness but part of a great whole, channels through which greatness may flow, serving something higher, something beyond their own personality, beyond the usual domestic life. In all ages, in all countries, such souls are from time to time born into the world. This idea probably had some influence on the rise of monastic orders, and however much we may deplore some of the ways of those orders, we must in justice give credit to those who felt deeply that by means of monastic orders they could satisfy their longing to devote themselves to the service of the great, which prevades all things.

A valley in the mountains of Kashmir, where I had the privilege of seeing a camp of some thousands of Indian pilgrims, stands out in my memory as the setting for this ideal of life. The valley itself was exceedingly grand, high mountains rose on each side, snow-capped peaks were visible, and a great glacier shone white in the brilliant sunshine or clear moonlight. The variety of colours in the dress of the pilgrims was charming. They had come from all parts of India—from Cape Comorin, from Bengal, from Bombay, from Central India; many were unable to find any other

pilgrims who understood their language. Some had no knowledge of English, but knew Sanskrit. They represented a civilization older by hundreds of years than ours. Then women and children were in the company all dominated with the one idea of worship at the shrine. Before the tent of each household, smoke curled into the clear air, for each household had its own food prepared separately. And herein lies a very different ideal from ours—we consider the preparation of our food to be the work of servants, a drudgery to a certain extent. The Hindu woman finds in it service of the greatest importance; to prepare food for the family with utmost cleanliness, she considers an honour, because of the wonderful function of food. The cleanliness of the people is also very striking; the bathing places are part of their life. The camp was a scene of great activity all day along, the bazaar was in full swing within half an hour of the arrival of the pilgrims, and in the very early morning hours they began to move towards the shrine. Differing as widely from each other as a Norwegian differs from a Spaniard, they were united in the same religious worship. What has the West to teach this people whose philosophy of life is so far above material greatness, and yet whose needs are so appalling, and whose problems are so vast ?

NATIONALITY

IN talking to you, this evening, on the subject of Nationality, I shall first of all tell you of some things that are not *nationality*. You shall always bear in mind, as a lesson of the first importance, that there can be no nationality in a country where the people are always flying at each other's throats, for differences of opinion and sentiment. If the advocate of political agitation were always to revile the advocate of industrial re-generation; if the social-reformer were to fly at the upholder of Hindu orthodoxy, if the orthodox Hindu, again, were to fight with the Hindu revivalist; if the literary man were to find fault with the educationalist and vice-versa; if such were the state of affairs in a community, then it must be admitted that that society has not yet learnt the first lesson of nation-building.

I cannot tell you in one word what this term, *nationality*, means, but this much I can tell you that if ever there dawns a day of national life in India, it will certainly not exhaust itself in any *one* of the above movements singly, but rather it will consist in the harmonious working of all those different movements and organizations operating, on different lines, towards one supreme end,—the good of the nation. And so long as that blessed day does not arrive, let us not be frittering away our energies by cavilling at each other and thus exciting the contemptuous smile of on-lookers. Let us try to learn how to reserve and concentrate our energies for the great cause we all intend to serve. Let us learn how to present a united front. I can assure you that there is more of mutual jealousy and ill-will among the European inhabitants of Calcutta than among yourselves; but, has any of you ever seen anything of this jealousy? They will scrupulously hide these internal sores from the eyes of foreigners; that is how they present a united front. You, Indians, are very strong in the element of personal devotion; you can annihilate your own self even, for the sake of a parent, a brother, or a friend; and the European has still to learn this of you.

But you too have to learn a lesson from the European. He has the singular capacity of acting in concert with a person for whom, perhaps, he may have the greatest personal dislike—merely out of regard for the welfare of the party or organization to which both of them belong. This power of self-suppression for the sake of an ideal is a virtue which the Indian has still to learn. For, it is evident that without this virtue, no considerable advance could be made in the direction of such popular organizations as the idea of nationality necessarily involves.

Suppose you are going to form a Bengal nationality; you will then have to include in one brotherhood the Hindu as well as the Mohammedan. Here then comes in the necessity of forgetting your narrow prejudices; for then only can you sympathize with the joys and sorrows of your Mohammedan brother. Caste, I think, stands very little in the way of such a social *rapprochement* between the two communities. When the heart beats with the same ideals, it does not matter whether we take a meal together or not. And the petty little restrictions that are supposed by some to be a serious hindrance to union, will prove trifling enough when once we have learnt to mingle our hearts, and it is well for us that we should overlook these pettinesses instead of bringing them too much into prominence. I can never believe that there is any real, fierce hatred existing between the two peoples, as is alleged by some. On the contrary, I believe that all the differences between them (excepting perhaps those relating to socio-religious ceremonies and observances) could be made up only if the Hindus, as it has been their wont, took the first step forward. You have always shown a conciliatory spirit in religious matters. You know how to respect the saints and Avatars of all countries and races, without caring to determine their relative worth and greatness. It is now time that you should extend this spirit of conciliation to other matters as well. And here, in passing, it may not be amiss to try to impress on your minds the importance of good manners—a point on which you may derive lessons from your Mohammedan brethren. This may be regarded as a trifling matter; but none the less, it is a matter of the utmost importance, for amiable manners are one of the most efficacious keys to the hearts of men.

I want to impress on you another essential point with regard to this question of nationality. You must always remember that real, earnest work in any department of national life is the true

test of national spirit in man or woman. No matter what may be the particular line of action adopted by a person, we must honour him as a national hero, if only he shows his earnest devotion by real work, by actual sacrifice to the cause of his country. For, this whole-souled devotion to a national ideal may be equally found in every sphere of public activity in a Romesh Chunder Dutt, or a G. K. Gokhale as in a Vidyasagar. The spirit that worked in your ancient sires works likewise in these, their modern descendants, namely, the spirit of intense devotion and sacrifice for ideal objects. I have seen Mr. Dutt working night and day for his country without any recreation, while those about him were intent on pleasure.

So you must adore all who stand for real work and not mere talk. If any distinction is to be made, it is more important for you to make a distinction between the talker and the worker than between worker and worker. For the work is always the true test of the national spirit in a man.

It has been asked if this preponderance of attachment to work would not entangle us more and more in the meshes of worldliness —of Samsara, and so affect our spirituality. I would ask you in return what is the meaning of that term *spirituality*. If you are already spiritual enough to rise above all physical wants and necessities, and to devote yourself to the contemplation of the Divine Being, I have nothing to teach you, but on the contrary, to learn at your feet. But do you not feel the necessity of eating and clothing and marrying? If you do, you are far from the attainment of the spirituality you boast of. I can understand the spirituality of some of your Sadhus; and I always make it a point whenever I pass by, to make my bow to a Mohammedan saint who lives in a mosque in Chitpur Road—a man that without care for sunshine or cold or hunger passes his time in the contemplation of God. But I cannot understand the spirituality of a man busy in the search for food and shelter and clothing for himself and his family. For such a man, the only way to save himself from the bondage of the flesh would be to fight the world by working for higher entities like the nation or the country.

The idea of safety and repose usually associated with spirituality is the falsest of all notions. You, young men must always guard yourselves against that sham spirituality that dreads trouble and hankers after safety. The spiritual ideal that the Rishis set forth in their lives and in their work was never an ideal of ignoble ease

or safety obtained by a cowardly retreat from the battle-field of life. A knowledge of the Tapas or hardships they underwent will dispel the slightest doubt on the matter. It is my last word to you that you must not harbour any thoughts of ignoble ease under the garb of spirituality, that you must sink mutual jealousies, and work together for the good of the nation.

THE HIGHEST IDEAL OF TRUTH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATESMAN

SIR, On Saturday last, for first time, it was authoritatively explained to India why Professor Max Müller thought it necessary to devote the second chapter of his book on *What India Has to Teach Us* to the subject of 'The Truthful Character of the Hindus'. Now for the first time we understand the reason behind the Oxford scholar when he wrote : "It has become almost an article of faith with every Indian Civil Servant that all Indians are liars; nay, I know I shall never be forgiven for my heresy in venturing to doubt it." In another passage he states, "So often has that charge of untruthfulness been reported, and so generally is it now accepted, that it seems almost quixotic to try to fight against it." "Nor should I venture," he adds, "to fight this almost hopeless battle, if I were not convinced that such a charge, like all the charges brought against a whole nation" (notably, as he points out later, the European description of England as "perfidious Albion") "rests on the most flimsy induction, and that it has done, is doing and will continue to do (the italics are mine) more mischief than anything that even the bitterest enemy of English dominion in India could have invented." Whereupon the good Professor proceeds to gather up evidence from the Sanskrit classics, and from those of Greece, China, Arabia, and Persia, that even the people of India are human beings, having in them a human being's admiration of truth and uprightness. The Indian on his side might have been pardoned had he suggested that such statements ought not to have needed making, since the defence implied an unthinkable accusation. But, answering so, he could not have known that there would yet arise a man greater than Max Müller who would declare : "Undoubtedly truth took a high place in the moral codes of the West before it had been similarly honoured in the East"; and again : "The highest ideal of truth is to a large extent a Western conception."

There is, however, another, and to Indians a more important, element in the situation. The students, to whom these statements were addressed, received them (I quote the *Statesman* reporter) in "a faultless silence." They did well. Less well, however, must we think it, if they stepped into manhood, remembering charges so levelled at their dead ancestors and their national codes, with never a word offered in defence !

I beg you, therefore Sir, to allow me space in your columns to recapitulate a few points in demonstration of the Indian national ideals in this matter. As for the ideals and practice of Mussalmans, I make no doubt that some Mohammedan will be prepared to come forward with a statement, for it is not my wish to exonerate the Hindu section of the Indian people from this charge while permitting another to be inculpated. I regret that I have not personally the Islamic learning necessary to give in proper form the ideals of that Faith respecting truthfulness. Yet it is obvious to the whole world that it was from a Semitic people, at the hands of Semitic teachers, and through Semitic literature, that Europe received those moral ideals of which she ventures to boast so loudly.

Let me then remind the Indian students among your readers of the high and foremost place assigned in the Hindu epics to the qualities of truth, truthfulness, and the keeping of the word. The central incident of the *Mahabharata*, as even the superficial Edwin Arnold was competent to point out, turns on the truthfulness of Yudhisthira—a truthfulness so dazzling that what is called, I believe, "a white lie" in English, brands him with an indelible stain. I quote, in translation : "Burning with grief and exceedingly afflicted, Drona inquired of Kunti's son Yudhisthira as to whether his son Ashvatthaman had been slain or not. Drona firmly believed that even for the sovereignty of the three worlds, Yudhisthira would refuse to tell a falsehood. He had looked to him for truth from his babyhood." The sequence of this question is familiar to us all. Drona's power to fight ceases with the death of his son. An elephant, therefore, bearing the same name as the son, has been slain. The story proceeds : "Dreading to utter a falsehood, yet intensely desirous of victory, Yudhisthira distinctly said that Ashvatthaman was dead, adding indistinctly '*the Elephant*' after the name. Now, up to this time Yudhisthira's car had stayed at a height of four fingers' breadth from the surface of the earth. After

the telling of the untruth, however, his chariot and horses touched the earth." (Drona Vadha Parva, Section CXCI.) After this, does any Indian boy doubt the value which his ancestors placed on truth? Contrast the character of Yudhisthira, the hero of the great Indian epic, with him of the Greek epic, the "many-counselled" Odysseus, master of wiles ("yet knows he every sort of sleight and is in counsels great"), the classic exemplar of guile, the story of whose exploits has furnished for centuries no inconsiderable part of the education by which the character of the British governing class is formed in public school and university.

Or we may take the story of Bhishma, prior even to Yudhisthira in the regard of the people. Truth is the one quality made prominent in him. His child-name is Satya Vrata—"he whose austerity is Truth"—and even his name of Bhishma, or 'terrible', refers to his power of making good his word. The tale of Savitri, again, depends on the fact that Death cannot break his word, the wife cannot renounce her vow. Even the plot of the *Ramayana*, as Max Müller points out, turns on the fact that Dasharatha's promise to his queen and Rama's to his father must at all costs be kept.

But it is almost foolish to pick out an incident here or there. The fact is that the whole of the Indian epics and Puranas are a perpetual, kaleidoscopic, reiterated illustration of the necessity of truth, the sacredness of the spoken word. On the same idea hangs the Mimamsa philosophy, the governing theory of orthodox Hinduism. "The Universe is the meaning of words. The word brings the fact. Beware therefore of lightly-uttered words." Such is, ethically speaking, its essence. Indeed, when we face this, the innermost basis, as it were of the Hindu mind and literature, we are startled, as if by a mirror suddenly held up, to read the words of Arrian the Stoic in the second century (published in McCrindle's collection, and quoted by Max Müller) "No Indian is accused of lying." Max Müller's lectures were published for the benefit of English readers—however few give signs of knowing them. In the course of his one short address on truthfulness, he quotes a score of passages from the Sanskrit exalting truth and forbidding falsehood. But Indian boys know that a few sentences, however strong, represent only ineffectively that love of truth and integrity which is inculcated in every Indian home, of every Indian sect. They will remind us that one of the great aspirations of a Hindu child is the

twelve years of absolute accuracy which are supposed to make them speech-perfect, that is, incapable of aught but truth, henceforth.

Such is the ideal of Hindu education; such is the Hindu inheritance. But the Hindu—is he always worthy of it? Even here he need concede nothing. When he measures himself against his ideals, No! When he measures himself against the Englishman, Yes! The sons of India are not afraid or ashamed to compare their own achievement in this respect on equal terms against that of any Western people, and Hindus are not ashamed or afraid to declare that that which does not express a passionate sense of truth can be no part nor parcel of the Eternal Faith. Shoulder to shoulder they stand, worshippers of Sita and Rama, children of the *Mahabharata*, sons of the Rishis, heirs of the Vedas and Upanishads, and they refuse to accept from any lips the statement that “the ideal of truth in its highest form is a Western rather than an Eastern conception,” or that—at some date unknown, but presumably anterior to the Roman Empire—“truth took a high place in the moral codes of the West, before it had been similarly honoured in the East.”

OUR UNITY IN DIVERSITY

IT requires a foreign eye to catch the wonders of Indian solidarity. It was Englishmen who first saw that our unity was so great, and our ignorance of that unity so universal, that an immense harvest might be reaped from administering our affairs and taxing us, as a unit. In this sense, then, the lesson of our own unity has been taught us by English teachers. But we have now learnt that lesson. It is true that we do not yet know the steps by which we shall effectively assert it, we do not yet know what is the road we are to tread in its progressive application, but we have gained a deep conviction, from which nothing can ever move us. The scales have fallen from our eyes, and we see and know that we are one. Those very surface-diversities of which it has been common to make much, have become in our own eyes now, but so many proofs of our unity. As in one of the higher organisms, no limb is a mere repetition of any other, but the whole is served in some special way by each, so here also, no one province duplicates or rivals the functions of any other. The Mahratta serves the Bengalee and the Bangalee the Mahratta, the Hindu and the Mohammedan find themselves complementary to one another, and the Punjabee and the Madrasi are both equally essential to the whole, in virtue of their mutual unlikenesses, not their resemblances. It is by our unlikeness—an unlikeness tempered, of course, by deep sympathy—that we serve one another, not by our similarities. The lower the organism, the greater the multiplication of a given part; the higher, the more specialized is each limb and each organ. In humanity, not even two hands or two feet are exactly identical. With regard to nations, the requisites of unity are commonplace and common circumstances. A people who are one in home and one in interests, have no need to speak a common language, or believe a common *mythos*, in order to realize their mutual cohesion. Questions of race and history are merely irrelevant, in face of the determination of a given group to become a nation. Much has to be remembered and much forgotten;

but man can determine such things by his own will, and when, in addition, he possesses, as we in India do, an enormous mass of common and related *customs*, he stands already provided with an inexhaustible language for the expression of his national unity. Ours is the advantage that not merely all sects of Hinduism, but also all the peoples of Asia express themselves through certain characteristic modes in common. Fire to the European is a convenience : to most Asiatics, a sacred mystery. Water to the European represents physical cleanliness : to Asiatics, it is the starting-point of a new life. The simplicity of the Asiatic environment is a-quiver with mystic associations, vibrant with spiritual significance, and to these, Hindu and the Mohammedan respond alike.

THE RECENT CONGRESS

ONE of the greatest political events that have happened to us was the recent division of the Congress, and now that passions have been somewhat lulled and arguments died into silence, it may be worth while to consider quietly what has really happened. To begin with, we may as well state frankly that the distress and self-depreciation with which many people speak of the violence by which the event in question was accompanied, cause some of us more shame than that violence itself. Of course, we are neither apologists for, nor advocates of, internal strife, violence, rowdyism, obstructionism or irregular procedure. These we unhesitatingly and emphatically condemn. We hold that the work of the National Congress can and ought to be done with becoming gravity, sobriety and self-restraint. But what we do say is that we are not more wanting in these virtues than other nations, and that the recent rupture is not at all fatal to our hopes and aspirations. Why should all the Parliaments in the world suffer from occasional scrimmages, without losing their right to be considered fit for self-government, and not the Indian ? Why should young blood not boil, and fists be clenched (rightly or wrongly it does not concern us here to discuss) with us, as with others ? No, no, a man is a man, even in India ! This great self-depreciation, modesty and regret, are somewhat too lady-like, to our thinking. If they be sincere, they are womanish : if insincere, overdone.

We dislike the terms "moderate and extremist." To our thinking, there is but one party in Indian politics, and that is the nationalist party. Nor do we see, in the history of the Surat Congress, any reason to change our opinion. The differences between the two resultant bodies are mere differences of method. And these are easily explained. All statesmen have to determine between rival parties and convictions as to which is, in their personal opinion, a survival from the past, and which a prophecy of the future. In the present case, it would be quite impossible, to our thinking, to be in any doubt on this point.

We have always held that except on one or two points, the two sections of the nationalist party hold the same principles in common. They are not to be judged by their worst adherents, but by the noblest. Violence and vilification are no more inherent in "extremism" than timidity, flunkeyism and want of faith in the nation, in the principles of the "moderates."

Readers of the *Modern Review* are familiar with the statement that India has had democratic Government fully developed in her society since a period before the birth of Europe as we know her. Parliamentary Government, so far from being something strange and unfamiliar to her, is one of her own most deeply ingrained institutions. Her only misfortune is that she has confined its use almost exclusively to the social sphere, the maintenance of family integrity is a sacred duty : in the political, it is of vastly greater importance that the whole community should be made articulate. Now we may perhaps be forgiven, if we express the opinion that by the division of the Nationalist Party into two sections, the cause of Indian Nationalism may double its area for political experience, while the Congress as the voice of the Indian People may gain vastly in efficiency, energy and sincerity, *if* the two sections do not waste their energy in mutual recrimination, but devote themselves to the awakening of the national consciousness, the organization of the strength of the nation, the sanitation of towns *and villages*, and the provision of food for the minds and bodies of the people. We know that personal ambition and self-interest give rise to quarrels. But sterling patriotism, whose fire it ought to be the aim of every one of us to kindle in our hearts, leads to self-effacement and devoted service. It is the servants of the people who are in all ages and climes their true leaders. Neither a glib tongue, nor sophistry, nor a facile pen, can secure the homage of adoring hearts. It is service alone that places the crown of leadership round the brows of the self-dedicated patriot. If there is to be any rivalry at all, let it be for leadership of this description.

Political struggle has never been all smooth-sailing in any country. Everywhere the political horizon has been occasionally overcast with storm-clouds. In India there was the danger of too easy and glib a political method rushing the people over-quickly on self-satisfaction, and preventing their development of that intensity which only comes of the sense of struggle. That danger seems no longer to exist. We are now only on the threshold of the struggle,

internal and external. Let us eliminate the unworthy and the merely personal elements from the struggle, and strive manfully and devotedly for the Motherland, never forgetting that a want of uniformity is not want of unity.

DEMOCRATIC FEELING IN ENGLAND

A correspondent in London writes to us: Democratic feeling, even as regards the English themselves, appears to be on the wane in England. The sentiment of Imperialism, in the form of a more and more confirmed acceptance of privilege, is invading even the domestic affairs of this country. The decay of villages and loss of agriculture are much more serious problems in England today than the English themselves remain apparently unaware of them than they have as yet become in India. The country is organized round factory-centres, and the fluctuations of trade produce, amongst the immense population who live without savings of any kind, alternations of prosperity and starvation. Only the prosperity declines, in all probability, while the starvation increases, from period to period. London is full of the unemployed, able-bodied, intelligent, eager to work for the maintenance of their families, and with faces that speak despair. The poor themselves say that each winter, since the first year of the Boer War, sees an increase of misery.

Social and economic problems are beginning to occupy the attention and hold the imaginations of the crowds of unemployed. One sees them at park-corners on Sunday afternoons, and outside public-houses on weekdays, grouped eagerly about the socialist orator. The word "socialism" appears to connote a sentiment, at present more or less vague, but likely soon to become definite, that private property, except in what a man has himself made, is an outrage and burden on the rest of humanity. How long the lower classes in English cities will content themselves with vague speculation on this head, and at what point thought may become action, there is nothing to show. It is believed in France that England has yet to meet a far more terrible revolution than that of 1789. Probably, however, the beginning of this revolution will take place elsewhere. And such an opinion receives some support from the rent-troubles in New York. At any moment, an event of this

nature might prove the spark to set alight the powder-magazine of Western Capitalism. Certainly, destitution and despair are highly inflammable social material.

If we turn to the other side of the shield, we find that there was never an epoch at which waste and extravagance stood so high. Decorum imposes no restraint whatever on the indulgence of personal luxury. Fortunes that would maintain families or establish needed industries, are lavished on the frivolities of dress and entertainment. The motor-car offers the key-note of civilization in a European city, and is most in evidence as multiplying the useless expenditure of the privileged.

To the latter, there appears to come no misgiving. While the poor grow poorer, the monied gather more and more of the currency into their own hands, and the chasm between the two classes yawns wider every day. It is commonly said that if education is pursued too eagerly, there will be no domestic servants left ! Primary schools are those which children leave at twelve to fourteen years of age, and in these the attempt to teach science has been definitely abandoned. In secondary schools—those which the pupil leaves at seventeen—the teaching of Physics and Chemistry is well organized; but the great educational problem of the day lies in the fact that English industries are so little permeated by a spirit of respect for science, that there is nothing for the youth trained in these secondary schools to do, but to drift into clerkships. England has already lost her footing in industry as in agriculture. Though doubtless the truth of her position is temporarily masked by her grip upon the imperial markets. Germany with her greater respect for the bearing of science upon technology, and France, with her agricultural civilization and fair distribution of economic means, are both far in advance of England.

Now, it is to be noted that its spiritual ideals are the very blood in the veins of a nation. The class that accepts privilege becomes a parasite upon its country, as does the country itself, in turn upon the world. It is the union of all classes amongst a people that produces a strong nationality, by mutual affection, mutual effort, and community of experience. The cooperation even of a close corporation will be invaded and disintegrated by individual self-interest. And the self-interest of the traitor is the inevitable result of the assertion of privilege by the class. That nation that has abandoned the consideration of the happiness of all its children,

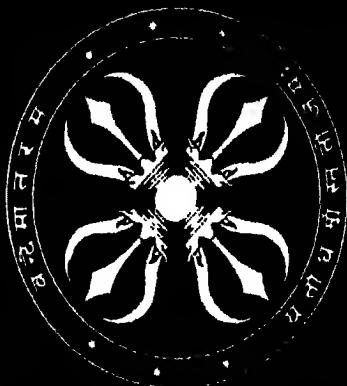
in favour of the aggrandisement of the few, is already dying. Each generation of the privileged is born to a larger and larger share of brainlessness and dissipation. Each generation of the proletariat has less and less share in the national inheritance. Not by the acceleration of this process does a people mount to the throne of the world, or hold its seat thereon, having reached it.

THE VAJRA AS A NATIONAL FLAG

THE question of the invention of a flag for India is beginning to be discussed in the press. Those who contemplate the desirability of such a symbol, however, seem to be unaware that already a great many people have taken up, and are using, the ancient Indian Vajra or Thunderbolt, in this way. When we look at all that a national banner means, we see the utter impossibility of manufacturing or devising such an emblem. It can only grow up out of the heart and history of a people. A trade-mark, a custom-house seal, or a signalling pennant, may be arranged, imposed, prescribed, but a BANNER, with its menace and its rallying-cry, a BANNER, with its benison and call to sacrifice, must be born within the soul of the nation, and call up a passion that none outside the Guardian-race can understand. For this reason, it seems worth while to recapitulate briefly the history and significance of the Vajra as an emblem of nationality. For while this symbolism cannot be imparted piecemeal to those outside the circle of its enthusiasm, it can and must be handed on from generation to generation, and province to province. In matters of worship, the mystic lore can only be analysed and explained to those who are already being initiated and to them, must be ; so also here we dare not leave our tradition in any half-light of uncertainty, lest our children should grow up in vagueness as to the sign of their unity and common honour.

Throughout the period before the Christian Era, the Thunderbolt as a symbol, was of cosmopolitan importance. Amongst Greeks and Romans, the Eagle of Zeus carried it in his claws. For the Romans, it was a military sign, and a device in perpetual use. It was one of the favourite designs stamped on the little earthen lamps that the housewife brought home from the bazaar. Another was the locust; both evidently symbolizing the destructive power of fire. Zeus amongst the Greeks, and Jupiter amongst the Roman was the wielder of the Thunderbolt. And similarly, in India, amongst the Aryan races, Indra was the God of the Thunderbolt. It was natural enough that this should be so. Tidal waves, earthquakes,

The National Flag with the Vajra emblem—the Thunderbolt—designed by Sister Nivedita





The National Flag designed by Sister Nivedita and embroidered by her pupils. It was displayed in the Congress Exhibition in 1906

volcanic eruptions, waterspouts, floods, are all forms of violence that act from below. Only rain and lightning come from above, and of the two lightning is hurled from the remoter height, mysterious, momentary, of a deadly definiteness and certainty of aim, in good sooth the sword of the sky. Farther, to be accounted for on no other terms. Dangerous and wrapped in terror as is the earthquake, it cannot be compared with the thunderbolt in distinctness of form, and in poetry, or, above either of these qualities, in discriminativeness of action. Obviously, to ages whose divinities were at bottom personifications of the forces of nature, it was inevitable that Power Almighty, Cosmic, Infinite, should appear armed with the one weapon of heavenly destructiveness—the thunderbolt. Jupiter, Zeus, and Indra, armed with the Vajra, speak for themselves of the past antiquity of the conception, coming, as it does, out of an age when the civilization of man was one, and continents had not yet attained ethnological distinctness.

The habits of thought of these pre-Buddhistic ages are revealed to us in the sculptures and bas-reliefs of the Buddhist period itself. Again, the characteristic ideas of the Buddhist centuries find expression in the beginning of the *Mahabharata*. A new era always opens with a re-statement in some form or other of the convictions of the old. Hence, as Grunwedel points out, in the early delineations of Buddha, Indra is alway seen as His supreme worshipper, with the thunderbolt in this hand.

We have here an instance of the way in which the Indian genius renders dynamic and spiritual what would remain in the hands of other races merely static and material. Already, two hundred and fifty years before the crowning of the first Roman Emperor, the Indian people are dreaming of *One* without miraculous manifestation of any sort, yet so great within that to Him the highest powers of nature are to be subordinate. All things—even the gods—are put under His feet. Yet He is only the man who has attained. We cannot wonder that the Thunderbolt becomes the symbol of Buddha. In the sculptures of our period—after the formation of the Kutil script—we find it borne on a sort of shield, at the foot of the panel. Again, it becomes specially identified with one of the Bodhisattvas, and he is known as Vajrapani,—a great power, yet to be incarnated, armed with the thunderbolt. In Tibet and in Burma, the thunderbolt stands for Buddha Himself, a fact that one finds abundantly illustrated at Both-Gaya. The Tibetan Lama does his Puja, holding

a miniature Vajra in the left hand. Above all, the famous diamond-throne of the Buddhist world is found, at the same shrine, to be a circular stone, deeply engraved with a circle of Vajras and ornamental designs, and known as the Vajra-Asana, or Thunderbolt Seat.

Do we desire to fill in the hiatus here, to understand the innermost significance of this identification? Why was Buddha the Thunderbolt? To this question the *Mahabharata* as we now have it, gives us the answer.

At the opening of the *Mahabharata*, it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance attributed to the Thunderbolt. "Wherever there is glory, or honour, or purity, great wisdom, or great sanctity or great energy, know that to be a fragment of the Thunderbolt." But the *secret* of this is a different matter. The gods, it is said, were looking for a divine weapon, that is to say, for *the* divine weapon, *par excellence*—and they were told that only if they could find a man willing to give his own bones for the substance of it, could the Invincible Sword be forged. Whereupon they trooped up to the Rishi Dadhichi and asked for his bones for the purpose. The request sounded like mockery. A man would give all *but* his own life-breath, assuredly, for a great end, but who, even to furnish forth a weapon for Indra, would hand over his body itself? To the Rishi Dadhichi, however, this was no insuperable height of sacrifice. Smilingly he listened, smilingly he answered, and in that very moment laid himself down to die—yielding at a word the very utmost demanded of humanity.

Here, then, we have the significance of the Vajra. THE SELFLESS MAN IS THE THUNDERBOLT. Let us strive only for selflessness, and we become the weapon in the hands of the gods. Not for us to ask how. Not for us to plan methods. For us, it is only to lay ourselves down at the altar-foot. The gods do the rest. The divine carries us. It is not the thunderbolt that is invincible, but the hand that hurls it. Mother! Mother! take away from us this self! Let not fame or gain or pleasure have dominion over us! Be Thou the sun-light, we the dew dissolving in its heat.

The Thunderbolt did not cease to have a history, with the closing of the Buddhist period. In India, it probably gave birth to the Trishul of Shiva, and it remains to this day the weapon placed in the lowest of the right hands of Durga, in the autumn Puja. In Europe, it is quite possible that, through Byzantium, it has

determined the form of the sovereign crown. But undoubtedly as a weapon it has grown less dynamic in form, with the progress of time. Nothing could better show the superiority of the Indian mind in decorative instinct, than a comparison of the classical thunderbolt of Europe with that of India. The Roman thunderbolt is a specimen of crude realism; the Indian, from the beginning, is graceful and replete with poetry. In its Bodh-Gaya form, as it appears on the Vajra-Asana, the meaning has become clear—"the spear concealed in the flower of the lightning." It is this wonderful phonetic quality that gives the symbol its peculiar appropriateness for a national flag. For above all things, a banner must have phonetic power. Whole nations are proud to be its bodyguard. Instinctively must they translate its crimson into struggle for it, its gold into promised victory, its white into the purity and passion of their own love for land and race. "Red as our love for thee, green as our hope for thee, white as our faith in thee!" sang Swinburne to the Italian Flag, with its red, white, and green. But meanings like these cannot be learnt. They must spring up spontaneously, self-prompted by the first glance at the waving scarf, the first grip of the hand upon its staff. The eagles of Rome, or of Napoleon, the *fleur-de-lys* of mediaeval France, the stars and stripes of the American States—what a spell these cast, by their very names, upon the hearts of men! This is the secret appeal of the standard to its chosen souls. This is the call that stirs their blood to the madness of devotion, the spiritual *reveille*—Awake! Awake!—that could not be resisted if we would, that must be followed, whenever and wherever it may lead.

But the future is never exactly as the past. And the new symbol cannot be even as the old. Hence the Thunderbolt of present day use is crossed. That is to say, it is multiplied in power, as befits the aspiration that is not of a great man here and there, but of every soul in a vast nation, at the same time. It is India, in all her millions, not a few Indian saints or prophets, who is called today to attain selflessness. India, in the might of her brotherhood, India in her unity, India in the cohesion of a single body, has to go down, down, down, into the depths, in order to climb the mountains of perfect strength and gaze upon the Promised Land.

It is for this that the Thunderbolt is multiplied, that it may be the symbol, not of a hero, but of a nation of heroes. With the same idea, also, of expressing in the national emblem the unity of India,

many people use the lotus for the reverse of the flag. Very few probably know the beautiful old map of Varaha-Mihira (about A.D. 550) in which India is represented as an eight-petalled lotus, where Panchala is the centre, and Magadha, Kalinga, Avanta, Amarta, Sindhu, Harhama, Madra, and Kulinda form the eight petals. India as the lotus, the lotus lying on the Ocean, or India as Uma practising austerities to be the bride of Mahadeva—it is difficult, sometimes, to believe that our old poets did not directly and deliberately idealize their country !

When we think of all that a national banner represents, we cannot wonder that the standards were the only things contained in the chapel of the Praetorium, in Roman times. We feel their sacredness, alike in war and peace. We thrill to the thought of the shot-riddled flags brought home from European battle-fields and hung beside the altar, in churches and cathedrals. To a people who understand their own nationality, no other guerdon can be half so precious. For a banner is at once a benison and a menace, a consecration and a rallying-cry. It is as an altar, at whose foot, whether for assault or defence, men's lives are freely offered up. Generations come and go. New combinations arrive and vanish, but that for which the national symbol stands—that ineffable union of *jana-desh-dharma* for every which people fights—remains for ever, simple and steadfast as Eternity, mirrored in the fugitive minds of its myriad worshippers.

PASSING THOUGHTS : I

INDIAN REGENERATION

IT is common amongst men of almost all parties in India today, to use the word Regeneration, as if their country's need in this respect were so obvious as to require no arguing. It may be worth while to pause and ask, Is this really so? If so, why? And in what respects?

In the first place, India, we are to suppose, requires regeneration. Do other countries also require it? Does England, for instance, require it? Or America, Germany, France? In the ordinary use of the term, we think it is assumed that India requires the purifying and unerring process of rebirth in a sense which England does not share. Is India, then, in our minds inferior to England? Is she more degraded than England? These are points in which clearness of thought and vision are absolutely necessary.

Let us put the question in another way, in a way which will command our instant apprehension—Is my mother more degraded than so-and-so's English Mother? How dare anyone suggest the question! Yet the greater includes the less. Evidently no man worthy of the name could sit quiet, to hear of the *degradation* of his country, in comparison with that of another people. Yet India needs something, and needs it badly, or this wormlike attitude could not have been so hastily assumed.

When we compare the great era of Cobden, Bright and Gladstone, in English politics, with the era of the Boer War, the Tibetan expedition and the Labour-question in the Transvaal, it might be suggested that England also required regeneration. But the mysterious term would evidently in that case connote a purely spiritual process of self-renewal. It would be equivalent to the exclamation of a great Indian Moderate, some years ago, "Oh that the England of the Emancipation of the slave, the England of the Reform Bill, the England of the repeal of the Corn Laws, of the emancipation of the child, the labourer and woman, *the England of so many emancipations*, would return upon herself!"

Oh that she would, indeed ! The meaning here is perfectly clear and unconfused. The same man who says this, however, is capable of saying in the very next breath, a man for man, an Englishman is a better man than an Indian. With these premises, he cannot be referring to their comparative spirituality. It is not even probable that he is referring to intellectual capacity. No, his comparison is directed solely to the relative strength, aggressiveness and prowess of self-protection of the two persons, Englishman and Indian. Man for man, the advantage here lies, he feels, with the Englishman. He knows better what he wants, *as an Englishman*, and how to reach it, than the Indian, as an Indian. And this he may believe, though at the same time he sincerely feels his own people to be greater, in every moral, spiritual and intellectual quality.

THE INVENTION OF THE MACHINE

Now the sudden introduction of machinery at the end of the eighteenth century, revolutionized the western world. Thousands of men were concentrated into a single factory. They lost their individuality as craftsmen and became a mass of unskilled "labour." Their consolidated interests, however, made them a force to be reckoned with. The single factory became a city of factories. Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham grew up in a night by the rush of peasants from the villages to become machine-tenders. Along with their rustic culture, however, these villages threw off also their rustic allegiance to the Zeminder and the clergy. They stood in the city poorer than they themselves could dream but also free for the first time of the Padre and the squire. They had to receive the franchise. Without it, they were too dangerous. The Corn Laws had to be repealed in their favour or there would have been no law left in England. The people, in fact, were born.

THE BIRTH OF THE PEOPLE

But now a marvellous thing comes to light. The qualities which the English had hitherto manifested as individuals, as a ruling class, they now began to demonstrate as a nation. And perhaps

the most prominent of these characteristics was a clear and definite notion of what they wanted. About this, they were all agreed—agreed to a man. This is the most remarkable feature in the English character. They know what they want and they all want it. They all act automatically and instinctively, at whatever distance from each other, on this unspoken agreement amongst themselves. There is an immense area of thought, feeling and action, throughout which every Englishman behaves exactly like every other Englishman. The thing they want is not always very high. In the reign of Elizabeth they were contented with a very modest allowance of religious freedom, and the right to explore the world and expand their trade. The point is that they all want it. And they all have a definite idea of how it is to be achieved. The enfranchized peasant is, in this respect, only one voice more added to the House of Peers. What he wanted was a vote, not the chance to do something great with this vote! Between themselves there may be something that requires adjustment to the world outside, there are merely two Englishmen where before there was one. All this is natural, perhaps in an island people, and people who have never lost their independence.

They understand well enough how necessary this is to fullness of self-expression. Nothing would induce them to play with it. Unless luxury and wealth have changed their whole character, they would die to a man, aye, and to a woman, in defence of it.

ENGLISH SUPERIORITY

Thus the quality that is referred to, *par excellence* is not merely physical courage. It usually, of course, includes this; but here we cannot think that the individual Indian is in anyway inferior. Indeed, man for man, it might be held that the comparison worked the other way. The real superiority lies in a certain idea, good or bad as we may choose to think, which makes the unity and cohesion of the English people. For good or for evil, they stand or fall together. Did they abandon the war in South Africa when they met with defeat after defeat? No, they set their teeth harder, and growled the louder and—held on. “Would that I had been Emperor of the English!” exclaimed Napoleon in the hour of defeat. “The Retreat from Moscow would not have cost me a single vote!”

THE CONTRAST

The contrast between India and England in this respect is the contrast between an island and a continent, between the Middle Ages and the mechanical self-organizations of a modern country, on the one hand, a people of a single tribe whose tribal jealousy is such that they could not amalgamate with the Irish or the Welsh and have only partially done so with the Scotch, because the latter are better traders than themselves; on the other hand an aggregation that has been growing since the dawn of humanity; races, tribes, languages, traditions and a thousand other elements of enrichment, any of which may be treated as a source of unity or disunity, at will. There is no comparison between the two problems. The English has been even simpler than that of Japan. The Indian is a very different matter. What is also different, however, is the relative national strengths to be evolved by its solution. Here there can be no comparison. Let the Indian millions once arrive at a simple, united idea of what they need and mean to have, nothing in the world could resist them. Some think this possible. Some think it impossible. With this question we have nothing to do. We have renounced all considerations of success or failure as well criticism of passing events. Ours is only to recognize the significance of causes, leaving results to take care of themselves. And we think that the significance of speech would be increased if our countrymen would cease lightly to say that their motherland requires Regeneration, and adopt the more accurate statement that she certainly needs self-organization.

PASSING THOUGHTS : II

A NATION OF STUDENTS

WE are a nation of students. The whole East is full of students. No figure in the streets of an Asiatic city—whether the country be India, Persia, or China—is so representative as that of the student. No power is so pervasive as the schoolmaster's might make itself, if maintained in harmony with the general aspiration. Why this prominence of the learner? What is the explanation? Does it point to a national immaturity? If so, let us face the fact. There is no advantage to be gained, by shutting our eyes to the position of affairs, on the contrary clear thought is itself the starting point of a good fight with crudity and ignorance.

NATIONAL IMMATURITY

We must remember that the very words are foreign, in which this question is being discussed. We are, in fact, measuring ourselves and the maturity of our culture, against a modern and Western standard. So measured, we are decidedly immature. There are many practical situations in life, where, beside the ease and mastery of the European, we feel ourselves mere children. Is this immaturity, then, an absolute, or only a relative truth? Is it perhaps true that all the people of the world are more or less immature? We cannot get the whole material advantage, out of a given situation as easily as the European can. But no one who has ever engaged in serious conversation with Europeans can doubt that there are many subjects on which they are, beside us, extremely childish. In the field of religious and philosophical speculation, they find it difficult to generalize, and propositions that are obvious to us will puzzle them severely. The same is true of the psychology of social relations. In the culture of the family, Europeans are curiously

lacking. That whole idea of play that shines through all our domestic intercourse, and lubricates all the friction of intimacy, appears to be unborn amongst them. Here they are as immature as we in their field. Those strong faces, with their closed lips and air of instinctive mastery, notify us of nothing genial and easy, in the nature behind. Similarly, in us, the grave refined type of old men, indicates no large public experience. All the lineaments have been carved, in the one case, by contacts with the larger world, the world of struggle and complexities, of clashing interests, and grim affairs; and in the other, by quiet experience of love and suffering, by the thought of God, and by the garnered wisdom of the home. Either European or Hindu, on his own ground, will appear unassailable; judged by the opposite standard, seem unripe, crude, but half-cultured and childish in his powers.

THE TEST OF SUCCESS

Unfortunately for us, however, the world is being remade, at this moment, by European culture. Its assimilation is the means and the test of success. With regard to it we are mere students. Then we are all students. It may be that when our lesson is learnt, there will be a compensating one for Europe to learn. That is not our business. Our business is to learn our own. Is it the foreign idea that we have to accept? Not exactly. The foreign idea, as it stands, would merely give us moral indigestion. We should not become a nation of moral dyspeptics. But we have to find, in our own stock of ideas, that one which enables us to meet the foreign nation on its own terms. The Englishman, loves England, with a wonderful and often beautiful love. What we have to learn from this, is not to share his love for England. That would be the discipleship of monkeys, mere imitation. We have to learn to meet his love for England with an equal, deeper, more tender and far more intelligent love for India. As he professes to make his country and his people the centre of every activity, every thought, so we have really to make our people and country the centre of our own. He has unity of national intention. We must realize our own national intention, and find an equal unity in it. Swadharma "Better for a man is his own duty, however badly done than the duty of another, though that be easy."

THE POWER OF MIND

All power is in the human mind. We can master anything, simply by giving our attention to it. Even the ideals of the West, the ideals of the new age, are within our grasp, if we study them, if we recognize their necessity, and proceed to work them out. It is natural, however, that under the circumstances, feeling as we do that the study of our own circumstances, and of the new ideals that are to initiate a new age, is the one duty that devolves upon us, it is natural that education should seem to us the supreme ground of battle for our national rights. No one who stands outside the Indian community can dream of the jealousy with which the students watch all attempts to curtail or limit their numbers. Records are kept, and accurate news is carried, that would astonish those most concerned, if they knew of it, as to how opportunities are shrinking, and by whose action, in this direction or that. A short time ago fees were raised in a certain college. Now, nearly half the students are to be turned out. All this is noted and discussed amongst the students. Their eyes are not shut, nor are they slow to draw their own inferences from the facts. And there is nothing that so stirs them, for all the apparent silence that hangs over the country, as this withdrawal of the means of knowledge. Nor is this unnatural. Education is our one overwhelming want, in this hour of the nation's history. Knowledge we must have. And knowledge we are determined to have. An immense force has been called into being, by the organization of schools and colleges. But once evoked, such forces must be fed and developed along sound lines. It is at their peril that mortals attempt to stand in the path of avalanche or the canon-ball. Is it imagined that mind-energy is less dangerous than material? Only the bravest or the grossest will attempt to thwart or baffle an awakened communal consciousness. The bravest, because he may offer himself as a sacrifice. The grossest, because he does not believe that mind is a force, like any other, and rules the world; does not believe that a poor weapon in the hands of Napoleon Bonaparte is more deadly than the best, when used by a coward or a fool; cannot understand, till it has turned and rent him, the perils of the great force called into being, and then subjected to the crushing weight of suppression.

PASSING THOUGHTS : III

THE SIGNS OF A NEW AGE

THE signs of a new age are about us in many directions. We are indeed growing so accustomed to the idea that we sometimes, possibly, assume too much. We talk too easily of a new age, forgetting that if we would indulge such thoughts we must be content to pay a high price for the privilege. Hence it may be well to stop a moment and take stock, as it were, of the signs of the times, counting the cost once and again, to us and ours, of the course on which we have entered, reading the omens of the day that has just now dawned. The signs are not by any means all good. It is true, there is a new spirit abroad in the land. It is true that the young today have a much vaster and more complex notion of their duties than had their fathers before them. Changes come always from the young, and we need not apologize for the fact that it is these whom we have to take into account. In all countries the young are less exploited in the service of things as they are, than the old; and consequently they are more sensitive to the hint of new spiritual forces than others. In the West, it is true, society as a whole has specialized more or less in that particular group of ideas that are characteristics of the dawning era with us, hence in such matters the young are never un-led in Europe. Still, led or un-led we are much mistaken if great initiative in any field ever comes from the old, and after all, the criterion of vitality, for races and for nations, must lie finally, not in the age of the rank and file, but in the question whether new ideas find a response among them, whether great causes go unled, and whether there be sacrifice and enthusiasm enough to carry the weight of the banner, in the unending contest of humanity between "has been" and "is to be."

OUR LOSSES

The future then lies always with the young. Always, in all

countries. In this we have no reason to feel ashamed. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that in our recent struggle for self-development we have netted some losses. Rights which had hitherto been left in our hands, liberties which had not hitherto been tampered with, are gone from us, and we are so much the poorer in means of work. On the other hand few signs of the times are more noteworthy than the attitude in which these losses have been met. In an earlier generation, the answer would have been a loud outcry and persistent agitation, for the repeal of this act and that. Today, we hear nothing of the sort. Why? Simply because we are now convinced that our salvation lies with ourselves, and with no other, to work out. It is not politics, but constructive work and energy that now occupies the bulk of our attention. In itself, this is most significant. And what do we regard as constructive? Only that which proceeds on the assumption that all power is in ourselves; that India and the Indian people are ultimately the arbiters of their own destiny; that a nation is greater than its conditions, favourable or the reverse; that MAN, in fine, is all there is, the lord of his own fate, the expression of infinite power. Constructive work then is that which deals with man, first and foremost, believes in man, inspires him, and proceeds to tell him of his strength. This is the work which we humbly seek to do. And in this looking from the institution to the man behind the institution, we feel that we see one of the most impressive signs of the new age.

THE NEW DAY

A day has risen in India when we look to ourselves alone. We refuse to spend time or energy in appealing to any but ourselves. We should despise the privilege we owed to anything but our own strength. Like the Krishna of our childhood, we enter our Mathura with all the forces of the world against us. Nor do we carry any extraneous aid. Neither steed nor weapons is ours, in this unequal contest. But is it really unequal? Surely not! Surely material and spiritual cannot be compared in potency! Was Kamsa any match for Krishna? The ancient tales say not, and we believe the ancient tales speak true. We know well that the race-epics never die; for they eternally repeat themselves. And we live in a day when the thought is born that no day in the past was ever greater, a day that

is minded to put to the test the truth of these tales of old, a day that is not content to believe that the age of miracles is past, a day that trusts to thought, and yet determines to remake the world, a day of infinite ambition. Is it not true that a new age is born ?

THE TEST

But it is easy to work ourselves up into a fine frenzy of inspiration. Words are but words, and the question is of deeds. The cry is for lives, for toil, for achievement, for vows made and kept, for spirit and a sacrifice, and courage. We want co-operation, fellow-feeling, public-spirit, and the power that sees things in their true proportion, never mistaking the relative claims of the little and the great. The restoration of the national industries, and the establishment of some sort of national education are rightly felt to be the core of the task before us. With these, goes all the rest. Nor have we occasion to despair. In every battle there comes an hour, after the first victorious charge, when all seems to be in re-action. Those who are finally to win the day seem for the hour to be the losers. It is then found out by every fighter worth his salt that even battles are won, not by impetuosity, but by steady work. In all human victories there is an element of worm-like toil. Perseverance is one of the greatest of economic assets. Even military life is not wholly a series of glorious dashes. Therefore we have nothing to give us a moment's uneasiness. On no account must we abate one jot of our Swadeshi vow. For the rest it is only our power of work that is being tested. The strength of our will to build and build and build again is being called in question. Let the mole and the ant and the earthworm become our gods, but let there be no doubt about the answer. Can we ? WE CAN.

WHAT IS A BACKWARD RACE ?

THE Universal Races Congress has brought several questions into prominence, but perhaps none of greater importance to all of us than this, What is a backward race? Mrs. Besant and Prof. Dubois shared between them, it is said, the oratorical honours of the Congress. Now Prof. Dubois is a Negro, one of the leaders of his own people in America. What the Negro wanted, he said, was education and more education and yet again education. All who listened to him seem to have felt that his speech, brief, cogent and forcible, made it hard to believe in the innate inferiority of the Negro. It is to Asiatics, educated as they have been for centuries to pre-occupation with race in the proper sense of that word, that we must come, for an instinctive intuitive expression of the moral sense regarding the unity of man. To the European mind, accustomed to think of place and home as the main unifying influences, not so much concerned with who a man is, as where he lives, such questions have hitherto seemed more or less academic. Europe has no deep-rooted moral feeling on the subject. This is why so many Europeans, otherwise highly respectable, will in the course of friendly discussion give utterance to immoral and reprehensible opinions, on this question. They mean no harm, perhaps, but in fact they have not caught the bearings of the question, and unaware of their own ignorance, they say the first thing that occurs to them. One has often heard Asiatics say things equally blameworthy on political questions, but I have never met any Indian man, however wrong-headed he might be about things in general, who would not shrink in horror from the suggestion that humanity was diverse in origin, or that we owed different degrees of duty to one race and another. Even the most ignorant seems to have something in his education which predisposes him to assert the great intuitive doctrine that all humanity is one. And this he will explain if you ask him, by saying that it implies that all men have an equal claim upon us for

the best that we can do for them. He will go further, and add that all humanity is equally built upon the moral tendency of things, and that any individual in any race may become an expression of its whole genius. "All women and all men, the Aryan and the non-Aryan let them go forward freely, each in his own path."

Yet is there such a thing as a backward race? Not backward in potentiality, maybe, but backward let us say in achievement? If we are to measure achievement against some one limited and arbitrary standard it is difficult to see how this can be disputed. Surely certain races are for the moment predominant because they are so highly developed in the power of organization. But this is no absolute and universal criterion. The self-same man, whose qualities of actuality and responsibility make him admirable in a factory or a counting-house, may be quite inferior in those deeper and more refined characteristics that make a man a good husband and father, a poet, a scholar, or a saint. We cannot confound superiority with success. Obviously, a nation of small tradesmen, however successful, is a nation of small tradesmen still. It may be richer, but it could not be considered equal, much less superior, to a nation of intellectuals, however poor.

Even the Negro, whose inferiority is generally taken for granted, because of his admitted task of organization, even the Negro is said by those who know him to be very much the superior of the white man in emotional possibilities making of him potentially one of the world's sweetest singers.

Clearly, then, there can be no absolute standard, but he who is furthest behind in some things, may be most advanced in others. Toussaint L' Ouverture, we must remember, who led the Negroes of Hayti in rebellion and laid down laws that forestalled some of the best enactments of the great Napoleon, was a Negro. Even if we say that he owed his greatest and best thoughts to the percolation of French culture of the wonderful age that preceded the Revolution, yet we admit, in saying this that he was as able an organ of that culture as any man of any other race. This is perhaps the best instance of genius that can be quoted, since Toussaint's achievements are historical. He succeeded in capturing freedom for his people. And about his race there seems never to have been any question that it was pure Negro. In his life then we may judge of the relation between genius and the general advance of

the race. Our whole civilization must be based upon genius. The pre-historic advance, inconceivably slow, must have been a long and complex series of actions and interactions, between the individual and the mass, in some such way as Toussaint and his people.

But if civilization has grown in the past by such means, it must be capable of continuing so to grow. It must then be to the interest of all that nothing should thwart that growth in any of its parts. Only a man hopelessly ridden by the self-interest of himself and his class, could refuse to see this. Are there such? Would one wilfully put a stop to the progress of man because the next step would reduce this year's dividends in a certain mine? Man, we must remember, is primarily after all, an organ of universal and spiritual truth. Sacrifice is his goal. He cannot for ever refuse God, though he die of the sight. Truth is its own propaganda, in despite of self-interest. The only service that an idea requires, is, ultimately, its clear and fearless utterance. It was imperial Rome herself that became the seat of the Church of the Nazarene. It is part of the great inspiration of the oneness of all men that we must not venture to look upon any as eternally in rebellion. Man is the greatest of all miracles. None knows the hour when Satan himself may begin to preach the goodness of God. Therefore we must struggle to think truly, even though we know not how that truth is to be made effective.

It is clear that the character of the age itself is a factor in our conception of what constitutes advancement. In an age of easy travel command of the main trade routes may enable a people to enrich themselves rapidly, and they will then appear as a very successfull people. But in an age of different conditions, it is conceivable that quite other characteristics might make a nation effective. In turbulent climatic states, a knowledge of agriculture might best contribute to survival. Under highly adverse circumstances of any kind, very simple habits might give tenacity of life. We can imagine that power of manufacture might easily prove more important to well-being than ease of exchange.

Are there any constant factors against which advancement can be measured in any absolute fashion? If there are, they must have very little to do with the form which progress adopts from time to time. Is there anything for which nations themselves exist? Or ought we rather to preach as modern and successful nations

find themselves tempted to do, that everything ought to be sacrificed to the nationality itself? Woe be to that form of our finite life which sees nothing outside itself that might demand the pouring of itself as an oblation upon the fire! That which has ceased to recognize a goal of sacrifice, has ceased to have any longer the right to exist. Fortunately for man, there are few who would venture to claim that the world would be well sacrificed to them. And most men joyfully acknowledge that, even in our largest and grandest combinations, we exist for the realization and expression of a life altogether outside material good. The mind, the heart, the will, have other uses than to enable us or our like to sleep soft and eat well. India recognizes knowledge, love, service, as ends in themselves. To add to human knowledge, to human joy, to the vision of nobility and beauty, is as much the function of nations as of individuals. It is as truly their beatitude.

Judged against this standard, which are the backward races, those which stand at present with their backs to the wall, struggling for their right to breath, or those which are least deeply civilized? And how is the deeper civilizing of man to be subserved, if not by the advance of all alike to the utmost of which they are capable? In laws that declare a limit to the powers or of capacities or rights of one class, race, or community, in the interests of another, there is neither truth, righteousness, nor stability. In the long run, and looking at things on a large enough scale, it may be that we shall declare that morality is the nature of things, and that there is none lowly that shall not be exalted, and none exalted that shall not be brought low.

THE RELATION BETWEEN FAMINE AND POPULATION

NOTES OF LECTURES HEARD IN PARIS AT THE INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, 1900.

I

THE need of bread is the blackest incident of human life. Blackest, because simplest, easiest and most fundamental to overcome. The one success of which we are assured in the case of our own forebears, every man and woman of them, up to a given year of life, has been food-snatching of some sort, from other men, or from the Earth. Unless this had been so, we had not been here. The present generation is the naturally-selected product of ages of food-victory.

Yet famine remains. Sometimes it is the hunger of a man or a family. Sometimes starvation, like the arctic winter of the glacial period, bursts its bounds, and sweeps over great territories of humankind. Why ?

Obviously there are two factors in the problem. When a nation or a race starve to death all together it may be because climate and soil have combined against them to produce no food. The red man perished in North America when the white man drove the bison from their ancient feeding-grounds. Practically, under these changed conditions, the race was wiped out. But when two or three individuals, or even two or three thousand, die of hunger, in the midst of a city that feasts and is merry, it is because something is wrong with the distribution of food, and something wrong too with those human relations that brought no hurrying footsteps with pity and help, to every sufferer over whom had fallen the shadow of despair.

The modern world is such a city. Nowhere today is man so far from man that one has any right to die of want of food, while another lives. Nowhere. And yet they die. The two or three

become many millions. The heedless city about them becomes the whole indifferent world. And the old drama is played out on the large scale. As want grows fierce in one place, luxury and waste increase in another. Here men are brutalized by starvation. There by gluttony, more men here, and more there. This is the change that we call progress. One mother, mad with hunger, kills her child that she may not see it starve. Another, absorbed in pleasure, has no time to see her own child eat. What one spends on her toilet, would lift the other out of hell. Surely this shows want of adjustment. But why?

Why do some men die of hunger, for the food that others waste? Why?

The answers are manifold. All the outstanding age-old problems have had their changing age-interpretations. And hunger as a social phenomenon is one of these. But the theories proposed in era after era remain with humanity in a confused mass. We remember them all, only we do not relate them. We make no study of the circumstances out of which each rose. We do not analyse our own period, to know whether or not a given interpretation could apply. Meanwhile, facts stare us in the face, with their perpetual question. We turn to one another and ask it, and society returns one glib explanation after another, giving only more formulations of fact which the dominant classes in each age have found useful to themselves. Let us however put these in their proper sequence, and they may answer many a question for us. Instead of the feeblest alternatives for utter ignorance, they may become luminous enough, and enable us to distinguish the essentials of the problem: Why do millions of people die of hunger in a world in which there is abundance of food?

The Age of Primitive men. In the forests, marshes, and caves of the primitive era, death was a constant feature of human experience. Possessed of few weapons, man had but little means of determining his own chance in the hunt. It was not perhaps, till continuity of affection had made the grave remembered and beloved by women, that the seeding and growth of flowers were even noticed. There could not, therefore, be any agriculture. Wild roots and fruits, and animals of all kinds—found dead, or killed in the chase or snared—were the only food. Sometimes days of hunger and search, with constant exposure, would elapse, before prey was found. Terrible want would be succeeded by an equally terrible

orgy. Of each, some members of the horde would die. Social feeling was probably immensely strong. Risks were shared. One brother would stand by another when he was down, for his protection. These things we see, even amongst successful animals, and man's great weapon of ascendency has been his superior social instinct. Yet in spite of this, one overtaken by weakness or fever died, almost as certainly as he who was torn by the fangs of the prey. Risks to life, therefore, being almost infinite, the one duty of woman was motherhood. One of the greatest tests of prosperity and strength of the Woreby-knit community, as a community, was either the largeness of its birthrate, or the physical fitness of its women. In this period, therefore, we find the root of the idea that increase of population constitutes the well-being of a people.

But this very importance of motherhood rendered inevitable the development of its emotional and ethical content. From a greater or less impermanence of all relations, one, that of mother and son, began to acquire stability. Enter the Matriarchal Period.

The Matriarchate. The feelings and habits of woman had taken many centuries to dawn as a social force. They were essentially feelings and habits of forethought and protection. Secretly, lest her wild sons and impulsive companions should be rendered too indolent or too extravagant, she had experimented on the growth of seeds. The wife offering to the husband in the hour of need her secret hoard, is very old in the relations of man and woman ! It had even occurred to woman to snare the small game, and preserve it alive, as a permanent source of food. The domestication of plants and animals arose, and became an absorbing occupation. Fire was discovered and later, tamed. Life grew more secure. But work multiplied. There were not hands enough for all that could be done, in that great humanizing age. Therefore woman still shone as the mother, and the commands to "be fruitful and multiply, and to replenish the earth" were regarded as one and the same thing. Famine occurred, but it tended to be less a personal chance, and more and more a communal misfortune, arising when the hot winds swept in from the desert, and the scorched soil refused to bear ; when a murrain broke out amongst beasts ; or when an insect blight fell on the apricot and the wild fig, and caused to them to shed their untimely fruit. And in this form, kindly housewife ways could do much for its mitigation.

Throughout matriarchal nations, the habit of storing through years of plenty, against years of scarcity, obtained. And the oldest epic of India contains a passage of a thousand lines in which we have the ripest wisdom of antiquity on this point—actual receipts of the mother-craft handed on for kindly use.

Every order contains the elements of its own decay. Side by side with the vision of Seis and Biris, the Divine mother and son, grew up the outrage of the scarlet woman. The chivalry of men defending the independence of the mother-house was now undone by the shrinking desire of woman to be won and retained. The matriarchate fell, and Babylon was remembered with a mystic horror amongst societies moulded on the patriarchal idea.

The Patriarchal Age. One great advantage of patriarchal over matriarchal society, lay in its superior nobility. Civilizations in which woman was really central would always tend to remain in the river valleys. Those to which man gave permanence and form could cross even the mountains, the wilderness, or the seas. The seasonal immigration of herds to summer pastures, and the fact that herdsmen and women would go together, may have produced some of its deepest and earliest developments for pastoral and nomadic peoples are typically patriarchal. In any case, the patriarchal organization must by degrees have included all occupations, with their burning ideals. And in all alike, the notion of family-increase was associated with well-being.

To the shepherd, this could hardly fail to be a reflection from the habit of his work. To the peasant, the advantage of more hands to dig and sow, not only for present use, but also for future contingencies, was a long-established ideal.

In all simple states of society, where a man had the fruits of his own labour assured to him, the power of the earth to produce food, clothing, and shelter, would impose the only limit on the desirability of population. And even now, wherever there is abundance of food, patriarchal societies retain the old prejudice in favour of the birth of children knowing that each person added means an increment of wealth to the community, above the individual power to consume. The only exception to this is in the case of un-fathered children, against whom patriarchal societies will assume a characteristic attitude of disapproval.

Whether, however, increase of population is invariably a sign of prosperity in the more complex developments of this form of

society, remains to be tested and observed throughout historic periods, by the question of its relation to the food-supply.

Medieval Europe. The Middle Ages offer us a long period of very varying conditions. Under Feudalism, the condition of the people was indeed hard. War, poverty, and serfage, with the constant possibility of epidemics, were more or less established features of life. Obviously, a certain margin of births over food-productivity was essential to the maintenance of communities subjected to such excessive risks.

The Church set her face to steady encouragement of the family. She was influenced no doubt by some perception of the economic fact. Also there was the desire, in a world where public relations were so productive of misfortune, to bring about a predominance of elements of joy and humanization. Besides these general considerations, she had the more technical idea of increasing the number of her baptised members. And doubtless there was also the sincere democratic impulse to add to the number and power of the burden-sharers.

In the rise of Cistercians, Dominicans, and Franciscans, the Church proved her power to assert the ideal and apply the check of celibacy, whenever she chose, and in the case of the first two orders, to direct the labour of the celibate class to high communal ends. The fact that she had this power, moreover, would make her fearless of over-population. The idea, therefore, that growth of numbers is on first principles a sign of well-being, has the old sacerdotal authority on its side.

Throughout the struggles of the Middle Ages, however, we perceive the evolution of two classes, with conflicting interests. Obviously, the more men Wat Tyler could lead, or John Bull inspire, the better for that class, and the worse for the class they opposed. It becomes no longer possible, then, to discuss the question of advantage as if this were evenly distributed. Henceforth we must distinguish between the advantages of class and class. Further, there are degrees of distance from famine in each case. A population that lives on wheat can change its diet for a less sufficient many times before reaching grass and bark. A population which already has nothing but potatoes, cannot. Remembering this, our enquiry must include the question, Is increase of population a sign of prosperity amongst those who are already close to the famine-line? Do added numbers tend to produce more food than they consume,

or to consume more than they produce? According to our decision on these points, must our estimate of the advantages, or disadvantages, of an increasing density of inhabitants on a given area, be varied.

Evidently, the question is largely one of place. Up to a certain point of fertility, land will reply labour spent on it, in an accelerating ratio. Where one man cannot efficiently work his farm at all, two men co-operating can more than double its powers of production. Evidently, however, this process cannot be continued indefinitely. When a certain density is reached, it will become increasingly difficult to add another inhabitant to the area. The law of diminishing returns will now begin to take effect.

A good deal of the flood and thunder of the Middle Ages is the play of contending portions of the feudal classes, while agriculture and the burghs are steadily progressing towards their limit of advantage. But the fact that increase of population is in this case associated with growing prosperity, is not to be taken as establishing a universal principle. It is obviously a phenomenon which is special to the age and conditions of medieval development.

The Revolution. With the invention of steam machinery, we enter on the industrial revolution. In all the theories born of this age, the man to be benefitted is the man who holds the machinery, the capitalist. To him, *quantity* of production becomes the aim. Every labourer more means increase of quantity, and a percentage more—even, if population should increase beyond the point of demand for labour, an increasing percentage on your man himself. For where numbers are few and work abundant, A gets high wages : when numbers are great, and demand for stuff remains the same, he gets little. Hence the actual interests of employer and employed may at this point come into conflict—the growth of population being to the advantage of the capitalist, and to the actual disadvantages of the labourer. This point is commonly obscured, of course, by the fact that we hear only the employer's point of view.

Meanwhile, the flow of wages goes on. The flow of production goes on. The elementary conditions of well-being are met. The labourer finds bread plenty and clothing plenty. There may be no real progress, no increased mastery of conditions, no addition to intellectual resources. People who have not yet learnt the need of these, proceed to hurl themselves back into the poverty from which they have just emerged, by increasing their marriage-rate with the

fall in the price of bread.

Population grows and the Manchester School of Economists utters its poem of thanksgiving for the so-called progress of Lancashire. It is the joy of the capitalist over a large material for exploitation—and the labouring-classes, with the characteristic inhumanity of the period, become the proletariat, the *breeders*.

Essentially, the Industrial revolution does not mean increase of production so much as concentration of labour. And even if the growth of Lancashire cities had constituted progress, it would probably have entailed loss elsewhere. In whose hands was the making of cotton heretofore? And are there still work and food for these?

Again, what does it mean to fasten the attention of a people on this function, of increasing population. It means that human beings become domesticated animals—the livestock on the capitalistic farm—and follow the same biological laws as others. One of these is that excessive reproduction causes degeneration of race. Woman is exhausted as an individual. Man spends what ought to have been surplus energy in routine drudgery. Feeble cerebration and accelerating physical deterioration ensue. The industrial revolution, therefore, only betokens as oscillation of the centre of prosperity, not absolute progress, and a rapidly-increasing population, even where based on the abundance of food, is more apt, other things being equal, to signify squalor and degradation, than prosperity and progress.

But increase of population does not always proceed from a fall in the price of bread. That the more you feed (up to excess) the more you breed, is true. But the opposite affirmation is also true. The more you starve, the more you breed. The fact is extraordinary conditions in either direction act first in stimulating this activity.

The Age of Empire. The excessive productivity of the Age of Revolution gives place to the Age of Empire—everywhere—always. It may be the empire of the city over the countryside. It may be the empire of London over the Antipodes. Force must be employed in its interest. The rich struggle to acquire the territory of the poor. One race struggles for supremacy over another.

In the latter case, all the complex machinery of Government and army has to be maintained. The expense is great. It must be met by taxation. The larger the population, as long as the means of production are capable of extension, the larger the imperial harvest

to be gathered. The less, too, is the incidence per head. Increase of population will thus always be quoted by a ruling class as a sign of prosperity, even though it be accompanied by famine. It is the sign and means of the *ruler's* prosperity. The inferiors, moreover, being squeezed to the utmost, are thrust back upon this activity as their only relief. Thus it becomes true that the more you starve (within limits of complete physical inanition) the more you breed.

And the proof is that the poorest populations have everywhere the largest birth rate. The slum swarming with little children, and the comfortable middle-class street with its few well-tended and provided for, form a contrast true also as of nation against nation, and city against city. Degradation of type to less human and more gorilla forms is the inevitable result.

The Age of Finance. The organization of Empire produces the Age of Finance. That is to say, the estimates of the banker and the Mint-master now become the popular theory of life. People lose all sense of the relation between money and things. They mistake riches for wealth. They forget that gold and diamonds must be measured in terms of corn and bread, not *vice versa*. The plain fact that if rice be taken from a country, less rice remains there, has no meaning for them. They are confused by the fact that money goes back in exchange.

Judgement now goes by the standpoint of the shareholder. That a railway must increase prosperity as long as it pays a dividend, is supposed to be obvious. People assume as self-evident that railways bring food into a country. They leave other considerations out of the question, such as that stamped coin is given for good, and is brought from cities; that obviously, therefore, railways take coin into a country, and corn out of it. And coin is not food.

It is under the spell of the characteristic ideas of this age that we hear seriously of a "money famine." A superstitious reverence associates itself with trade, and the stability of finance, and no consideration justifies tampering with these. In the Russian Famine of 1895, M. Hilkoff, Minister of the Interior, stopped the trains of wheat en route to Odessa, and ran them into the famine-stricken districts. To this good man it seemed obvious that what hungry people needed was bread. The British in India, on the contrary, shrink with horror from any act so calculated to ruffle the composure of the merchant. They venture on no remedy that would disturb the operations of commerce. The correct theoretical relation

between man, money, and food must be observed at all costs, even if only in resemblance. And in this way they arrive at the startling paradox that what a hungry man needs is work !

It is interesting to note, however, that one order produces, for a given brain, both God and the Devil. For while financial considerations now supply the supreme object of reverence, it is also held in all good faith by minds of this class that famines are produced in India by the habit of "engrossing," selfishly practised on the part of local shopkeepers for their own profit. It is difficult to persuade a man who is capable of entertaining this theory, that while it would account for a few trade credits and debits, it would never account for the famine itself, the actual occasion of the said losses and gains.

The Financial Age accepts the conclusion of its progenitor, the age of Empire, that increase of population shows general prosperity, because this is not a problem that belongs to its own form of research. It is not, therefore, called to any individual opinion on the point. If it were, however, a budget and a list of Post Office savings would furnish its main store of facts, and it would be found capable of arguing that a country in which sixty million people were being seriously affected by loss of harvests was growing steadily richer.

As a matter of fact, we must, in considering such questions as the increase of population or the causes of famine, distinguish carefully between the imperial or financial theories of the thing, and the actual facts themselves. We must determine what constitutes prosperity from the people's point of view, and see whether this is aided by growth of population or the reverse. Also we must consider special cases of famine, and determine, what are the essential facts of each.

II

Man's individual hope has always lain along the line of the effort to perfect some special process. But in doing this, as we saw behind all the raising of castles and hurling of arrows in the Middle Ages, he has subserved a larger function, his collective activity, that of earth-remaking, the technical and geotechnic processes. Combined with these, and overwhelming them, is their common resultant, the evolutionary or man-making tendency. In these three, technics,

geotechnics and evolution, is summed up the significance of every period.

The industrial arts of the Middle Ages were progressively synthetized and applied in the spread of agriculture and the growth of the burghs. This was earth-remaking. But the ultimate meaning of even a phenomenon so imposing as this must be sought outside itself, in the manner of men and nations which it produced.

In the same way, the revolution is based on a renewal of processes. But the needs of extended productivity compel an empire. Again the value of empires will be estimated finally by their effect on the humanity which they involve. And here, incontestably, quality will supersede quantity.

We cease then to be able to applaud a mere growth of population. We cannot even be congratulatory when we have assured ourselves that this was due to a fall in the price of bread. We are still less complacent when it is accompanied by scarcity of the elements of physical well-being. In either case the result tends to be the same, degradation of type followed by famine or famine followed by degradation of type.

Facts. So far we have been establishing a theory. We have laid down considerations which should guide us in determining the value of certain phenomena, in regard to famine and excessive population. Let us proceed to the examination of actual facts of famine. With regard to Ireland in 1846, it is no uncommon thing to hear the remark, "it was a money-famine." This expression, in itself, has no meaning, since men cannot eat money. But what the speaker really intends to convey is the fact that there was grain enough in Ireland in that year, and food of the best kinds enough to have fed a population many times greater than actually died of want. What the dying people needed was money to arrest the export which was steadily proceeding the while. It was not the loss of quantity which affected the country so disastrously, but unevenness of distribution. It does not need Sir Robert Ball's delightful story, to convince us of the importance of distribution as a factor in provisioning. The astronomer had been explaining to the young man from Manchester how a succession of eight month winters and four month summers had produced the Glacial period of Northern Hemisphere. But the young man was hard to convince. "I do not see," he remarked, "how that could be—since you say that the total amount of heat in the year was always the same.

How could a mere change of distribution make any difference?" Sir Robert eyed his man. "Do you keep a horse?" he said. "Yes." "What do you give him?" "A stone of oats a day." "Well," said the astronomer gently, "just try two stones a day for six months, and the other six months give him nothing and see what 'mere' re-distribution will do!" So with the Irish Famine. It was merely the distribution of food that was at fault. The story has been put on record by eye-witnesses, of the carts leaving the villages laden with butter and cheese and farm produce, and passing to the coast along roads where every now and then men, women and children lay dying or dead for want of food.

The fact is, in every country there is a caste-system of food stuffs. In Ireland, the highest classes live on wheat, flesh, milk and eggs. A lower rank consumes oatmeal, herrings and buttermilk. Still further down comes the population that lives on the potato. And after them is nothing save the grass and bark of famine. Obviously, if the wheat-crop fail, the class that depended on it heretofore will fall back on other foods, including the oatmeal of the next caste, for an equal bulk of consumable material. The lower caste will have recourse to the potato which will consequently rise in price, and the lowest class will find food scarce. The heaviest incidence of the scarcity will fall on them even when it is not their own crop which has failed. But there are mitigating circumstances in this case. In the first place the whole society feels the pinch at the same time. There is a certain lightening of the social bond, with a possibility of gauging the extent of the need by the price of the commodity. Secondly, although the potato rises in value, it is not wholly withdrawn from its consumers. An equal bulk of potatoes for the wheat withdrawn, is not of equal value as nourishment. Moreover, as the potato-eater has received money for his sale, it is possible to make a commercial readjustment, which for his own sake, he will affect as rapidly as possible. Obviously, under failure of the wheat-crop the lower classes do not remain unaffected, but they are not necessarily affected to the degree of famine.

What happened in 1846 was somewhat different. The potatoes rotted in the field. The experiments of certain biological workers on reproduction by fission have established a law which enables us to recognize this phenomenon as perfectly natural and calculable for the future. But in 1846 it came as a surprise. And it fell heavily

on no class save that which depended on the crop for its staple article of diet. It selected these out and killed them, as soon as their power of living on grass and bark was exhausted. The fact that other commodities were almost undisturbed in value, and that export went on amongst the exporters as usual, has given rise to the fallacy that the Irish famine was a "money famine," It fell on those who are always suffering from "money famine," but it was itself an added burden of loss of even such food as is possible under similar financial distress. We see, therefore, what is meant by this expression.

Let us turn to the present Indian famine. Sixty or seventy millions of people are being affected by what is, we are loudly assured, the act of God. Five or six millions of those have reached the depth of starvation. What is the meaning of this ?

In the first place, the act of God, as it is called, undoubtedly exists. There has been failure of crops in a certain part of Central India, caused by want of rain for some years in succession. This must be admitted. The evidence assures us that such are the facts. But in case of natural disaster there is always a second factor to consider—and that is the resistance which the country is able to oppose to it.

We are continually assured that India is in a state of growing prosperity under our rule. Is her inability to meet the present crisis a sign of her growing prosperity ? Let us look at the facts fairly.

The arguments put forward in proof of the beneficence of our rule are two-fold, (1) the increase of population, (2) the spread of the railway system, the control of the forests, and the cutting of canals. As to the advantage of the last-named public works there can be no doubt. If we could turn all our energy to canal-making, we should be sure of improving the country in one respect at least.

As to the control of the forests, there is some question whether we are not largely responsible for a change of climate in Central India, by our own waste of forests, which is directly behind the present catastrophe. On both these points of irrigation and afforestation, there is a distinctly constructive policy open to the English Government, which needs further development and indefinite multiplication of strength.

But when we come to the spread of the railway system, we include a more doubtful feature amongst our geotechnic activities.

The railway adds nothing to the productivity of the soil; it merely aids redistribution. As a matter of fact, this redistribution always acts by centralizing markets. The goods of the country are eaten in the city. The peasant who can now only sell his commodities in a certain given place may not be richer ultimately for the power to get there. The fare may absorb his margin of profit. Therefore the fact that railways are much used does not prove anything about their usefulness. That could only be established as a general thesis by a careful series of observations in various countries during a term of years. It is our personal conviction that such observations would lead to the conclusion that they are destructive of prosperity rather than the reverse. And that Central India is as exact proof of this as Siberia or Russia can furnish, we have no doubt. Since the point is so disputable, therefore, we cannot accept railways as an evidence of the good wrought by English rule, and the growth of population, as we have seen, is rather a sign of misery than of a flourishing condition.

It is indeed an evidence of the pre-social unscientific state of our thought on such subjects that we can offer arguments such as these in all good faith. Obviously, Empire is designed primarily for the good of the ruler, and could accrue to the advantage of the governed only if conducted in a spirit persistently generous and illumined by scientific knowledge of the most real kind. It would be too much to claim that either of these characteristics is ours. The utmost that we can do at present is to assert a dogged honesty on the part of European races in facing truth, however disagreeable, and putting an end to our own misconceptions.

But what have been the causes of the Indian Famine? Partly natural catastrophe, no doubt; partly social and political, certainly; but exactly what, as yet undetermined. Yet some few points with regard to famine in general are settled. First, growth of population is *not*, in itself, any sign of national prosperity. Secondly, to say that a famine such as we are now witnessing is the result of the tricks of local grain-merchants is foolish; and if it were true, we have the remedy in our own hands,—immediate stoppage of grain-export at the ports. This would disturb the natural course of trade, however, and we are under the superstitions of the Age of Finance, so we do not venture on such a step. And thirdly, it is surely evident that relief ought to be organized on a progressive basis, and that it is not at present so organized.

There is something diabolical in the account which an honest English traveller recently gave of a visit to India. He had spoken with the greatest enthusiasm of the administration, and being asked what had so impressed him by its munificence, made this extraordinary reply—"They are tackling the problem of the famine," he said, "and I am especially delighted with this, because for a whole day's work they are not paying a whole day's wages, and thereby they avoid disturbing the course of trade."

True Tests of Progress. What are then, the true tests of a growing prosperity? This question is easily answered. In the first place, are processes being developed? Other things being equal, that country which is ceasing to export manufactures, and taking entirely to raw material is becoming impoverished. Certainly that country which is ceasing to produce manufactured goods to meet its own requirements, and beginning to import the necessities of life, is being essentially impoverished. But it is not enough that men should continue to meet their own needs, nor even that they should progressively modify the means by which they do this. This is little better than a stationary condition. *They must remake their country.* Most of the European landscape is entirely artificial.

Heather is as much of man's ordering on a Scottish moor as wheat in an English field. It is easy to admit that the scenery of Berkshire or of Normandy is not Nature but Art. The geotechnic test, then, is fairly to be applied to all places for which a claim of progression is made. How far is Siberia a land of fields and cities, of quarries and hedges? How far is the growth of human habitations intelligent and beautiful? How far are the forces of nature at the bidding of man? In the Tropics what is being done for re-afforestation, for irrigation? Who is taming the desert? Who is improving the milking cow? Who is enriching the wheat? The French in Algeria are engaged on oasis-making. This is one of the noblest activities of our epoch. It is one of an endless possible series, pointing to an ultimate transformation of the Sahara into a renewal of the earthly Paradise. In the same way the desiccation of Asia is a problem which engages the earnest attention of geographers and geotechnists, for the scope which it affords to future activity of this order. There is no reason why the rivers should continue to run into the sea. They may well be harnessed to the plough of Agriculture, and drawn aside from their original outlet. Other and vaster functions can be discovered for the

waterfalls which shall substitute a new beauty for the old. This is enough to suggest the immense possibilities of industrial development which our planet contains. A few centuries hence, when man's outlook upon life is better informed and organized than at present, society will look back with amazement upon a period when crowds of starving unemployed assailed the gates of rich people whose fortunes were devoted to the production of *pate de foie gras* for private consumption. The point of view that saw nothing to be done for the increase of the food supply in the 19th century will be inconceivable to the minds of that generation, and they will survey calmly a long series of French Revolutions by which such a mental confusion will have been eliminated, as something beneficial in the main to the human race.

Perhaps the most civilized countries in the world, from this geotechnic point of view have been ancient Egypt and modern China and Flanders. Paris occupies the corresponding place amongst modern cities. And in the case of the French population we come upon what ought to be a hint of one of the great evolutionary consequences of this creative collaboration—the inoralization of marriage, leading to self-regulation of numbers which will arise with the heightening of the sense of moral and social responsibility. Because this is a necessary characteristic of a further evolved humanity, we do not need to fear that future progress will be simply a climbing of the hill to find the same problems begin over again at its top. First, improved methods of raising crops; second, only the best crops and plenty of them. Something like these are the immediate steps in the line of advance. But they necessitate and imply the third. If the soil of a country be bettered by making of its people a race of slaves, there is no gain. The more human beings are raised to the human level—the more the Messianic hope is kneaded into common man—so much the greater is our civilization. This and no other, must be its ultimate test. Where standards conflict this consideration must have the casting vote. Not New Zealand, but the land where provocation to the highest life is greatest, will, after all, stand first. By its influence not simply on national prosperity, but on national man and woman making *through* prosperity must the work of a country be judged at last.

Conversely, we cannot establish any quantitative standard of progress whatever. This is an age of the improvement of transport.

The world is being centralized by railways, telegraphs and electrical machinery. Unless all this adds to the fitness of the earth for man on the one hand, and to the manhood of man on the other, it is no advance but rather a retrogression.

Not the rapid multiplication of consumers, but the extension of the best crops is the programme before us. We have once more to set to work to make the earth a fit dwelling place. Forests, canals, improved varieties of wheat and rice—these things are gains in geotechnics, and to use them we do not want more men, but better men,—men of greater wisdom, strength, and mastery than heretofore. For the bringing down of the Messianic hope to common life is the end of all things. The nations live on in hope of the childhood that shall be. First, the physical basis, and then the moral and intellectual ideal, such are the lists that must be fulfilled. This can only be achieved in proportion as we substitute vital for wasteful activities in any given area. We must know that the provision of sound education for the people is a greater proof of our beneficence than any increase of revenue; that justification of conquest lies in multiplication of careers for the ruled, not the ruling classes, that no nation could be rich that spent its money lawfully.

In this way are produced royal races like the ancient Greeks. Genius is created and conserved, as in modern France. Practical problems find a national solution, as in China. And last of all perhaps, the hope and philosophy that it has taken centuries to gain, are given to the world at large, to form a historic faith, as ancient India to modern Europe, Arabia to Africa, and it may be, India to the humanity of the future.

As in honour bound, I have reported the teachings which I heard in Paris in the year 1900 from a group of sociologists of European reputation, as I conceive that they intended them. For the benefit of my readers, however, I would point out, that even scholars find it difficult to be altogether disinterested. To the Indian youth it ought not to be a question as to what the French do or do not do in Algeria, or what the English do in India. The question is, What is he himself prepared to do for his own country? Foreign organizers may be reminded of one of the basic truths of educational science that "when we do for a learner what the learner might have done for himself, we injure and cannot boast of benefitting him."

LORD CURZON ON FAMINES IN INDIA

THE speech made by Lord Curzon on Famines in India on February 15th last, at a small gathering in London, reveals the man, as nothing else and no other subject could have done. We are accustomed to the self-gratulation of rich people, whose egotism takes the peculiar form of idealizing all connected with themselves. But few natures yield with such *naïveté* to the full tide of this enthusiasm as that of the English gentleman in question. Never did a man take himself so seriously. Never did anyone, in unguarded moments, so completely unmask. Never was there anyone who, by the things he chose for admiration gave so easy an opportunity to others of plumbing himself to his depths. The depths in this particular case, as regards heart and mind, would not seem to be great.

With regard to famine relief in India, then, Lord Curzon hardly knows how to say enough. The English in India, he says, have "evolved a science of famine relief, a science sufficiently elastic to be capable of adjustment to the circumstances and requirements of different times and localities, but at the same time sufficiently precise to be embodied in great codes of famine procedure."

The tortured land cries out in vain, asking why there should be famine at all, amongst her people. No country, no civilization under normal conditions of health, suffers from such disaster easily. Nowhere in the world ought it to fall upon all classes alike, within a given area. Nowhere ought it to be on the increase. In India, however, famine has become chronic. An English editor only the other day remarked in a communication to India, "No one, you see, can do anything for a famine in India. It's always there. It is chronic."

Nor could this be otherwise, under a system of Imperialism. In England itself, the people are the victims of an increasing poverty, while the means of livelihood are being progressively absorbed by the privileged classes. Ten days of hard winter weather are enough to throw the population of East and South London into a state of famine. Nor could it be otherwise. A country requires the labour of all its people for its full development. But under Imperialism a great

proportion of the population are drafted away to make the army and navy, necessary for the protection, not of the homes of the imperializing people, but of the areas of investment which have been seized in other parts of the world by their privileged classes. The army and navy therefore represent, as far as the homeland is concerned, pure idleness. The bulk of the remaining population, again, is drawn into cities, in order to manufacture those products which are, when sold in distant exploited areas, to make a fortune, not for the thousand workers, but for the single employer and organizer of the factory.

Under imperialism, therefore, even in the imperializing country, the condition of the People becomes daily more and more miserable. The villages are depleted. The farm-lands fall out of cultivation. The workers become more and more dependent, not on the stores which the earth yields from harvest to harvest, but on the day's wages for the day's work. And the day's work means for the greater part, the tending of some huge machine, in some subordinate capacity, or some task or other connected, not with production, but with distribution, of food and clothing. Let a crisis occur in trade, or a failure of supply take place in some distant part of the earth, and millions of men fall out of employment at once. That is to say, famine occurs.

If this however be the inevitable condition of the worker in England, and to a lesser degree in other countries of the West also, how much worse must it necessarily be amongst the imperialized. Here, everything pays tribute. Government ought to cost a people nothing, beyond the time and maintenance of the men who carry it on. In this case, however, a Government is created, at an extravagant wage. The industries of the country ought to supply the peasant with clothing and tools. The peasant ought to supply the artisan with food. But here, as far as possible, the artisan is driven out of his proper work, and the peasantry as far as possible are turned into coolies, working on railways, or organized on the land for the growing of such imperial crops as tea, indigo, opium and jute. The imperialized country does not even learn the trick of imperial organization, for that task is carefully reserved for themselves by the imperializers.

A railway is only a distributory, not a productive, enterprise. But the characteristic industry of the imperializers is the railway. It is created and organized by him. It is for his purposes only. And it

pays tribute to him. It is as much his and the creature of his interests, as the stamp affixed to legal agreements.

An imperialized country, therefore, is drained in many ways, not in any one alone. Yet it would take all the labour of a people to keep their country on the normal level of self-development, that is to say, to keep the food supply at its proper point of sufficiency. What then could we expect in India, where the labour of the people is uniformly directed to the comfortable maintenance of the upper middle and higher classes in England, in their seats of West London, Brighton, Bath, Bournemouth and to the enrichment of great manufacturing and trading houses in that country? What could we expect? Moreover, since every famine breeds worse famine in the future, since every famine means further restriction of the cultivated area, we can see that famine once beginning in an imperialized country, must grow worse from time to time, and must quickly become chronic.

This reasoning is completely borne out by the history of the Indian famines under Imperialism. Only last year the Rev. Dr. Aked, addressing a London audience, said : "Famine in India is chronic, and things were going from bad to worse. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century there were five famines with a million deaths; in the second quarter, two famines, with half a million deaths, and in the third quarter, six famines, with five million deaths, and in the last quarter, sixteen famines, with twenty-six million deaths. The average income told the same tale. India has retrograded materially, and the simple fact was that the longer our rule continued, the worse the condition of things became."

Having created such a state of things, however, an Imperial Government must needs evolve some method of coping with it. Partly doubtless, because human beings are not, after all, devils. But also partly because if the tax-payers died to a man, the exchequer would be emptied. Every worker saved, is a future source of income. It might be answered here that every fortune saved, every rich family kept on its feet, meant a future source of still greater income, so that the interests of the ruler and the ruled were identical. But this, in the present case, is not wholly true. It might hold good if the civilians, who are the actual rulers of the country, were the only class whose interests were involved. But there are planters, engineers, manufacturers, whose one ambition is to organize and control Indian labour, and as far as these interests are

concerned, the more and the sooner the labourer is reduced to the condition of a slave as in the tea gardens of Assam, the better.

Every working-life and potential working-life, saved, then, is a future source of income. Under these circumstances "We have evolved a science of famine relief, a science sufficiently elastic to be capable of adjustment to the circumstances and requirements of different times and localities, but at the same time sufficiently precise to be embodied in great codes of famine procedure."

Shame to the man who can venture thus nakedly to exult in a virtue of his own which he has to admit as inadequate to the occasion.

[“The emaciated ones were the skulkers who could not be tempted outside their homes, the poor wretches who drifted aimlessly from the Native States and back again, and the thousands who were too tired, or too proud to solicit assistance.”] and which, moreover, has been made possible only by the most terrible of human disasters. How he exults is seen in the following words :

“When people wanted to know what the British Government was capable of doing in India they should go out not in prosperous times but, sad as the experience might be, when the country was in the throes of a great famine. They would see there what no Government in the world had ever attempted to undertake in the past, what no Government except our own was capable of undertaking now and what he firmly believed, no Government, European or Indian, by which conceivably we could be superseded or succeeded, would attempt to undertake in the future.”

Lord Curzon's book, however, on his travels in Korea and the far East makes us understand how entirely sincere is this rejoicing which we have stigmatized as ‘naked and unashamed’. He never, in that book, deals with basic facts regarding the peoples amongst whom he travels, their mode of life, their standard of comfort, their thought, their poetry, or the like. His remarks on such subjects are confined to a few hackneyed, though apt, quotations. His facts are always bureaucratic, of the census, of import and export, of facilities of transport and the like. The book is a perfect manual for the would-be-exploiter whether political or mercantile. He sees nothing, apparently, in any country, save an opportunity for organization by the class to which he himself belongs. He is not immoral in his geographical outlook : he is merely un-moral or sub-moral, as un-moral as nature herself.

Let us hear what, after his long Viceroyalty, he has to say regarding the future of India :

"That the British Government would be able to prevent famine in India, the people and the climate being what they were, within any time they could measure, he thought extremely unlikely. That they would seriously reduce the frequency of famines he hoped was probable."

And here for once we agree with Lord Curzon. That the British Government may seriously reduce the frequency of famines in India can only at best be regarded as a pious hope. That they will or ever could, things being what they are, do anything to prevent them, we, with him, think "extremely unlikely".

TO COLONIZE THE HIMALAYAS

IN the course of a journey through the Himalayas, one is struck again and again, as so often in crossing the great spaces of middle India, by the paucity of population and the immensity of the tracts that lie unpeopled and untilled. There is no doubt that of all unfounded statements, there was never one so unfounded as that India is overpopulated. She is shockingly, shamefully underpopulated, and, if I am not grossly mistaken, her actual population is shrinking every year. However, to go back to the Himalayas, this is not a statement made and measured against some ideal standard of the food-producing powers of the earth, if properly worked. It is true that according to the men who ought to know best, the power of the earth to produce food must be many thousands of times what we now suppose. That is to say if this is true, thousands of people could actually be maintained for each one that is now supported. But for the moment no such dream is in my mind. I am accepting the standards of cultivation as we know them commonly today, and judged by these poor standards, fathomed with so short a line, it is still true that the Himalayas scarcely begin to be populated at all. The tides cannot always have been at such ebb as now. The present centres of population, such as they are, must have been started with more sense of overflow. The present routes of trade are manifest survivals from some era of greater wealth and plenty. And the works of art that still remain tell of an energy that demanded more than a mere remnant of population for its display.

Yet there is an aspect of hope even in a situation so fraught with regrets as this. The careers that other nations seek outside their own frontiers, India may find within hers ! To **COLONIZE INDIA** becomes one of the goals of the national effort, and first and foremost, to colonize these vast unworked spaces in the most beautiful mountains in the world. Doubtless we shall be told that the lands now idle are only those which are unfit for cultivation. And doubtless it is true that the most fit are for the most part

under the plough. One does not accuse the Himalayan peasant of devoting himself to the hardest and least promising soil while leaving the very best untouched. This would be contrary to all the facts of human nature. But the fact remains clear, obvious, incontestable, of resources that might be used lying absolutely waste, of opportunities that might be created, lying non-existent, of a great problem unconsidered, and potential wealth unrealized. Amongst other things, the climate is such that there is not one of the English fruits that could not be raised here. In many cases Indian fruits, oranges, lemons, walnuts, mangoes, and pomegranates, could be grown on one part, and the English apple, pear, cherry, plum, peach, currant, gooseberry, and raspberry, on another part of the same estate. That this is no vain suggestion is seen when one finds hillsides over and over again where the bo (*Ficus religiosa*) and pine grow within a few yards of each other. Besides the two classes of fruits named, it is obvious that there is a whole third class of such things as grapes, figs, tomatoes, and strawberries that might also be cultivated.

A very interesting question that arises here is that of the use of these fruits when produced. We have to rid ourselves at this point of the modern confusion between money and wealth. The farmers of New England grow amidst hay and corn large quantities of apples. Now labour is so dear in the eastern states of America, that when the apples are ripe it does not pay the owner to pack them and convey them to the railway. The farmers and their friends speak of these facts with tears in their voices, as "poverty." Clearly, however, this is only poverty in a special and limited sense. It is a poverty of money combined with free food in abundance for the farmer, his family, his live-stock, (pigs for instance eat apples), his labourers themselves, and for wayfarers crossing his farm. Some of us may feel that this kind of poverty would be quite bearable ! Similarly, in considering the fruit-growing capacities of the Himalayas, we must remember that the first function of a good harvest is to be eaten, and only a secondary and minor function that of being sold. Members of the English country-aristocracy constantly throw away money buying land in the United States or Canada or New Zealand, ostensibly for the purpose of returning to nature, and leading an idyllic life in farming, in a beautiful climate. But after a few years these spend-thrifts turn up again in their old haunts, visibly poorer and sadder,

explaining that though their enterprise yielded good returns from an agricultural point of view, yet as there was no market near enough of access, it had been a failure after all ! What our friends had really wanted then was not after all to return to nature but to make money ! Not the simple life, but the lucrative speculation, had been their real dream. For this is the whole meaning of the talk about the accessibility of markets. Now it must be clearly understood that no country was ever yet developed up to its best as a commercial speculation. There is an organic, ineradicable difference between a king and a shopkeeper, aye, though the king rule only a rood, and the shopkeeper speculate in square miles of territory. And difference is that the king loves his land, and desires its good for its own sake, while the shopkeeper looks only to turn its produce into money, pounds, shillings, and pence.

The true ideal for the farmer, whatever be his crops, and whatever the latitude and longitude of his country, is to produce on the farm everything that is necessary for the farm, and to sell only such few superfluities as may be required for the buying in of a few foreign luxuries, such as books, medicines, or tobacco. This is the ideal of every *country that has an old-established agricultural civilization*. It is the ideal of Ireland and of France. It is also the ideal of the Indian Dharma. The East Bengal farmer will tell us that it is Adharmic to take to the bazaar the rice that is needed for household food or stores.

Similarly, to farm with an eye in the first place, not to the home but to the market is Adharmic. Yet the necessities of the modern world have to be faced. It is a world in which each one of us only exist on sufferance of money. First we have to pay our way, afterwards and afterwards only as things stand, we may talk of pursuing our ideal. How then is the fruit farm in the Himalayas to pay its way ? It so happens that there is already such a longing awakened in India at large for many of the English fruits in question, and also that railway transport is so largely available, that the Himalayas might be turned into one vast orchard, and still find abundance of market for the fruit produced. This would apply primarily not to the softer fruits of course but to apples, pears, plums, and peaches. Perhaps also to figs and grapes. Also to all the more temperate Indian fruits. Twenty times the oranges, pomegranates and walnuts now produced could be consumed in India.

When once the farm pays its way, however, we must remember that the real problem is that of intensifying civilization, of raising the standard of comfort, of, in fact, deepening education amongst the people themselves. Only by teaching the hill people themselves to enjoy and to cultivate these new and delicious fruits can we do any permanent good to our country. It is evident that the initiative must be taken by members of the more advanced and more educated races such as the Bengali. But the betterment of those whose actual home, present and future, is amongst the gardens and orchards, must be the real end and aim. For this, it is not difficult to see that the first class to be interested must be that of the Pujari Brahmins. What they are willing to offer in Bhog in the temples, will sooner or later be eaten and appreciated by their parishioners. Thus in this and other directions might we look for the gradual reinstatement of the hill-populations in the march of human culture. It is by attaching ourselves to the natural leaders of a people that we may work for the good of nations, without producing ruin and moral disintegration. That these particular races have conserved as much as they have of the fruits of one wave after another of the civilization that has gone to them from the plains, is largely due to the resistance they oppose to commercialism. They will sell nothing. The result is that the fields that lie along the pilgrim-roads are subject to a certain amount of depredation. But the spirit is magnificent. One of my own party was hungry for fish, after weeks spent far from any possible supply. Suddenly a man appeared on the road with a fine fish in his hand, and the servants fell upon him demanding its price. But the young peasant was too haughty to name any. He smiled as he surrendered his prize, but he was careless as to whether any return present was made or not. Again we wanted Dahi. A man came along with a pailful. My host eagerly asked him his price. "No, no. You may drink as much you like, but I won't sell," was his reply, as he good-humouredly set down his pail. This may seem provoking, or inexplicable to our commercialized age. But it is the voice of a self-contained civilization. It is the condition that alone has made possible the conservation that the hill races have admirably achieved.

Of one thing we may be sure. A very early and a very notable influx of civilization must have come to the whole region of Kumaon and Garhwal with the Buddhist missionaries sent to the

Himavant by Ashoka. And their mode of work must have been just to settle down and found a monastery, wherein to live the monastic life. Their education and their message percolated silently. We may be sure of that. They made themselves part of the life around them. And the result has been the establishment of centres of thought and scholarship that remain today, modified in form but still in the old places, still integral, still vital to the life about them. Fortunately religion is always present to provide a missionary impulse, to numbers of people who could not be induced to upset their lives for the vague advancement of civilization or the spread of education. The Sadharan Brahmo Samaj have already, I understand, established a mission in the Khasia Hills. Is it impertinent to bring to their notice the old-time methods of the Buddhist Missions in Garhwal, and the present-day needs of all the mountain races ?

THE PLAGUE IN CALCUTTA

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Indian Mirror*

Sir,

We have scoffed and doubted till the plague is really amongst us. Now that the epidemic is well under way, no doubt many of your readers will be glad to hear the conclusions that the members of the Ramakrishna Mission and some others have come to, as to ways in which we can all be helpful at this crisis.

First, we have to deal with the problem of offering efficient aid to the sick. This seems simply impossible. In order to command conditions, to make light, air, and sanitation all that they should be, and to give in addition that patient nursing from hour to hour, which is essential to much slighter illnesses than this, a hospital is necessary. But there are something like six hundred hospitals in Calcutta today, containing an aggregate of four patients! To add to the number of these establishments is, therefore, out of the question. Otherwise, a number of Bengali ladies would have co-operated in a Women's Hospital.

A more direct way of meeting the need would be the organization of a corps of visiting nurses in each District. The poorer class of families, living in *bustees*, are only too thankful to resign the care of a patient into the hands of an educated person whom the doctor recommends, and who is evidently tender and clear-headed at the same time.

There is a tremendous field for work here. But it is hedged round with difficulties. The conditions of the *bustees* are so inconvenient for nursing, that the most advanced expedients for dealing with fevers cannot be attempted. The old treatment by drugs and disinfectants is all that is open to doctor and nurse. The trouble of getting even water heated or a room cleaned is incalculable. So that nursing the sick in their homes is apt to resolve itself into watching the patient die under circumstances, every day more calculated to

threaten the life of the watcher. Yet this is not altogether useless. There is a chance of easing the death and the presence of the visitor ensures the gradual disinfection of the home, and the isolation of the patient in some degree from family and neighbours. These things are a distinct gain. It would be impossible, however, to get a sufficient staff of paid nurses to do this work, and I doubt that any mercenary impulse, however honest, would give a man courage to grapple with the depression of a battle so hopeless as this.

It is a crushing blow to see one's patient slip away in the midst of the struggle, simply from collapse of the heart !

And if the various religious orders of the missionaries and so on take up the matter, they must first count the probable cost, in the loss of energetic and promising workers by the road-side, as it were. At the same time, only a considerable number could make the plan efficient. Morning and evening visits could not be so effective as all-day attendance, and the occasional co-operation of two nurses would more than double the chances of success.

It seems to me for the moment, therefore, to regard every man attacked by plague as doomed. Leaving the victims out of the question, what can we do, in the first place, to destroy the *conditions*, which have made the epidemic not only possible, but also powerful !

THOSE WHO ARE WILLING CAN DO A GREAT DEAL

1. They can disseminate exact and scrupulous notions of cleanliness. We might all try to point out to our less educated neighbours the need of detailed and anxious cleansing of various parts of the house with water, mixed with disinfectants. Perchloride of mercury is perfectly invaluable in this connection, and is ridiculously cheap, so that it can easily be kept in solution in all places where frequent flushing is required. All roads, lanes, yards and walls, not to speak of roofs, should be kept well swept, and all old rags and decaying matter of any sort completely burnt. It would surely be possible for all of us, in a kindly and inoffensive way, to explain these things to the people about us, and to help them, without patronage, to carry out our instructions.

IN THE MATTER OF DISINFECTANTS

2. It is not sufficient to explain the laws of sanitation and the use of disinfectants. The latter should be brought within reach of the people. Gentlemen might provide themselves with quantities of perchloride of mercury for distribution *gratis* to their poorer neighbours. This chemical, while the only perfectly efficient germ-destroyer, is so extraordinarily cheap, that a large profit can be made by selling it at one seer-and-a-half per pice in solution. We of the educated classes might, therefore, set the little shops to take it up and make themselves the agents for its commercial dissemination. Its poisonous nature ought, however, to be carefully explained, so that it shall not get into the hands of children or come near the food and cooking arrangement. District Health Officers would probably be glad to put applicants in the way of getting it at cost price of thereabouts. Amongst others, Dr. Mahoney of 65, Beadon Street, will do everything in his power.

We can all subscribe or collect funds for increasing the scavenging and disinfecting stuffs of the Municipality. Why is a tax not immediately levied by statute for this purpose? At any rate nothing could be more necessary, and there is hardly any direction in which help could be more opportune. To a population of 12,00,000 we have a Municipal staff of 1,200 scavengers, which staff is responsible for all the work of the Indian quarter. This is a class of work that could be undertaken by many who are eager to help, but in no sense free to risk their lives in the cause.

I might add, perhaps, that leaflets giving a few simple directions in Bengali with regard to cleanliness, the use of disinfectants, and similar points, are being prepared, and will be obtainable in the course of a few days by anyone applying to the Swami Trigunatita, 14, Ram Chunder Maitra's Lane, Kembulitola, or to the Swami Brahmananda, 57, Ram Kanto Bose's Lane, Baghbazar.

These leaflets may prove serviceable to those who desire to make true ideas on this point common property.

It is with aching hearts that we realize the desolation in many houses today. We seem utterly powerless to rescue those on whom the disease has once laid its hand. But prevention is better than cure. Let us, with our whole heart and energy, set to work to prevent.

Yours etc.

Nivedita *Of the Ramakrishna Mission*

THE CLEANSING OF CALCUTTA

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Statesman*

Sir,

As one living in the native quarter, and doing what she can to grapple with sanitary necessities there, may I use your valuable paper to appeal for money to those who live in the better served portions of Calcutta ?

It is well known that the Town Conservancy has an insuperable difficulty to deal with in the first six wards—not in the *bustees* alone. But only those who have examined a *bustee* personally can have any idea of the number of huts and little bye-lanes or the length of drainage that the term includes. An irregular rambling village is our nearest equivalent. All round the area, and often completely covering it, we find rows and clusters of mud huts, sometimes two or three deep, and the frontier is formed on two or three sides by public lanes and streets. But the *bustee* is carefully bounded in another way. Either outside or within the outermost of these rows of cottages runs a narrow open stone channel that serves all the purposes of drainage. This is often encrusted with mud and slime, choked with all sorts of refuse, or broken away and completely out of repair. Whatever its condition, its importance to the people is incalculable. Abutting on it are often crazy little structures, built of bamboo on a foundation-course of brick, and occasionally surmounting a seething cesspool which are intended to be within "sanitary" but which are now so old that only the destruction of all their parts by fire would make them cease to be the reverse. Theoretically, the cleaning of such a space consists of a visit of a Mehtar—who stacks the refuse in heaps at given points in the larger lanes—and a scavenger cart, which calls later and is supposed to collect all along a certain line for transport to the sewage platform. A multitude of supervisors, headman, and others are understood to inspect the whole and keep it in perfect efficiency. But needless

to say this is not done. Neither superintendent, Mehtar, nor conservancy cart can do justice to a task so great and what is done is done in that "splash, splutter and slap-dash" manner that seems to create worse evils than it cures. What remedy the future may contain lies entirely in the education of individuals to demand right arrangements and maintain them in full working order.

Under these circumstances, some of us felt that a very real way of helping the class that surrenders most readily to plague would lie in cleansing the *bustee* in our immediate neighbourhood, and trying thereby to create a desire in the vicinity for similar co-operation and assistance.

A generous friend put into my hands what we hoped would be enough for two months' service, and after a week's difficulties and delay we got our men and set to work. We are succeeding beyond expectation. The need was even greater than we had imagined; the people—once assured that we are private persons working from disinterested motives,—begged our helping with interior cleansing, and have listened gladly to our advice about sanitation and disinfectants. They have allowed and even invited us to enter their houses, and have not been afraid to show us their terrible poverty. There are something like a couple of miles of drain and lane, three days ago unutterably filthy, where today an Englishwoman can walk without annoyance.

As one *bustee* is cleansed, another is opened up, and the subsequent labour of keeping clean will be a matter of alternate days only. But necessary implements and disinfectants have taken a third of the money that I hoped to spend on wages. More funds are absolutely necessary, and as I have no hope of raising them here I venture to appeal to European Calcutta for help. We are working on those lines of private responsibility which will prove inevitable if municipal problems in connection with conservancy are ever to be overcome. We know well that every spot cleansed is the source of danger to ourselves the less. But for far nobler motives than these I venture to hope that English people will help. Simple human pity and Christian charity are so far recognized among us that appealing in their name one dares to think that one does not appeal in vain.

Will those who can daily feast their sense of sight and smell on the fresh air and beautiful flowers of private gardens and the Maidan, those to whom cleanliness of roads and surroundings is no luxury but a first need, will they do what they can towards such

ends for those who cannot hope to enjoy even the least of them otherwise?

Subscriptions for us may be sent to General Patterson, 3 Esplanade, Calcutta, or to Dr. Salzer, 6 Loudon Street, Calcutta; and Dr. Mahoney, Medical Officer of the District, 65, Beadon Street, kindly undertakes to examine our accounts during the progress and at the conclusion of our work. Even small sums will be very helpful.

16, Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar

Margaret E. Noble
(Sister) Nivedita

PLAGUE AND THE DUTY OF STUDENTS

[A lecture was delivered on Saturday evening by Sister Nivedita (Miss Noble) at the Classic Theatre in Beadon Street. Swami Vivekananda presided, and there was a very large attendance of University students. Some European ladies and gentlemen and a number of professors from the various colleges were also present. In opening the proceedings, Swami Vivekananda impressed upon the students the necessity of immediate and decisive action. There had been any amount of talk and theorising, but no practical work done by the Bengalis themselves tending towards the checking of the plague. He remarked that the Bengalis were getting crazy, because of the severe strictures and criticism lately passed on them by an English correspondent, but unless they now threw aside their lethargy and proved themselves to be men, by actual practical action, and not mere puppets shut up in a glass-case for show, they would not be able to dissipate the aspersions cast on them, nor wipe out the disgrace attaching to the country.]

We, of the Ramakrishna Mission, felt that even if nothing could be done we could not stand by without sharing the dangers and carrying the banners of a forlorn hope against the enemy. We thought of many things, among them of turning a house in our possession into a women's hospital. And I mention this in order to tell you that there are women in Bengal who are not slow to sacrifice themselves in the most terrible service. Although we only reached the preliminary stage of preparation, one Brahmo lady and one orthodox zenana lady volunteered to help us, and there were others on whom we knew that we could count. Surely men will not be slow to do what women have already dared. Surely is something done when the voice of pity cries to you that your mothers and your sisters have shown you how to answer ? But there were obstacles,

chief among them that there were now about two hospitals in Calcutta, and withal but four patients in them ! Another difficulty which presented itself is worth mentioning. The patients must be accompanied by their husbands, brothers and sons. For this reason no zenana woman could remain in charge of a ward, and so we were forced to the conclusion that if the man once ill was doomed, we should do best by facing the conditions that had made plague possible and do what might lie in us to better them. Whatever those conditions were we felt sure that they must in large part spring from ignorance, and we therefore determined to make any work that we might do, understood by the people and try and secure their co-operation. To this end we printed certain leaflets on sanitation for the use of the women and provided ourselves with disinfectants, to be supplied to all who might apply. On the 31st of March Swami Sadananda and his gang of scavengers began *bustee* cleaning.

It was worse than we imagined. Drains were neglected and indescribably dirty. In some places they were out of repair, and pools of black sodden earth, long rotting before the doors where the children played. In one large *bustee*, which is a disgrace to those rich men who own it and to the city that allows them to go unpunished, we found a tank so foul that the fishes in it were dying of contamination. No drains whatever were provided, and in one corner eight or ten horrible channels had made themselves and two houses rose out of a swamp of sewage that are for 30 yards between. Can you wonder that this *bustee* was early visited by plague and that it is not yet clean ? We have cleaned this place so far as we have been able without making permanent works, but when we began the conservancy heap stood in one place to a height of many feet, the accumulation of months or years. And close up amidst a cluster of houses stood a group of more dreadful buildings that are supposed to answer to the sanitary needs of the very poor. The effluvium was indescribable. We were told that the only sweeper who ever visited this large *bustee*, once in several days, was one girl, and that she had to be specially paid to do the little that was possible in a few hours. Everywhere we found all kinds of refuse thrown in front of the clean door-sills, and more frequently than not the passage between two houses was the common dust-bin. When we began I was told that we had everything against us. "You can't clean natives," said a gentleman with a sneer. I have not found that sneer justified. In every case we found the people eager and

longing for decency. No one who has noted the cleanliness of a Hindu hut inside will take it that the dirt outside is wilfully produced. I attribute the bad habit of throwing refuse on the roads, or into out of the way corners, to the zenana system, which prevents women realizing the state of their surroundings, or the bearing of private cleanliness on the public weal—and also to ignorance of the first principles of health and comfort. We must remember that in cases like that of this large *bustee* whatever effort a woman might make she could never take the household refuse far enough from a remote house to be placed on the line of the conservancy cart, and it is only natural that, under these circumstances, she should allow it to accumulate in some place where its presence is not a perpetual aggression. We have been able to make it clean for once and by kind words and patient explanations we have certainly won the co-operation of our friends who live there, to a certain extent. But do you expect that people who have all their lives grown up with these habits are going to reform all at once? Or that the cleaning is more than a temporary make-shift?

While I am touching on this subject I will just turn aside for a moment from the duty of our students to the question of the great permanent nuisances of the town. The unsanitary structures and the condition of the tanks merit such an epithet, and I am told that the responsibility of setting them right lies with the owners of huts. I am amazed that such a statement can be made. Are men who owe two rents already—one to the landowners and one to the money lenders—are these men, starved as they are out of sheer poverty to be made the treasurers of the health of one of the greatest cities and most important ports of the world? And until they can afford to set things right are we to sit with folded hands and submit to the ravages of plague? I am told that it would cost three crores of rupees to deal with these two questions. I answer that I do not believe anyone has seriously computed the sum required, but if it cost fifty thousand more it is none the less the duty of the community to see it done. In order to make whatever plague measures are undertaken a permanent benefit, we want the help of every man who calls himself a man throughout the city. We want this one thing, the education of the people by practical example. Let us with our own hands perform the necessary service. Let us glory in the shame of such service before the people. And in that way and that alone can they be made strong to grapple with those facts of

life in which they see its degradation. We are in the midst of a religious revival. Belief and love are vivid within us, and asceticism or self-sacrifice is calling to the most intense consecration. Belief is not faith. Faith is ours at the moment when we do and dare and renounce. How many of you, the students of Calcutta, dare make your faith a burning reality, in face of the calamity that has fallen on our brethren today? To some of us here it is a proud thought that in the utmost that we could do, we should not yet emulate the example of the Master, who being himself a Brahmin, went by night and cleaned the house of a Pariah, and wiped it with the hairs of his head. Service such as this is not asceticism, but the crown of all asceticism. How many of you will volunteer to come forward and help in the labour of cleansing huts and *bustees*? In such matters we all stand or fall together, and the man who abandons his brother is taken by despair himself. The cause of the poor is the cause of all today—let us assert it by practical action.

[At the close of the meeting a large number of students came up and enrolled themselves as volunteers in the work proposed.]

WOMAN IN MODERN INDIA

THE saying that Indian regeneration will come through Indian women is growing hackneyed. The words are found on the lips of many who have not troubled to think clearly what they mean. The fact is, by the education of woman we mean today her civilization. The problem of the age, for India, as we have constantly insisted, is to supersede the family, as a motive, and even as a form of consciousness, by the *civitas*, the civic and national unity. This cannot be done by men, as men, alone. It is still more necessary that it should be done by women. In all questions of the moral and personal life, woman is a far greater factor than man. In her care lies the synthesis of life. As she determines the character of the home, out of which man goes forth to his day's labour, so also it is her conception of what life as a whole should be that dominates and creates the world. Man is only a clever child; in woman's care and keeping is the well of life. It follows that while man must always take the lead in special departments of activity, it is at the same time of the highest importance that the general scheme of life should be understood by the women of a community, and should not be such as to shock and outrage their sense of right. We all know how important it is to individual happiness that men and women should be in substantial accord, and we can well believe that if a community is to put forth its utmost energy in any given direction, it will be necessary that its men and its women should be combined in the one great effort.

This is our position today. We are determined to initiate new developments. For this, it is essential that we make our own material, and of all our material, none is in this sense so important as the women. A great deal of our nationalizing energy, therefore, has to be given, during the coming years, to making the women of our families more devoted to the country than they are even to their fathers, husbands and brothers, and qualified to judge still better what will serve the welfare of the nation, than as to that of

the family. This is all, the essence of the whole matter. It amounts to the reception of a new idea, for our women have not been accustomed to think much of larger areas than the village at utmost. The impingement of new ideas creates enormous energy. It is likely, therefore, that those who are really touched, will show the fact at once, by an eagerness to be taught reading and writing. It is obvious that if they can once read they will be in a position to feed their own national sense for themselves. But many will be too old, or will not have the faculty, to master the new methods of knowledge. Not on this account are any to be passed by. Reading and writing are not in themselves education. The power to use them well is vastly more important than the things themselves. A woman in whom the great compassion is awakened, a woman who understand the national history, a woman who has made some of the great Tirthas and has a notion of what her country looks like, is much more truly and deeply educated than one who has merely read much. "Awake ! Awake !" means, first of all, awake to the great multiform consciousness, let everything that is Indian breathe and work through you. Identify yourself, in thought, day by day, with all sorts of strange beings and strange interests, recognizing that they, with you, possess equally the common home. Dedicate some part of every puja, to this thought of the Mother who is Swadesh. Lay a few flowers before Her, pour out a little water in Her name. Think of her children, your own kindred, who are one in need. Let your hearts go out in infinite pity. "Mother and Motherland," says the proverb, "is better than Swarga !" Ah, the sorrow for those who are ahungered, and cannot feel this joy ! "Awake ! Awake !" Rise up and get ye knowledge, womanhood of India ! Womanhood of Bengal ! Learn of your own past. Only so can you realize your future. Learn of your country and her needs. Only by this can you train your judgment, your will and power of choice. Only by growing knowledge can the heart be enriched, and thought become clearer. "Awake ! Awake !" Be free and work. Let unselfishness guide the hand, and love inspire the will. So shall no sacrifice be defeated, and every movement shall avail. No bondage shall hinder those who have risen to this height. No ignorance shall stand. No vastness of the task before them shall dismay. "Bande Mataram." All the problems of today have to be attacked on a national scale. The problem of problems is the achievement of nationality itself.

But in this matter of the education of women, it will be well if our men can remember exactly what part of the task is its core and essence. Let us talk with our womankind about the affairs of the country. Let us appeal constantly to their growing judgement and enthusiasm. Let us create those qualities in them, if they do not already exist, by believing steadfastly in the Atman who is within all. The doctrine of the divinity of the human soul has no meaning whatever if it is not this, that each one of us, man or woman, high or low, learned or ignorant, is in spirit the Pure, the Free, the All-wise, and that the one help we can render another is to evoke this realization in its fullness.

Daily the life of our Indian womanhood is shrinking. Day by day, their scope is being lessened. Unless we can capture for them the new world of expression, they will steadily continue to lose more and more of the world they had. If Sita and Savitri are ever to be born of Indian mothers, we must create new types for them, suited to the requirements of the modern age. Gandhari must live again, with new names to think of, but all the ancient faith and courage, steadfastness and sacrifice. Damayanti must return, and Draupadi, the fit wife for Yudhishtira, king of justice. Awake ! Awake ! The greatness of Indian womanhood must be the cry of Indian men.

A TALK ABOUT CLEAN ROADS

WE women have a natural love of order and cleanliness. Without knowing why, except the fact that we like things neat and clean, we are willing to spend many hours of every day washing and scrubbing our houses and all that they contain. Now behind this desire, whether we know it or not, there is really hidden the great purpose of human health and self-respect. The well-being and even the very life of the whole household depends, at bottom, on this love of cleanliness on the part of its women. A little verdigris in the cooking-pots, and a whole family may be dead in one day, from ptomaine poisoning. A little dirt left in some corner out of idleness, and we have a forcing-bed for the seeds of cholera or plague. We women know all this. We know too, the importance of letting air and light in upon our rooms, to pass through and keep all dry and sunned. We know, that a place into which the sun never comes is more apt to breed diseases than one into which light enters freely and lovingly. And because we know it, we are glad to give our very lives in securing the good of those beloved ones who are given to our care.

But some of us have not given so much thought to the matter of the public health, and the decorum of the town, as to that within the doors of our own homes. Yet after all, this also is our concern. How are the roads and streets kept, which we pass daily, as we go to the Ganges to bathe ? Are they clean and orderly ? Or are they full of dirt and impurity ? If the latter, have we forgotten the *dangers* of this uncleanliness ? Do we realize that our own children are in peril, when plague has spread his dread wings over some neighbour's home ? No man liveth—and is it not true also that no man dieth ?—to himself alone. The good of each is the good of all.

But apart even from this question, does it please us that our senses should be assailed at this holiest hour by all that is foul and offensive ? Would it not help us in maintaining high and sweet thoughts if, as we returned to our houses, everything *outside* them were as clean and well-ordered in its own way as in the dear kingdom within, where our own will and our own pride of love reigns supreme ?

All true women will answer 'yes' to these questions. Every good mother, when once her attention is called to it, will desire to see the road on which her house-door stands, as fair and sweet as the court on which that house-door opens. Then what can we do to help the matter forward ? For it is to some extent our own fault if the public sweeping is badly done. The scavengers will soon find it out if we take an interest in the results of their work and will put more heart into it themselves. And even the Municipal Council will have to obey us, if a number of us, living in one place, and working constantly at this question from day to day, determine that our necessities are not adequately provided for.

At present, we women ourselves are not a little to blame. And yet it would be very easy for us to set ourselves right. The points which we are now about to consider are very simple indeed.

1. It is usual, in this part of the town, for every household to put out the refuse that is left over from cooking and eating—the green leaves and stalks, odds and ends of food, broken pots, and the rest—by the side of the road outside the house, once a day. Usually, this is done under cover of the darkness, and the scavenger's cart comes round and removes all these little heaps from the roadside, the next morning between five and ten. Even about this simple matter, however, some of us are careless, and allow our servants to go on after every meal throughout the day, putting out fresh refuse, and thus keeping the roadway in a state of disorder all day long, instead of only during the unavoidable hours before the scavenger's cart comes round.

Now would it not be easy enough for us to bear this little fact in mind, and carefully restrain our servants from making the public pathways unsightly during the greater part of the day ?

2. Might we not make far greater use than we do, of the *fire*, in getting rid of rubbish ? Two things certainly ought always to be burnt, and never put out on the road. One of them is *waste paper*. Ladies who have not watched the scavengers doing their work will hardly believe how difficult little bits of paper make it for them. It is almost impossible to carry it all away, and we all know how peculiarly distressing is the look of a street or lane in which it is lying scattered. *We ought always to get rid of waste paper by burning.*

Another thing that ought to be burnt immediately consists of all kinds of medical refuse—bandages, poultices, animal matter,

ointment that is being discarded, and so on. These become dangerous to others, if we do not at once destroy them by fire. There ought therefore to be no alternative here.

Besides these, anything that we *can* burn, it is an advantage to dispose of in this way. In the West, we think fire is the only thing holy enough for flowers that have been used in worship, for instance. But sometimes we have little fire, and each of us must do her best in her own way.

3. Do we make as much use as we might of good clean *ashes*, lime, and tar? Some houses are obliged to dispose of their refuse by putting it on the roadside. This usually means a good hard place, where the earth is dry, and can be well-swept after being cleared. But other people are compelled to place their rubbish daily at the end of a Mehtar's lane, or near some leaking pipe, or what not. This generally means black sodden earth, into which the moisture from the refuse will soak, quickly making it still more foul and ill-smelling than before.

Yet it is only necessary, in such a case, to put a little dry lime on the ground, or to see that between the earth and the refuse is daily placed a bed of good fresh ashes. The basket in which we carry the sweepings, again, should be lined inside with tar, or have ashes placed in it every day after emptying. In this way we can avoid its rotting, and becoming constantly more and more unclean.

Besides all this, we in Bose Para Lane have agreed to have two or three large receptacles, and in them to place all the refuse of every house, which will be carried to the nearest of these in a basket. If this plan can be made to work well, the labour of the scavengers will be very much lightened, and we may expect it to be correspondingly better done. But we may find it very difficult to get every household to use the large receptacles, and unless they all do so, we shall be obliged to write down the attempt as a failure.

The sanitary office for Ward No. 1 (1, Brindabun Bose's Lane, Cornwallis St.) have also signified their willingness to take any complaints left at Bose Para Lane, regarding local nuisances of any kind, and to do their best to set the given matter right.

I am quite sure that if we women can only recognize the importance of public cleanliness, and do all in our power to promote it in our own immediate neighbourhood, the streets and lanes of the Hindu quarter of Calcutta will show rapid improvement, of which we shall have every reason to feel proud.

THE CRY OF THE MOTHER TO INDIAN YOUTH

Sons of the Indian past, awake !
From Jagannath to Dwarakanath,
From Kedarnath to Comorin,
Are ye not One ?

Your history, look ye, dieth not.
In you today lives all the greatness of your past,
Awake then, and arise !
Struggle ye on and stop not till the goal is reached !

Marshall ye in your armies !
March forth in your hosts !
Are ye not One ?
Children of one Motherhood,
Nurslings of one land,
Brethren of a single home,
Are ye not One ?

Sons of Bengal, heirs of ancient Magadh,
The one-time centre of a ring of sovereigns,
You who sent forth the word that bred strong peoples,
You who bore Gospels East and North and South,
You who created scriptures and made great learning,
Shall ye be nought,
My children of Bengal !
Lo the past lives in you !
Are ye not One ?

Sons of Ajodhya, children of Benares,
Dwellers in far-famed shrines and regal towns,

Awaken and arise ! In you lives all your past
Are you not One ?
Sons of Gurus ! People of the Prophet,
Children of heroes, strong and austere !
Even ye are One !

Rajput, Mahratta, Sikh, Mussulman and Dravid,
Is not your past yours ?
Fear not machines !
Assert the mind that lives in you;
Include, create, assault and take by might
The strongest city of the mind of man.
Be not content to crawl
But leap ye high.

CHILD-HEART

Go forth, little one, and meet life
Strong in the strength of freedom from self.
The strength of purity,
The strength of love.

Link thee with the great souls of the past,
By reverence and worship.
One thee with the great deeds of the present,
By love and admiration.

Protect them that are without protection.
Serve whom thou rulest.
And to them that know not how,
Teach thou a way to defend themselves.

Be thy words few: speak through thy deeds,
Rest in no compromise.
When the hour cries out for sacrifice,
Be thou not deaf.
Strike swiftly: pardon generously:
Be wise withal.

Scale each ideal to its height.
Touch thou the stars.
Seek Truth as the end in itself.
Ask only for the Love that stays.
Work, questioning not as to victory or defeat.
Thirst thou after Perfection, with a quenchless thirst.

Very little art thou, yet say ever
“Victory to Mother ! Salutation to the Terrible !”
The prayer is prayed, and we who love thee look out upon
thy future,

We ask, what shall there be for thee of happiness,
Of Play,
Of Love ?

Lo, O Beloved, art thou not the Free Heart ?
Shall not life be to thee unshadowed play ?
All laughter, all lightness, all merriment, all glee ?

To thee—to know great woes, and cease thereby from all
mean fretting !

To thee—to know vast joys, and cease thereby from all
gross pleasures !

To thee—the strength and gentle-heartedness of Destiny,
Own babe to the Divine Mother,
Child-Heart !
Child-Heart !
Child-Heart !

THE CHARGING OF THE NEW-BORN BY THE DEAD

The dead speak :

Come up, O thou New-born, to thy high seat,
And look thou out upon the glories of thy heritage.
Ours is the voice of all the dead, who die not.

Behold thou all that we have learnt and suffered.
Hear thou all that we have thought and sung.
Look thou upon the works our hands have wrought.
Lo, *thine* are all these, and for thee.

Known and unknown are there here amongst us;
Names like stars, and unnamed builders of the pyramids in
Egypt;
Royal names and nameless scribes, baking bricks in Nineveh;
Unnamed singers, of how many lands and peoples;
Unnamed women, pre-historic, making great the nations;
Not by our *names* do we desire to be remembered.

In *thee*, O thou New-born, in *thee* do we demand
Existence !
In this *thy* will do all our wills demand a weapon !
We charge *thee*, O thou little One, thou nursling,
seeming yet so weak and helpless,
Let not our dreams die.
Let not our harvests waste, nor let our fire go out,
Let not our tools lie rusting, nor let our sword
grow blunt.

Singing not our songs, sing thou newer, better.
Thinking not our thoughts, think thou bolder, truer.
Dream thou not our dreams, but dream thou as we dreamt.

Eat thou of the bread of toil.
Drink thou of the wine of our consecration.
And be thou anointed with the chrism of our anointing,
For here into thy hands do we commit our banner,
The banner of the Future of Humanity,
the banner of all the dead.

EARTH AND WATER

EARTH and water are the mystic offerings by which the home-king offers allegiance to the Over-lord. Earth and water, therefore, are the symbols under which the Mother would fain be worshipped. Earth and Water of India, Thou dust of our fathers, Thou home of all our beloved, Thou land of our children, and our children's children ! Water of seven sacred rivers, ocean girdle of our Bharata, flood of the rice-fields, and gift of mountain-snows ! Look ye and see if this the cup of your Mother's sorrows be not full. And once more shall the grain grow and the rivers be full. Once more shall the cattle increase. Thy people shall become a nation, dwelling on their own soil.

To you, the Earth and Water of the Motherland, be salutation!
You, we salute.

Earth of India ! altar of our gods,
Footway of our saints,
Foundation of our homes,
Dust of our heroes !

You, the Indian waters,
Vahana of the lotus,
Fountain of joy and coolness,
Symbol of all purity,
Consecration of the temple
And extinguisher of the last dread fire !

India whose sky is temple-dome,
Whose mountains are her pillars,
Whose forests make offerings, whom streams love
And the South wind fans,

One version of this poem appeared in the *Modern Review*, January, 1926. Another version was found in Sister Nivedita's manuscript lying with the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, Calcutta. The poem given above combines these two versions.

In these we worship—Earth and Water !
The cry of the cattle
 Of the parched rice-fields
Of the rivers and the land. Return ! Return !

The blessing of the grass : Be strong, be strong!
 Be patient and endure!

The blessing of the palms : Put on thy crown!
 Lift high thy thoughts!
 Dream lofty dreams!

O Ye whose hope is in your land,
 and your land's hope in you!
And all the Nation answers : We are One!

TWO POEMS

1

The Cry of the Mountain in the Night,
Dark wave the trees, above the head of the great God
The white clouds girdle Him, as with an ocean
Over head, the young moon burns frosty-bright in the bare
star-set sky.
The wind sobs itself to rest, mindful of dying storms.
The night is cold and clear. The Great God sleeps,
And as He sleeps, He dreams.
All this whole world is but a dream of God.

2

Tremble not—child of the future!
Destiny fights with thee,
Shrink not little children of
the nation that is to be.
For the Mother cometh in disorder and
struggle as in order and peace.
Seek Her in the Terror—
Plunge into the ocean of daring!
In madness and the bloodthirst
Earth receives Her foot print.
Fleest thou the touch of Kali
Because She bears a sword?

Touch us, Sword of the Mother
touch us!
Be *ashirbad* to us !

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

OUR CALCUTTA LETTER

THE shadow of the Plague hung over Calcutta all last summer. The deaths on the spot were comparatively few, but there was the prospect of a serious epidemic at the beginning of the cold season. The Brotherhood at Belur, therefore, was much occupied with arrangements for the winter's work in this direction. Plans were made for the organization of the nursing-parties, the distribution of medicines, training of inoculators, and so on. Thanks however to the effective measures taken by the authorities, and to favourable climatic conditions, all fear passed away during the month of September, and those who had been eager to give service were most happily disappointed.

Yet a similar task has absorbed much of the Brothers' time of late. For there has been a good deal of ill-health within the walls of the Math itself, and the younger men have been specially active in attendance on the sick.

The building of the new Math approaches completion, and the consecration is to take place during this month of December. The future Community-House is a simple and well-proportioned building standing on its own land, on the right bank of the Ganges. The work of construction has been performed under the superintendence of a brother, who gave up engineering for Sannyasa, and it has been thoroughly well performed. The broad expanse of the Ganges, the green trees on her banks, and the domes and gardens of Dakshineshwar in the distance form the view from the front of the house. Behind, under the shade of friendly trees, stands the Worship-Room, looking towards the setting sun.

The Ramakrishna Mission has announced the cessation of the weekly meetings for another month, owing to the ill-health of Swami Vivekananda in particular, and to the absence of other monks from indisposition.

The Mission has not been idle, however; for all its available

strength has been devoted to the opening of a girls' school in Bagh Bazar, and fresh activities are in preparation during this period of seeming quiet.

The Swami Vivekananda, since his return from Kashmir has resided almost entirely at the Ramakrishna Mission in Calcutta. His health has been of the worst, and his friends continue to be exceedingly anxious about his condition.

MR. TATA'S SCHEME

WE are not aware if any project at once so opportune and so far-reaching in its beneficent effects was ever mooted in India, as that of the Post-graduate Research University of Mr. Tata. The scheme grasps the vital point of weakness in our national well-being with a clearness of vision and tightness of grip, the masterliness of which is only equalled by the munificence of the gift with which it is ushered to the public.

It is needless to go into the details of Mr. Tata's scheme here. Every one of our readers must have read Mr. Padsha's lucid exposition of them. We shall try to simply state here the underlying principle of it.

If India is to live and prosper and if there is to be an Indian nation which will have its place in the ranks of the great nations of the world, the food question must be solved first of all. And in these days of keen competition it can only be solved by letting the light of Modern Science penetrate every pore of the two giant feeders of mankind—Agriculture and Commerce.

The ancient methods of doing things can no longer hold their own against the daily multiplying cunning devices of the modern

man. He that will not exercise his brain, to get out the most from Nature, by the least possible expenditure of energy must go to the wall, degenerate and reach extinction. There is no escape.

Mr. Tata's scheme paves the path of placing into the hands of Indians this knowledge of Nature—the preserver and the destroyer, the ideal good servant as well as the ideal bad master,—that by having the knowledge, they might have power over her and be successful in the struggle for existence.

By some the scheme is regarded as chimerical, because of the immense amount of money required for it, to wit about 74 lacs. The best reply to this fear is : If one man—and he not the richest in the land—could find 30 lacs, could not the whole country find the rest ? It is ridiculous to think otherwise, when the interest sought to be served is of the paramount importance.

We repeat : No idea more potent for good to the whole nation has seen the light of day in modern India. Let the whole nation therefore, forgetful of class or sect interests, join in making it a success.

THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION ON PLAGUE SERVICE

ON Good Friday, March 31st, Swami Sadananda began work in the Bosepara Bustee, with 7 scavengers.

Thursday, April 6th, our appeal for funds was published in the English papers, and Rs. 235 were added to our fund.

Monday April 10th, we raised our staff to 12.

On Saturday the 15th, we had almost finished the Neekiripara Bustee which was originally in terrible condition. Swamis Shivananda, Nityananda and Atmananda also shared the work of direction with Swami Sadananda, from this time on.

Saturday April 15th, Dr. Mahoney, Dt. Medical Officer, made a second inspection of the work done and spoke very encouragingly.

Monday April 17th, Mr. Bright, Chairman of the Corporation, came and looked at it personally, and on Wednesday the 19th we started work at the earnest request of some residents, on a long-neglected drain in the Moonshi Bazar Bustee at Sealdah. This was a gigantic piece of work, however, and we found it necessary to engage extra coolies in order to carry it through even in that temporary manner which has been possible.

Sunday, April 30th, the Sealdah work ended, as far as it could be done by ourselves and today, May the 1st, our gang has returned to work in its old field of action in and about Ward 1. The actual results to be got from this labour are obviously very small and temporary in character. Yet we feel that it is a privilege we would not readily forgo, to have the chance of doing even so much.

A more permanent value we trust attaches to that movement amongst the students which was inaugurated by Swami Vivekananda's stirring words to them from the chair on the occasion of Sister Nivedita's address at the Classic Theatre, Saturday, April 22nd.

About fifteen students signified their intention of forming themselves into a small band of helpers, for door to door visitation of huts in selected Bustees, for the distribution of sanitary literature and for quiet words of advice and counsel. This little group undertakes to meet on Sundays at the Mission House, 57 Ramkanto Bose's Lane, and we sincerely hope that something steady and earnest, may be the result of it.

This is an appropriate occasion too, to mention the great kindness and sympathy of many influential Brahmos of all sections. This sympathy is likely to bear fruit of an important kind, as a committee is being formed amongst these ladies and gentlemen to take a great step towards the amelioration of conditions for the poor.

Surely one of the great secrets of the weakness of India lies in the fact that the motherland has never in the past found means to voice in any special way her love of the feeble and the outcast and the disinherited amongst her children. Let us pray that we, of this new generation may live to see the beginning of a different state of

things. We mean to hold on to the priceless traditions of our national past, but we mean to create others too, just as good, to feed our national future !

Shri Shri Ramakrishna jayati.

CIVIC CREED

RENUNCIATION, says the Indian proverb, is a fast to some, but a feast to others. The rich men and women who make their homes, in Western cities, amongst the poor and the lowly seem to find it altogether a feast. They scorn the suggestion of sacrifice in it. They have no fear of joy. And in the intercourse which they thus establish between class and class, it would seem that they have added a real and permanent good to the city's life. Is it not perhaps true that we only need to love deeply one class or nation in which we were not born, in order to reach the conception of Humanity ? Of course I am sorry for everyone who does not find himself specially called to the love of India ! But meanwhile, is it not the absolute duty of each one of us, who would make life full and rich for others or for himself, to set out deliberately to serve men of some race or creed or caste that is not his own ? To serve them, too, with fullness of devotion, that shrinks from no lengths of helpfulness ? Was there any moment of Sri Ramakrishna's life so great as those acts of menial service ? Perhaps what we want to remember is that some degree of this blessedness is open to all of us, householders as much as Sannyasins.

Could we not modify to our Indian needs this *Civic Creed* that I find hung in every primary school in Chicago ?

CIVIC CREED

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States and we believe our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great city, and will show our love for her by our works.

Chicago does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women who shall rule over her.

For India cries to us—if ever a land cried to her children—to live for her and for her people, “that every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women.”

A COMILLA LESSON

WHAT lessons do the Comilla incidents teach? One is that under certain circumstances, Pax Britannica is a delusion, and a fool's paradise. Even under ordinary circumstances Pax Britannica *really* does not stand for what it ought to. In plain English a state of peace means security of life and property. Yet during times of peace in the 19th century thirty-two and a half millions of Indians died of famine. How many more millions have died of malarious fever, we do not know. More than four millions have already died of plague during the last decade or so; and today more than seventy-five thousand persons are dying of the same fell disease every week. These are the victims of peace. When did war demand a heavier sacrifice? And we must remember that as causes of death, famine, malarious fevers and plague are all

preventible.. As to security of property, never did Nadir Shah, Timur the Lame, and other plunderers take away so much wealth from India, as, year after year, quietly, bloodlessly and legally, is drained away to foreign shores to enrich the foreigner, and indirectly to bring about the death of India's children by famine and plague. In former days plunder and killing were deliberate; now killing is not intentional and as to plunder we are willing to give the foreigner the benefit of the doubt; but we grow poor and die all the same. The other difference is that in times of war men die like men, in times of peace they die like flies. But it is not of this that we wish to speak. What we wish to point out is that though our Government has deprived us of arms, yet sometimes its officers cannot or do not protect us in days of trouble. The remedy is for every one, man, woman and child, to learn to use the lathi, the only weapon left to us, for self-defence—until at any rate the benign goddess Pax Britannica orders us to lay down the lathi also and take every beating lying down. Then we shall have to think of other means of self-defence. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

JAPAN AND KOREA

INDIAN readers cannot watch too closely the accounts which come from the unfortunate Empire of Korea, of the Japanese and their treatment of that country. It is well known how the Emperor of Korea has been compelled to abdicate and how the Japanese Resident-General in that country is now practically the Emperor. It is well-known, too, how the Korean delegation could get no hearing at the Hague Conference. The delegation say: "The Japanese are behaving in Korea like savages. They are permitting all kinds

of barbarities against property and against the people, especially the women."

What we see here is no friendly suzerainty, no chivalrous protection of the rights of a neighbour against foreign aggression, but on the contrary, an invasion and spoliation so cruel, so cold, so pitiless, that it is more like brigandage than anything that we remember even in the blood-curdling annals of imperialization. Japan is behaving to a sister people, not many years ago her superior in prestige, as Spain behaved in Mexico, almost as Belgium the other day, in the Valley of the Congo. Greater were the mercy of the wolf for the kid, greater the clemency of a tigress with starving cubs. Which things are a parable, for we see here the heart that Japan has for Asiatic countries.

INDIAN NATIONAL IDEALS

A BRIEF STATEMENT OF SOME POINTS

I. What is our civic ideal? That the people should do the work of their country and not merely enjoy.

What is the work of the nation? Our work is threefold:

1. To love the soil and water of the land we live in.
2. To realize the highest ideal, each in his own way.
3. To share in the whole life of humanity—national or international.

With regard to the first point :

We should love the soil of the country. (In this is included our religion which is the product of the land we live in.) We must do some work for the country each in his own humble way. Everybody cannot do work on an elaborate scale. But each can, if he likes, help in the growth of the country in his own way. India requires industrial regeneration and for this purpose, a band of workers.

With regard to the second point :

We have here a solemn duty to perform—each one of us should try to realize the highest ideal each in his own way. To think of certain ideals as the exclusive possession of a man or of a nation is vulgarity, according to the Hindus. The superiority of Hinduism lies in the fact that it acknowledges *religious freedom*. It never claims certain ideals as the exclusive possession of a particular sect. It is a comprehensive religion. Now, religious freedom may be positive or negative. Western ideals say—Do unto others the thing you would like to be done towards you. While Eastern ideals say — Do *not* unto others the things you would not like to see others do to you. This fact shows the liberality and the comprehensiveness of the Hindu religion.

With regard to the third point :

We must expand our narrow self. Our duty should be to share in the whole life of humanity—national or international. One cannot be a cosmopolitan unless one be a nationalist. And to become a nationalist, we must extend our narrow self.

II. Now as regard the *ideal of the soil* we gather from the life of the common people as well as from the *Bhagawat-Gita*, that the ideal is purity. It is difficult to bring out clearly all that is implied in the word Purity. But it may be provisionally defined as learning to regard things and people not as instruments or objects for our enjoyment, but as ends in themselves. Towards this ideal, we must move on. There are some who worship God from some inferior motive. They do not regard God as end in Himself, but try to use Him as their agent. Nothing could be more erroneous than this idea of worship.

There was a man in Norway (in spirit a Brahmin) who went a long way in winter to see a waterfall. But after being able to see the beauty of Nature he exclaimed that he had no right to praise God for the beauty of the waterfall, unless it were equally possible

for him to praise Him, if God so pleased that he should be dashed to pieces by the falling of overhanging rocks while he was having a good view of the waterfall. This furnishes us with a lesson that God should be treated as an end in Himself and not as a mere agent. So also we must not regard anything else as a means to an end. In other words, we must work for work's sake — i.e., for the carrying out of our ideal. And this is possible only when we do not set any unduly high value on this life as an instrument of enjoyment.

CONVERSATION AT CHINTADRIPFT LITERARY SOCIETY, MADRAS

Sister Nivedita : I have infinite hope for India. The people are bewildered by necessities they do not yet understand, but I cannot doubt that they are fully equal to the ultimate solution of every problem presented to them.

One of the great destinies that I foresee is that the Vedanta philosophy will give to Europe a rejustification for religious belief with regard to Christianity. Christian doctrine in Europe has been abandoned. We are, at it were, in a dilemma. The Indian mind will help us out of this dilemma.

Q. What about the idolatry of the Indian people?

S.N. There is no such thing as idolatry in India. The word is a gross libel. India, religiously, is like a University which is strengthened by having the

Kindergarten stages of every study incorporated. These very idolators will be the first to worship the great Yogi who has actually realized that there is no personal God. Realized this, I mean, in the sense in which St. Teresa may be said to have realized it in her ecstasies. Christianity is fundamentally true. It cannot be touched by any demonstration of the unhistorical character of any records. But Christianity to my mind is false when it declares that no other religion is true. The creeds are beautiful in their own time and place but outside of their place they are terrible. Christianity is beautiful as an emancipation. It is horrible as a bondage.

Q. What will be your future work in India?

S. N. My life is given to India. In it I shall live and die.

CHICAGO NOTES

I

HERE I am at last, not only in the West, but in the very heart of America, in this great capital city of the Western States ! How curiously different from India, that life of which one has been part, ever since the night we came in sight of Southern Italy and saw the lamp-light of cottage-homes across the water of the Mediterranean ! That was Europe—the West, and this is but an extension of Europe. Here we think the same thoughts and face to some extent the same problems as on those far-off shores of Sicily and Greece—the problem of the Perfecting of Life, the External Freedom of Man. And so near to them stands Port Said, the gate-way of the East ! Only separated from Europe by a few hundred miles of sea, but by what an infinitude of thought ! On that side all that follows from the fact that liberty of social relations has never seemed the goal of evolution, that there man has valued life always for the Freedom of the Soul.

On this side, the red cap tossed into the air and the gay cry of hope and courage to the words “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity”—the greatest political generalization the world has ever heard : On that, the grave salutation with hands touching the head, the attitude of meditation, the whole world turned into a church carrying these kingdoms in its wake. Truly it was not ill-named, that Sea called the Middle of the Earth, since the destinies of Humanity north and south of it seem directly opposed through all the past. Here in America we have Europe concentrated. It is the land of foreigners. I am at this moment staying in a house that stands on the frontiers of several contingent colonies. On one side stretches the Jewish Quarter—the Ghetto; in another direction are the Italians; yet again, Scandinavians cluster thickly. When one has been out and stops to enquire the way, on the road homeward, he may count himself lucky if the man he accosts chance to understand English ! These people

are not Americans—poverty or persecution, emigration, escape are amongst the vivid experiences of life for them. Probably they will never breathe the air of freedom without that sense of relief and almost of surprise, mingled with regret for some old home-land, the longing to touch hands again with ancient friends. They are not, and never will be, Americans—no, but their children are. There never was, probably, a national idea of such rapid assimilation. The second generation exactly, and it is realized ! It is almost pathetic to see the man of Russian or Norwegian or German birth contend, in talk, for the glory of America. “But you are not American !” you remind him. “Why should you care ?” “I am not American,” he answers readily. “But my children are !” As to what the idea is, however, which has such absorbing power, I am by no means sure. Liberty is a large part of it. So much is certain. Indeed this principle has long ago ceased to be a social conception only in this country. It has soaked down, now, into the national and individual consciousness, as an ethical, a spiritual truth. The motive of obligation seems to have almost disappeared from social life. Here, I am on a visit. Yet I come and go at my own hours. If I stay out to dinner, I am welcomed home again without a reproach, almost without expectation of an apology. And every member of a family is on the same terms, and beyond even this, friend makes no demand on friend. Whatever may be the natural expression of your nature seems to be accepted without a murmur, without a criticism, as it is intended. Are you silent and retiring ? Some one admires your dignity and repose. Are you exaggerated and emphatic ? Some one loves your enthusiasm. There is less of asking-for-change-in-personality-before-admiration-can-be-given than I could ever have imagined possible as a characteristic of society.

And though a great deal of this is instinctive no doubt, it is also conscious enough to be deepened in power. The worker who claims freedom of one sort or another as indispensable, at once is understood, and his claim is respected. And I have thought sometimes that the word “Liberty” is mentioned in a tone apart, as if it were enshrined in many a heart as the great symbol of Religion, the great passion of life.

As a ship enters New York Harbour it has to pass under a huge pedestal built on an island on which stands a bronze figure, the Statue of Liberty, presented to the people of the United States by France. It is indeed an offering worthy of two historic nations.

From the tip of the toe that peeps out under her garment, to the crown of stars on the august brow, she is all beauty, strength and courage. And as one actually passes her, the strong right arm, with its torch uplifted seems to wave for a moment, in a great world-cheer. How many hopeless, fleeing from lands of sorrow, passing thus, almost within touch of the feet of the Virgin Goddess, have been heartened to the struggle, comforted by the thought of the vast new land and the wide future that lay before them ! There can be no doubt whatever that Liberty fails at some point, even in this country, but I, who am new to America, have not had time yet to see the boundary to her conception of the term, and I welcome with a mighty joy, that extension of meaning which I really perceive that she has given to the world.

But there is more than this in that impulse which has such compelling power in this land, to make a man one with its people. Is Equality, is Fraternity, part and parcel of the social consciousness? I do not know. Equality is not, of course, realized here—it is not, I take it, realized in any country in the world, as a country. It is one of those supreme truths which only a Free Soul here and there in the whole of Humanity has grasped. But it does mean something here. The lady's maid, doing her mistress' hair (for this in Europe, is a menial office!), the carpenter coming to hear your wishes, talk as those who have never thought themselves inferior. It has not occurred to them. They are a free folk, bent on remunerative service freely. A livelihood must be earned, but there is no loss of self-respect in that fact. Some degree of Equality is evidently real. And for Fraternity,—there was never, at least, a people so helpful ! This is evident in little things as well as in big. A man landing on these shores as a stranger, and applying for some appointment that he saw advertised, received the following reply:—"I cannot offer you the post, but I see from your letter that you are a stranger, without money. I was once the same. I enclose ten dollars to give you time to make a start. Don't trouble about my name. When you have succeeded, help someone else in the same way." And such an incident has its thousands of fellows. Is this a great people or not ?

II

In domestic life, too, there is a readiness to turn to, and make

the individual task lighter by sharing it—a tendency to consider work as fun.

In the elementary schools, where the great mass of American children are educated, one sees the same beauty of architecture and ornament as in the homes of the rich—photographs of great pictures and beautiful buildings, and casts of the wonderful sculptures of ancient Greece. The wealthy go to Europe to buy these things and their houses are adorned with them, but the same choice objects are considered perfectly appropriate to the education of the poorest; and teachers contrive ways and means of bringing them in reach.

I have never seen a more charmingly-planned home in my life than that just round the corner here, where workingwomen board at low rates, on the co-operative scale. In England such homes exist, many of them, but the attractiveness of the reception rooms in this, would there be considered appropriate only to the highest classes. Does this not speak of a respect and equality which is quite real? However rigorously certain persons may exclude certain others from their social intercourse, it would never occur to them, nevertheless, that they might assume their desire for a lower standard of comfort or refinement.

But here, perhaps, we come upon the most potent of all factors in the Americanizing force—the frank enjoyment of life. This is a civilization in which every man is struggling to succeed, many have a chance of succeeding, and where all who do so know that their possession of the highest spiritual and intellectual gifts will be held as proved by that fact! The result is a childlike frankness of materialism. “How can India have all this Truth,” one man asked me quite seriously, “when the Plague comes there?” That a man may sometimes hold aloof from choosing a profession, out of a sincere desire to devote himself to larger ends, is another of the ideas which would be held as axioms in older countries, but are difficult for the American mind to grasp.

Work and succeed, succeed and enjoy! Something of this sort is the unspoken motto of life here. And new feet are quickly drawn to join in the mad race for wealth, luxury and pleasure.

Yet in her women America has reached a height which all the culture and religion of other countries has not enabled them to reach. I have been here only a few months, yet already I have met, in my own personal circle, four of the women whom a whole continent might be proud to have produced.

One of them is the mistress of this house—and this is a Social Settlement. Let me describe it first. Hull House must once have been the home of a wealthy merchant, comfort and beauty have both being considered in the building of the oldest part of it: today it stands in the heart of Chicago slums, and this old dwelling is now only the central feature of a mass of buildings which include a lecture-hall, a gymnasium, a work-shop, a concert-room, a school, and a host of other things. There is a nursery, too, where mothers going out to a day's work may leave their babies, and near by is the home for workingwomen of which I spoke before, while last but not least is an excellent coffee-house, or restaurant, where good and well-cooked food may be had at the lowest prices, most attractively served. And all the clubs and classes and manifold activities that are housed under the roof are served by some twenty men and women who make their home in the central building. I am a guest here just now, and never in my life have I dreamt of anything quite like this. To begin with, there are innumerable calls at the front door. Any one who is at hand is expected to fulfil any request that he can, and I have been proud, when occasion offered, to act as Durwan. But it was little use. For I had no idea of what to do with the people I admitted. One—poor woman!—wanted food, and someone came presently and sent her to the house-keeper. Another needed hospital-assistance, and it took a doctor's clear head to unravel his perplexity. Someone else required the personal advice of a particular resident at once on his family affairs. The next case consisted of four or five persons who arrived close upon each other's heels, to be shown round: and so on and so forth. And I was Durwan only ten or fifteen minutes!

Then in the evening, there are so many classes and clubs and lectures and concerts going on at the same time, in different parts of the house, that one can never be sure of seeing any one person once in the course of a whole day except at meals. The ceaseless, tireless activity of it is more like a kaleidoscope than anything else. And yet at the head of it all sits a woman with quiet grey eyes, who never seems disturbed! She is, if anyone ever was, an embodiment of that "Wise one amongst men, the Yogi and the doer of all action, who sees *inaction in the midst of action.*" Ten years ago her passion for the People called this house together, conceived the idea, and gave a fortune to the expression of it. Today, other fortunes have followed hers, it has grown and developed: a small army of workers

make its ideals their own; she is leader of almost every section of the foreign population round her: and apparently it has never occurred to her that the secret of the whole thing lies in her personality! She is quiet, clear-headed, and most unassuming. She writes well and lectures well, yet there is never a stray paper on her writing-desk; she is the head of the house, yet none ever hears the tone of irritation or authority; above all, she is a good woman who keeps herself surrounded by good people, without becoming the victim of any person or clique, or the mistress of any community or individual. One asked her of the motive of work such as this—"to bring the benefits of civilization and other good things to those who might otherwise have been unable to share them,"—she answered quietly.

How I wish we in India could get our scheme of model Bustees started, and could have a Hull House in every model Bustee!

For the benefit of men we should not need an actual house—a large open hall with well-projecting eaves and the regular old Indian gymnastics free to all—morning and evening. Outside, the well-kept grass and the blossoming fruit-trees, surrounded by decent well-built homes of the simplest kind.

And then, for the women, a Hull House of a quiet kind, pleasant rooms, and books and pictures—*Indian*, every one of them—and simple gymnastics, and a manual training school! One's heart beats fast at the prospect and the assurance rises that it shall be realized—the day shall come when material difficulties shall cease to be all-important and we Indian men and women for the Indian people, shall be allowed to start a scheme such as this. When it comes, would it not be a worthy thought to name our first women's home after this American woman—my first friend here amongst strangers in the Indian Cause—Jane Addams?

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND REVIEWS

IN MEMORIAM : PAVHARI* BABA OF GHAZIPUR

WE cannot allow the first number of the new issue of *Prabuddha Bharata* to go out without some memorial of the passing-away, on June the 10th last, of one of the greatest Hindu Saints of post-Vedic times.

On that morning, Pavhari Baba of Ghazipur, who had spent some thirty years in continuous worship was set free from physical existence.

It is said that even in his death this great Sadhu ran out, as it were, to meet the footsteps of the Lord, himself sprinkling the incense, and finding his funeral pyre in the sacrificial flames of his ordinary worship.

To know that renunciation is indeed complete, so that the very means of sacrifice may itself become a part of the offering, is given to few, even of Indian saints; none could have stronger title to such a grace than he who had found in the bite of a cobra only 'a messenger from the Beloved.'

It was a life all athrob with the ecstasy of God, a life to which the separateness and contraction of earthly conditions must have been a long sacrament of self-surrender. We believe that its closing act unlocks great hidden stores of spiritual force, which shall stream forth amongst the nations, electrifying sleeping souls everywhere, till the God within answers to the shock. The name of Pavhari Baba will yet be of vast significance : 'he being dead yet speaketh.'

Well may the sons and daughters of our land worship this mighty Yogin, kissing the very dust in thanks to the Voice that spoke, and glory to him who answered, but these few weeks ago, the welcome summons of release.

*Pava-ahari 'one who lives upon air' as he used to pass months together in Samadhi, without food.

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IN MEMORIAM : SWAMI SWARUPANANDA

IT is with deep sorrow that I hear of the death of the Swami Swarupananda, head of the Mayavati Ashrama, and Editor of the *Prabuddha Bharata*. The loss is too recent and too irreparable to be summed up adequately in such a note as the present. The Swami was about 38 years of age, having taken Sannyasa from the hands of the Swami Vivekananda early in the year 1898. Within a few months of this event he was placed in charge of the Himalayan centre, and made Editor of the *Prabuddha Bharata*, and he had continued faithfully to discharge the many duties connected with these responsibilities, and loyally to fulfil the various relations involved in them, ever since. To those who knew him best, he seemed to be full of ripe power, ready for great service in the spread of the philosophy to which his life was given. He was a Sanskrit scholar of no mean promise, and a devoted student of Shankaracharya. In the world, he had been a high-caste Brahmin, and amongst other undertakings had been Editor of the *Dawn Magazine*. What the Swami Vivekananda thought of him is best seen in the fact that he judged it well to give him Sannyasa, when he entered the Belur Math, without requiring him to pass through the usual preliminary stage of Brahmacharya. This estimate he fully justified, by the steadiness and stern devotion of the years that followed. To those who came to him to learn of meditation and Yoga, he was a most kind and patient teacher, with a wonderful ability to lift and aid. To those who leaned on him in the hour of trial, he gave unfaltering tenderness and protection. And to all alike his life made visible those ideals of purity and austerity which were ever the objects of his passionate quest. Nor were these things in him the expression of that cowardice which too often goes amongst us by the name of spirituality. He had a strong intellectual grasp of all the problems of the day, and was unflinching in his outlook upon their solution.

It is impossible for us who knew the Swami Swarupananda, and stand now contemplating his career, broken off thus suddenly in the height of its promise, to think of finality in death. The door has

opened into a deeper silence, into a more perfect solitude, and the brave spirit, ever thirsting for intensity of self-abnegation, has hastened to enter in. But in that highest Sannyasa of death the spiritual experience—ingathered here at so keen a cost of living!—can but germinate and come to its fullness of bursting vigour, ready for new effort and new giving, with still more abundant sympathy and knowledge, when the moment shall come for its return to the world of men and service, here on Earth.

THE FIRST CITIZEN OF BENGAL

THERE is no son or daughter of India who will not take the untimely loss of Mr. A. M. Bose as an irreparable bereavement. To many it will seem like a personal loss, for he had a gift, far above the common, of giving himself closely and entirely to those who sought his counsel or asked his service. And these were innumerable. Indeed, to some of those who knew him best it may seem as if a less untiring helpfulness, a more discriminating generosity in giving himself, might have kept him longer in our midst. The fruit was ripe, it is true, but might it not have hung longer on the tree? A full ten years too soon, we have lost one of the noblest sons of the Motherland.

Mr. A. M. Bose's public career and its distinctions are known to all of us. They are in all men's mouths; and if a measure of his ability is needed, we may find it in the words of Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, who, after having seen Mr. Bose conduct a political meeting for him, exclaimed: "If that man would only stay in England, he might rise to be Prime Minister!" But brilliant as was his mind, the supreme value of his life to his own country lies in the fact that his *character* towered high above it. Gifted with the full Hindu measure of the capacity for sainthood, he nevertheless set his face freely towards the realization of citizenship instead. His whole mind was concentrated on his country, and even more than his mind, his heart. This was so much the case indeed, that in the years of illness which have now ended fatally, his thought was constantly upon public affairs, and this fact was felt by his family as a serious difficulty in nursing him. He would weep as he read the news of the day, and no personal sorrow seemed to touch him like those magnified and extended tragedies which today are so closely associated with the name of India. It is the love and incorruptibility of such souls as this that form the best promise of the present for the mourning Motherland. I write as a disciple of a movement which feels that his devotion and disinterestedness were not the only things for which we, the followers

of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, will do well to honour the name of A.M. Bose. Over and above this, his was the realization of that universality of sympathy, that catholicity of heart, which to us are as a watch-word. His was the position of President in the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, of which the Swami Vivekananda, as a young man, was a formal member. He belonged, in fact, to a sect, and in a sense to a rival sect to that of the disciples of Ramakrishna. Yet his was the first handshake of welcome to greet our great leader when he landed in Calcutta on his return from the West. The Swami Vivekananda never forgot this fact. "All fight between us was forgotten, and all he could remember was that an Indian had done something!" This was not, probably, either the first or the last time that Mr. A. M. Bose showed such large-heartedness. For it was no effort to him, but came freely and spontaneously. Indeed he could not have imagined feeling or acting differently. But on this occasion, he met with one as generous as himself to understand the rarity of such brotherhood.

A stern sense of justice and inflexible integrity were Mr. Bose's characteristics in dealing with authority. He never let things slide or called laziness by the name of mercy. He withdrew his name from the University Text-Book Committee, when it framed rules that he felt honest men could not condone. And the most pitiful feature of the Senate of the Calcutta University, under the new Act, was, in Bengali eyes, its attempt to constitute itself without his presence.

Of his connection with the cause of nationality, it is needless to speak. Such devotion as his makes of it a religion. Those who were present at the burning-ghat, on the morning of the 21st of August, saw in that place on the heart where the men of more favoured countries might have worn their Sovereign's decorations, in that place where the Sadhu might have held his Gita and his beads, in that place where many of us carry the Ishtam, nothing more than a scrap of embroidered silk bearing the inscription —*Bande Mataram*. Nor does anyone need to be reminded of the great ceremony of the 16th of October last year in which the foundation-stone of the Federation Hall was laid in his name and in which his presence and his part will for ever ensure that the spot shall be looked upon as an altar, the day as a sacred anniversary. Whenever he passed that place afterwards, he said to someone, he made a silent salutation. For verily, he could not but

regard it as the most sacred of all the temples of the Motherland. He had come there from his deathbed, he told the people, and his words have proved to be only too true. But now that this first of our standard-bearers has fallen, shall not a thousand leap forward to carry into the fire of battle those colours, he held so high ?

The permanence of a movement, said the Swami Vivekananda is a question of the *character* it represents. Let us who are called by a religious name be the first to acknowledge that the great civic ideal which A. M. Bose, and the men standing round him and owning his influence, have built up amongst us, when judged by this test, promises a mighty future. Let us take this life, so unspotted in its record, so noble in its achievement, and, by loving imitation, let us make it our own. It is possible for Indian men to be great citizens and loyal sons of India, for here is one who has done it. May he be but the first of a great new Order.

Ave atque vale ! Hail and farewell ! So said the Latin peoples to their honoured dead. But for us, here, there shall be no *vale* ! Rather in each civic and national hero of the future shall we feel that we have a right to greet once more the departed greatness of Ananda Mohan Bose. For he went first along that road, where to follow him, in the after-time, there shall be many millions.

Let us make our own his incorruptibility, his chivalry for the defenceless and unknown, and, above all, his stern passion for righteousness. And we may rest assured that if we can make of ourselves such characters, there is no power on earth that can defeat us. For freedom cannot be achieved without free hearts and free minds, nor, to men who have these, can it be long refused. Blessed are these, for they force open the Kingdom of Heaven, and all the world enters in their wake.

And so in the beautiful words of the Hindu benediction, may it be unto him "Peace ! Peace ! Peace !" and may he attain the fulfilment of his heart's desire: (तोमार इच्छा पूर्ण होकृ : let your wishes be fulfilled.)

ROMESH CHANDRA DUTT

IT is an old and seemly rule that says, *of the dead, nothing but good!* And there is, to our own mind, something a trifle ungracious and indecorous, however intellectually brilliant it may sound, in the criticism that would weigh and measure too closely its praise of one, himself so generous as Romesh Chandra Dutt. Young India cannot rear the temple of the future on sounder foundations than those of reverence and gratitude, and it would be nobler to err on the side of warmth, than to prove oneself only a thought too cold, in adjudging the merits of the great soul that has just passed.

In all that is said of Romesh Chandra Dutt, the one thing that seems to be left out of view is the age in which he rose. Time after time he has told me, with mingled shame and amusement, of the mental atmosphere in which his childhood passed. It was a world in which a poet thought it proper to write in French and English. It was a world so saturated with certain conceptions, that the future civilian and his brothers and sisters showed their public spirit by standing at the window on *Bijaya* day, to count the images going to the Ganges, and mourning and lamenting if these were more, or rejoicing if they were fewer, than at the same time the year before! If we are all aware, today, of further elements in the Procession of the Images, than those of mere religious forms, if we understand something of the civic life that goes with it, and the proud history of Pataliputra and of Gour that speaks through it, let us not forget how high amongst the forces that have brought this home to us, stands Romesh Dutt himself.

He had none to lead him in the path of nationality. Gradually, he said, as he worked on from point to point, he began to see the greatness of his own country and his own people, and the solidarity and distinctness of their cause. Gradually, he understood the immensity of the *Indian* world and atmosphere, and by no violent cataclysm of the spirit, but little by little, following the thread of truth, he found himself at last in the opposite camp to that of his early pre-conceptions. But the determining factor in this process, as

anyone but himself could see, was the strong true *heart*, that had always stood shoulder to shoulder with his own; the heart of a free man, who followed that which he saw to be good, and aped no foreign ways, as such; the heart of one who was too proud to be courtier or sycophant, and who knew not how to be petty or ashamed. Romesh Chandra Dutt, notwithstanding the towering success of his life, kept to the end, the simplicity of true greatness.

The splendid pluck that carried him and his two friends off to England, in their boyhood, as runaways, turned into the ringing cheer of his presence, in mature age. But his generosity was always the same. He never forgot to tell either that he owed the idea of the adventure,—like many other ideas that had contributed to his success—to his friend B.L. Gupta; or that the money that took him was a sister's dower. And the same quality of cheeriness and brightness had yet another and most pathetic development, when I met him for the last time in England more than a year ago, and heard him say, with beaming smiles of self-gratulation, "A new world has risen, in India, and my day is done ! The boys listen to me with politeness, of course, for the sake of the past ! But a new day has dawned in India and mine is past !" "My day is past !" If one had only known that one would never hear that voice again ! But no ! Life would be intolerable, if every moment carried full knowledge of its content of pathos and farewell. And in truth, the day of souls like his is never ended. Woe be to that land and that people where they shall cease to be born !

The writing of "Civilization in Ancient India" was one of the turning-points in his career. To have begun such a task at all, shows the marvellous energy and courage that was never contented to give a day's labour for a day's bread, but must for ever be doing more than the bond laid down. And having begun, he found himself being re-created by his own work. The task of writing was a task of self-education. It was the inception of the second great intellectual influence of his life. All his great influences were literary. The first had lain in English literature, when he and his two comrades, Surendranath Banerjee and B.L. Gupta, would sit up in their London lodgings, reading Shelley aloud till three in the morning, in sheer delight; or when he, recovering from an illness, read Gibbon for the first time, and in the cosmic mind of England's greatest historian found his own Guru. And the second was his discovery of the *Indian mind*, as revealed in ancient history and

literature. It is a platitude to say of a book like this that it is being out-dated. It was never a work of original scholarship. It never professed or attempted to be anything of the kind. Even if it had been, it would still have been out-dated some day. A subject that is itself growing, cannot, till a certain stage is reached in the accumulation of data, produce immortal literature. This book was intended as an exposition to India and to the world, of the national glory. It was never meant to be more than a popular *résumé*. It is high praise to be able to say of it that it has been so carefully put together, with such fullness and precision of detail, that as a book of reference, and as a memorial of the viewpoints reached from time to time, it is difficult to imagine its ever passing completely out of use.

Having discovered the Indian mind, Mr. Dutta, in his daily work, began to explore it. It gradually dawned on him that the simple unlettered Indian brain was far broader and more catholic in its ideals and outlook than the European. "I have really come to think," he said to some of us, one day, in a slow puzzled way, "that our people are *more* universal in their ideas than the English ! I almost think, if they had a chance, that they would *better* justify education !" In other words, he had discovered that the ancient civilization and literature had been merely a product of the same energy that still lives, and still creates, in its ancient home !

His voluminous publications had lifted him to a position of great distinction amongst his fellow-civilians. But the simple sincerity and straightforwardness of the man is seen in the fact that he wrote no more for an English world. He now began to feed the Indian mind with that food that he saw it needed, the *Rig-Veda* in the vernacular, and Indian history and social problems in the form of Bengali novels. When next he wrote in English, it was by way of expostulation, or for the whole of India. His was no itching desire for the admiration of the foreigner.

As an administrator, it is difficult to understand in what sense he was second-rate. At the age of 28, he re-organized Barisal, after the Dakkhin Shahbazpur tidal wave of 1876. When he was magistrate of Maimensingh, crime fell, there, to two-thirds of what it has been before and since. And for what more he was, as an administrator, let Baroda answer, or let the families whom he has relieved in famine, answer ! One had only to stand in the presence of Romesh Dutt to know what a just and merciful judge, what a wise ruler and

father, he would be. To the honour of the Bengali race, be it said, that in this, he was thoroughly representative of his countrymen, not even head and shoulders, perhaps, above many in capacity. It can only be said, that he had the opportunity, of which many are worthy. But he did nothing to lessen that opportunity for others. "You're a very fine fellow, Dutt ! But you're not a bit finer than tens of thousands of Bengalis !" I heard A.O. Hume say to him once, and no one could have assented to the second part of the statement, so warmly as he to whom it was addressed. Before we begin to classify administrators, let us remember that this is one of the chief tasks in which brilliance is not nearly so distinguished as *quietness*. Romesh Chandra Dutt had the qualities of a most distinguished, because an absolutely quiet, ruler. He inspired all who approached him with the conviction of his benevolence, and filled them with confidence in his wisdom and gentleness.

As an economist, he was probably more up to date than his own countrymen are quite prepared to understand. His economics were not gathered, to any great extent, from foreign books. And thereby they avoided many errors ! He knew well enough that rice is better than money, that a high price for grain means poverty for the farmer, and many another fundamental fact that would completely change our economics if duly assimilated. His were the economics of facts, the economics of the peasant-statesman, the wisdom of the king, of an agrarian and socialistic people. In Indian economics, his name will be remembered, when others are long forgotten.

In work, his industry was appalling. As his fellow-guest, on one of the Norwegian fiords, when he was writing the "Economic History," I can remember how his only recreation consisted of the long evenings spent in boating or in music, and the hour after the forenoon sea-bathing, when he would come to the verandah, to eat a little fruit, while one of us would read to the others, the last instalment of his work. I have even wakened at night, sometimes, to see the candle-light streaming through the half-open door, and catch a glimpse of the head bowed over its manuscript, at the other end of the great music-room, when he had lain sleepless for hours, and risen to work ! It was to do the work that he thought he could do for his country, by writing books, that he renounced his appointment, with its large salary, at the earliest possible moment, and retired to spend even his pension, in the further philanthropy of

publishing his works !

In London, late in 1900, and throughout 1901, it was the pleasure and privilege of my friends and myself, to see much of Mr. Dutt, in many ways; and one felt more and more, in his calm disinterestedness, in his loneliness, and in his concentration, that as his forefathers had gone to the forest to live the life of the Vanaprastha, for the development of the self, so here was one, leading the same life, in the forest of bricks and mortar, for the development of his people. "You ask if I will go with you to so-and-so," he wrote to me once, of a journey that I knew to be very disagreeable, "only to speak for ten minutes on India ? But I would go into a tiger's cage for that !" Unassuming, simple, generous to a fault, the expression might be modern, but the greatness within was the ancient greatness. Romesh Chandra Dutt was a man of his own people. The object of all he ever did was not his own fame, but the uplifting of India. That gained, what matters it to him, the illustrious dead, whether a book or two more or less, live or die ? But it matters to his countrymen, matters to all eternity, that they should not fail in his need of reverent salutation, that the voice of criticism should be hushed, and cleverness stand silent, while they carry to the funeral-fire, one who stands amongst the fathers of the future, one who dreamt high dreams and worked at great things untiringly, yet left behind him, before his country's altar, no offering so noble, no proof of her greatness so incontrovertible, as that one thing of which he never thought at all, his own character and his own love !

THE HINDU MIND IN MODERN SCIENCE

It has been said of Professor J.C. Bose that his modesty is so great that when he gives a scientific demonstration, only his equals in the world of science could gather that the discoveries he is describing are his own. This reserve of our great countryman has, we fear, served us but a sorry turn in making us leave to our brethren of the West any real appreciation of his importance. For the "Paper on the Response of Inorganic Matter to Stimulus," which we publish elsewhere, speaks for itself, to all who are not quite ignorant of Biological science, of the vastness of his research, and its overwhelming distinction.

Since the foundations of the modern science of Biology were laid, there has been a continuous effort to define its sphere of enquiry by establishing final distinctions between all animate matter on the one hand, and all inanimate on the other. In obvious accordance with Western habits of thought, the broad facts have been indicated by saying that 'vital force' was present in one case, and absent in the other. But all efforts to arrive at the ultimate differential of this 'vitality' proved abortive. Chemical compounds supposed to be peculiar to organic bodies were gradually found capable of manufacture in the laboratory. It was difficult to define limits of self-locomotive capability for instance in such a way as to include all plants and animals and exclude all crystals, all cases of magnetization, gravitation and the rest. Even a process so highly complex as that of growth has been found to reproduce itself amongst inorganic substances under certain experimental conditions. It appeared that science herself was compelled at each step to destroy that after which she had pursued. Under these circumstances, another mode of enquiry presented itself. If the differences between a given body in the state of life, and the same in a condition of death, could be determined, it was felt that the solution of the question, what constitutes vital force? would at least be reached. For to the mind of the West (unless it be perhaps in Germany), after nearly three hundred years of enquiry, it is not yet evident that the

process of science is that of establishing the essential unity of all things. Here again the quest of ultimate distinctions proved extremely disappointing. The atom did not seem different either chemically or physically, and yet all its potentialities were changed.

At last it was believed, however, that the discovery was made. It was found that under electric tests any living tissue, such as muscle or nerves would, as long as it was alive, give a certain indication, known as its 'response', when pinched or irritated. When it was dead, however, the tissue would no longer give this response. Even vegetable tissues, if an electric current were applied to them, would give the indication in a way which implied that their structure was open to the passage of the current, and possibly capable, like the animal, of translating all stimulus into the electrical form. When dead, the plant again failed to give any response at all.

This being the accepted state of knowledge and theory on the subject, Professor Bose in his Friday evening discourse, given on the 10th of May last before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, showed that he had obtained the same response from metals that had hitherto been thought peculiar to so-called 'living matter' ! Not content, however, with the mere demonstration of the fact, our Indian man of science followed the enquiry into every nook and corner, and showed that metals could undergo the 'death change' as well as animal tissue, that they gave the same indication of its occurrence, in a complete cessation of response, that this occurred under similar conditions of heat and cold, of overstrain, and even of *poisoning*; that metals exhibited fatigue, and that under continuous stimulation they appeared to suffer from the 'pins and needles' sensation so well known to us all ! Work like this it is given to few men in a decade to perform, but this is by no means all that Professor Bose was able to lay bare. Taking the transitional world of plants he showed that here also a *mechanical* irritation, like pinching, tapping, or twisting, was translated into an *electric* response just as was the case with muscle. Not only was the steel wire made the equivalent of the nerve, but the stalk of a flower, may, it appears, act simply as a wire !

This was, we should expect, a fairly large demand to make upon the imagination and sympathy of that great audience with which our countryman had to deal. But Professor Bose appears to have gone further still and to have done a great deal to show that metals may respond to light in much the same manner as the inner

surface of the eyeball.

We understand that Dr. Bose is bringing out a book which is to deal in greater detail than was possible on this occasion with his vast discoveries. If so, it should be worthy to stand beside some of our Sanskrit literature as a clear demonstration of that doctrine of unity which happens to have been the discovery of Dr. Bose's nation. The fact that it is so, is sufficient proof that modern science is not a flight beyond the scope of our old Indian intellect. All the resources of a twentieth century laboratory combined, serve only to demonstrate that the work of our fathers was of the first quality. The fact that India today has produced a man equal to repeating the old achievement, proves that we have still the capacity to do our fathers' work. Why, then, should Jagdish Chander Bose stand alone? What he has done, hundreds of our boys may yet succeed in emulating, for the quality of work displayed is a national quality; this kind of concentration of life and thought is something that India pre-eminently perhaps can give, and the tendency of his thesis is nothing if not national.

We cannot understand, however, such discoveries as this being readily welcomed by the nations whose habits of thought are contravened by them. We should expect that such a Paper as that which we publish, was like a small boat launched to be the forerunner of a great fleet, and if the world of European science refuses to accept our Professor's dictum without a struggle, we of India at least shall thank them for an opportunity of gauging his full strength.

IN MEMORIAM : SARA CHAPMAN BULL

How many of those who had met her, in the course of one or other of her Indian visits, were deeply saddened by the announcement of the death, on January 18th last, of Sara Chapman, Mrs. Ole Bull, at her residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts! Mrs. Bull was one of the small and distinguished number of American women, who have been noted for the sympathy and aid they have extended, to all the great causes that came their way. It is curious, in the West, to see how much this function is assumed, nowadays, by women, rather than by men. Europe, during the Middle Ages, like India to the present day, owed almost everything she possessed, of culture and workmanship, to the great patrons. Especially was this the case in Italy, where the presence of the Church brought all effort under the very eye of a class that had power to appreciate and means to support. In America today, universities, research organizations, and educational experiments, have often in a similar way, to remember the sympathy and understanding, as well as the means extended to them at essential moments, pre-eminently by women. Amongst those who gave, Mrs. Ole Bull was a lavish giver. Her gifts were hidden, constant, guided by a sense of justice that never forgot the rights of those who belonged to her, and undeniably based on personal economies. It is this last fact, indeed, that makes their memory so exalted to those who knew her. If there had been any desire for fame, it would have been so easy for the donor to have captured it! As a matter of fact, however, no one knew, no one ever suspected, the ramifications of her wide charity. It constantly expressed a deep personal knowledge of the character and circumstances of those who were assisted. She had the rare and beautiful gift of ennobling the receiver in his own eyes, by her kindness; for she knew how to bestow an intimate respect and encouragement, with a benefit. Her charity reached out to large things as well as small, but always with an equal hiddenness, always with the same care for the personality at the centre of the need. "Sattvic charity, the highest charity," says that Hindu *Gita*

"is extended to the right person, in the right place and at the proper time." And, says the Christian scripture, "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity."

By her marriage, in 1870, Mrs. Ole Bull, then a girl of nineteen, entered the ranks of the few whose names belong to the world. Her husband was the great Norse violinist, whose fame was European. He was more. Under the dreams engendered by his passionate patriotism, men now at the helm of affairs in Norway were born to the idea of Nationalism. Like all men of genius, in matters of this world, Ole Bull was easily deceived. Time after time he would earn large sums of money, with the idea of sinking it all in some scheme for his country's betterment. And time after time the dishonest lawyer, or the quarrelsome manager, or some other proverbial source of disaster would place it safely out of his reach. Yet some of his splendid hopes are still remembered. There was the great stretch of country, that he bought in America, to be a Norwegian colony. There was the National Theatre that he opened in Bergen, in 1850, of which the first young manager appointed became Hendrik Ibsen, and the second Bjornsterne Bjornson. In this theatre, the restraints of a taste that despised Norwegian, and preferred Danish, were thrown off. The language used was the local dialect; the humour was of the countryside; the actors and actresses were recruited from the neighbouring villages; the music depended on Ole Bull and all the peasant players of the province; and for the drama itself, do not the great early plays of Ibsen still remain, to tell us that this set forth the heroic episodes of the national history? All this in an age when Norwegian had for generations been accounted a tongue too rustic for polite conversation!

Politically, the life of Ole Bull was devoted to two ends, Pure Flag, as it was called, and the establishment of the national celebration of Norway Day, on the 17th of May,—the day on which in 1814, Norway had received from Sweden an independent constitution. As long as Ole Bull lived, neither of these causes could be said to have completely triumphed. Sweden, it is true, had to retreat from the attempt to place her colours in the corner of the Norwegian flag, for any purposes save those of commerce and the consulates. And a few earnest hearts and minds had been trained to a realization of such rallying-points as this cause, and that of the Nation-Day provided. But neither Ole Bull himself, nor any

of those who surrounded him, could have foreseen that on the 100th anniversary of his birthday, the centennial would be celebrated by Norway as an independent country, under a king elected by herself. Norway stands alone in Europe, in her power of worshipping individuals and the celebration of this centennial was the last triumph of the heart, to the widowed woman in America whose long and devoted watch beside her husband's memory, was now so nearly ended. On the morning of the fifth of February 1910, the first telegram that she opened—as she lay already in the grasp of her last illness—was signed "Haakon." It was from Norway's king, congratulating her on "This day all Norway is celebrating."

It was the incomparable good fortune of the young American girl who in 1870 became wife of Ole Bull, to be associated with him in all his hopes and all his modes of thought. Whatever might be the form of reasoning, or the method of activity, in which Mrs. Bull, in subsequent years might seem to express herself, it was always, in the deepest things of her life, the impulse and the training received from her great husband, that really found expression in her manifold interests. Ole Bull had been of the nation-makers, and when he died, he left behind him a wife who was also a disciple. It was a heart capable of feeling motherhood for peoples, that remained to mourn him. A curious mixture of this synthetic imagination, and of a certain housewifely thrift, was Mrs. Bull, throughout the years of her maturity. She—who had seen what the cosmopolitan fame of a violinist ("the old Norse fiddler from Norway," was Ole Bull's own description of himself) could do for a great people—knew always how to appraise the value to a nation, of a single individual's greatness and distinction. And having served this nation-making genius in the close neighbourhood of daily living, she would always thenceforth relate great men to the ideas they represented, and would exercise what can only be called a motherly craft about the holiday, or the invitation, or the journey, or the gift, that would serve to tide one or another over a crisis here, or an illness there, make him forget a heartbreak, or conceive new hope. "We could ill afford to lose such a voice," she would sometimes say privately, in self-justification of the hand secretly stretched out to someone—someone, it might be, with whom her own intellectual agreement was only general, and by no means particular. She had an eye for a man's value to his own community, quite apart from any pleasure he might bring to herself. A doctor, a journalist, an artist, some

poor author, some struggling schoolmaster, any of these, in any country, might be the object of her generous forethought, as of one who kept the keys and distributed supplies from the storehouse of the very mother of the People. And her gifts carried no conditions. Room to live and breathe and work, was all she strove to secure, for those she would protect. Never a word as to the mode of the work. Never an idea of dictating the purpose of the struggle. She had a science in these things that was all her own. "It has been my *pride*," she said on her deathbed, "to be the *servant*". But in the selection of the thing to be served, and in her appraisement of its value, she had undoubtedly been inspired and moulded by Ole Bull.

Her marriage itself had been the result of her love of music. As a girl of nineteen, born and brought up in what is known as the Middle West of the United States, in Madison, Wisconsin, she had somehow taught herself to play the piano—to play it, moreover, with such delicacy and tenderness as to win the delighted attention of the great violinist, when as a guest in her father's house, he invited her to accompany his morning's practice. No doubt, under his influence, these qualities were deepened. In her last years, her touch and her phrasing had a beauty all their own. The aroma of the great styles hung about her fireside playing. A well-known pianist, meeting her twenty years ago, on a steamer, confesses to have modified her own rendering of Grey, ever since, in consequence of five minutes' gentle suggestion, on her part. In marriage, she shared Ole Bull's musical, as she did his national, life. Acting as her husband's accompanist, she visited Europe, and met his musical friends—Liszt, Rubinstein, Strakersch, and others—in Vienna, Paris, Brussels and elsewhere. She often told of the extraordinary likeness between her husband and Liszt, which was so great that Liszt's valet, on the occasion of their first call in Vienna, left them standing at the door, and ran in to announce that 'the Master's twin-brother had arrived'. Many of his friends in Europe had long believed Ole Bull to be dead, and it was a proud moment for the young wife, when one of them, after hearing him play, on his last great tour, rose and shook him warmly by the hand, saying "Why in the world didn't you tell me that you played as well as ever?"

During the last three years of her husband's life, they practised together every day for five or six hours, and to the wife, the room in which they studied became a veritable church. It was in the

beautiful music-room overhanging the fiord, in their Norwegian home, that she, with all the heroism of a supreme obedience, played Mozart's Requiem while her husband died. In the hour that followed, she felt the whole realm of great music closed to her, for years to come; and in her heart-strickenness, this promise of silence was her only intuition of a future healing and peace. Music, it seemed to her then, would have been an agony past bearing. It was with something like dismay that those about her in her last illness, heard her now and again say, "I feel *sure* I am soon again to hear great music."

Throughout the years that followed, there were few Norsemen in America who had not cause to realize, in one way or another, the fact that the widow of Ole Bull was a Norsewoman at heart. The bond was held as firm and close as an unquestioned faithfulness could keep it. But as years went on, and her daughter grew to maturity, the mother deliberately effaced herself more and more, in things Norwegian, that there might be the more scope given to her child. It was for this reason that she declined to be present at the Coronation festivities a few years ago, in Bergen. Her own last public appearance there, had been at the unveiling of Sinding's statue of Ole Bull on May 17th, 1910. Later in the same year, she entertained Mr. R.C. Dutt amongst her guests.

Mrs. Ole Bull's interest in India began so long ago as the winter of 1886-7, when she with other friends, attended the readings of the *Bhagavad Gita*, given by Mr. Mohini Mohan Chatterjee in Boston. The two points that attracted her, in the literature which she then began to study, were in the first place its scientific treatment of the whole question of immortality, and in the second, the freedom it postulated for individual religious conviction. She was accustomed to say that she had been taught to love and value Christianity, by this exposition of the Hindu texts. Her eagerness as to the continuity of human personality, needs no comment. The *Gita* had come across her path within five years of her husband's death. In 1894, she became interested in the Swami Vivekananda, and in 1898, she spent a year in the north of India and in Kashmir. During a large part of this time, the Swami was amongst her guests, and the opportunities which she consequently enjoyed, of observing Indian life, were quite unexampled. Her great faithfulness to any interest once assumed roused the admiration and respect of all who knew her, and in the Order of Ramakrishna she was known by the

name of "Dhira Mata," the Steady Mother. From this time on, she added India to the serious preoccupations of her life, and proved as warm and staunch a friend to men and things Indian as she had ever been to anything. Her adhesion to his cause, is to be regarded as the turning-point in Vivekananda's American career. She was not the first great lady who had attended the lectures of the red-robed monk. Many of far greater fortune had been interested in him before: but there was no other who could bring such a depth of impersonal generosity and affection to bear on the ideas for which he stood; none with Mrs. Ole Bull's sense of responsibility; none with her trained capacity for serving and guarding that which she revered. Henceforth his cause had found a mother or more. It was no wonder that when a discussion arose, in some American house where he was visiting, and the whole party suddenly turned to him laughingly for his definition of a saint—he paused a moment, and then in a hushed voice answered, "Mrs. Ole Bull."

Under the guidance of her friend and secretary, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Mrs. Bull's house became a recognized centre, during the next few years, for the discussion of philosophical ideas in general, with special care taken that things Indian and Vedantic should have an adequate place. For to this far-sighted and catholic intellect, anything like a one-sided partisanship was intolerable. She had a dread of conversions (or perversions?) from one faith to another. To her, a true growth must justify and endear the old, as well as reveal the new. Her peculiar temptation, indeed, was to be prematurely insistent on a synthetic view, rather than to commit the commoner error of taking one side of the obelisk for the whole.

Even in her Indian interests, it was her husband again whom she consciously followed. He had left a passage in his Notes tracing the genesis of the violin to India. It delighted her to think that he had thus expressed an obligation. This fact she must often have mentioned, for on the first afternoon of being at home, in her bungalow at Almora—the first day of her Himalayan housekeeping, in May 1898—the Swami Vivekananda came over from the house where he was visiting, to call on her, and with him brought a toy musical instrument and its bow (literally a military bow although only a toy) which had always stood in his mind as the model of the violin-origin to which her husband had referred. This fragile object was treasured by her with the greatest care, and lay on her drawing-room table on the day of her death.

But her husband was more than her inspirer. He was also her guide and teacher in the attitude she assumed, and the help she rendered, to things Indian. Hers was always the forth-looking eye, of the constructive impulse. Her view was kindly, but at the same time wise. She saw in Indian women, from the first, something that was too precious to see calmly surrendered. She was eagerly interested in their education, but still more eager that education should be right in form and method. From the beginning of her contact with the Indian mind, she had felt a curiosity as to the quality of the *mothers* of men so trained. This question gave place, on actual acquaintance, to a deep satisfaction and respect. Indian women have never been read more sympathetically or regarded more hopefully, than by this truest and best of friends. She saw the importance to the future of the people of all the higher forms of intellectual activity. Art, history, science, education, all had the need of her unstinted faith and hope. And the need of perfect self-direction and responsibility was also entirely obvious to her. Seldom is such warmth of conviction and enthusiasm held in such exquisite restraint, by depth of experience and sanity of judgment.

Mrs. Ole Bull visited this country a second and a third time, in 1902 and 1903. It had been the hope of many of her friends that she would still have returned again, to take up a longer residence; but this was not to be. At dawn on the 18th of January last, she passed out of one sleep into another. One of the noblest of American women had stepped down into the waters of death.

WHAT AN AMERICAN WOMAN IS DOING IN INDIA

FOR five years, more or less, I had counted as my home our little house—still ours—with its two courtyards, in the Hindu quarter of Calcutta. For five years I had despairingly contemplated the problem of the Modern Education of the Hindu Woman, without being able to do much more towards it than lay in the maintenance of a Kindergarten and Preparatory School for little girls.

With the coming of Sister Christine, however, all this was changed. Sister Christine is an American woman, of that type which mingles interior strength and firmness with outward delicacy and poise. The willowy movements, to which the draped Sari of the Hindu woman adapts itself so gracefully, are symbolic of a certain spiritual balance and adaptability. "She is cool!" say the ladies who throng around her, delighting in her gentleness and tact; and in these words they pay her the highest compliment, on the lips of those born to a tropical climate.

It is well for my sister and honoured colleague that her grace of gesture and charm of personality make her so dear to the hearts of the cloistered womanhood, amidst which she lives and works. For never was there a soul more dauntless and independent! Very few Americans, it often seems to me, can be held truly representative of Americanism. But of those few, surely Sister Christine is one. Not for her were the slights and restrictions of caste devised. Coming into a movement whose' tradition it was to accept and submit to surrounding customs, she was quick, nevertheless, to demand and receive a certain personal consideration, a certain attitude implying that though, even in her case, the law must be applied, yet this was done regretfully with a full sense of her merit of exemption. Thus she tells the tale of how when she was keeping house alone, for a few weeks in the beginning of our joint career, and happened to be without a cook, a kind neighbour undertook to send food to her twice a day. We are all, alas, familiar with the fact that the sweetness of a mistress is not always carried out in the



SISTER CHRISTINE AND SISTER NIVEDITA

graciousness of servants ! We can answer for ourselves, but not always for them. As a case in point, the first evening arrived, and our friends' servant-maid marched in with a brass tray, loaded with ready-made viands. But the woman appcared as if hospitality and pleasantness were beyond her province. She flung the tray at Sister Christine's feet, then stood looking at her, with arms akimbo, without a smile. Trust an American woman for command of the language that needs no word ! In the frail-looking gentlewoman before her, this scowling servitor had met her match. Sister Christine no way daunted, lifted the tray, bestowed the food carefully in the pantry, then washed it, and turned in triumph to throw it, in her turn, at the feet of the servant, and then stand, as she had done with arms akimbo frowning at her. The little comedy acted like magic. The woman understood and smiled. Then she lifted her salver and went away, always afterwards to give her burden into the hands of its recepient.

By dint of her own great sweetness and sympathy, aided now and then by such little battles, my sister has won her way to a recognized place in the civic community of our Hindu quarter. One day she camc into our common study with an air of great determination. "I am going," she said, "to make the people of this lane understand that I am as good an Aryan as any of them !" A storm of mirth was of course the only answer, followed by inquiries as to what could possibly have happened last. But early and late she must have carried out her intention, with no one knows what effect on the gentle minds about her; for the first time her absence gave an opportunity, we were asked by a timid little woman whether or not Sister Christine was "an American Brahmin."

When she came to us in 1903, the women were more or less untested. Once a week or once a fortnight, indeed, we had been in the habit of holding an epic recital from the national literature, to which the ladies of the neighbourhood were brought in carriages. On these occasions a heavy tent-canopy covered our courtyard overhead, cotton carpets and yellow matting converted its stone floor and red brick steps into seats for men and boys. Behind dark green curtains made of bamboo splinters, hung across every arch and door-way that gave access to the court, sat white-veiled women, like an unseen choir, listening and enjoying but unperceived. And on the fourth side of the enclosure, on a little platform, made gay with flowers and coloured drapery and plants, a single bright lamp

burning beside the reading desk that held an ancient book, sat the *Kothuk*, or the preacher, clad, for the occasion, in the salmon pink cotton of the monk. I call him the preacher, advisedly, though he is nominally only reader, or story-teller; for his discourse only began by reading from the books, and then proceeded to comment, exposition and even the singing of an occasional hymn, then again renewed reading and so on. Thus it was a mixture of literature, sermon, and concert-singing, holding the congregation spell-bound for two or three hours at a stretch.

One may enter any door, within which one hears the *Kothuk*, as one passes along the Indian roads. The men of the neighbourhood as a duty and children and boys crowd in unbidden. But the gentle women behind the screens confer immense honour by their presence, for the social decorum of aristocracies is carried to great lengths in India, even amongst people seemingly simple, and a woman is exceedingly careful as to the house she visits. This honour had been done the house in the recognized way, of coming to the reading of the epics. But would women visit us to learn secular things from us ? It was the consciousness of the difference between these things that made us so nervous as we prepared for Sister Christine's great experiment in Education. An auspicious day had been chosen and two horses and two carriages had been provided. She had hired the duennas who were to go in each carriage, and bring the ladies to the house. Abundance of co-operation had been promised moreover. A learned friend of the Brahmo-Samaj—Lavonya Di, by name—had promised to give a reading from the great Indian scripture, the *Bhagavad Gita*, in Sanskrit and in Bengali. And Jigin-Ma, an influential widow from our neighbourhood, had undertaken to be present, in order to give "tone" and pious direction to the conversation.

Yet, strong as was all this backing, there was always the doubt whether anyone would come ! Ganges water was provided, in metal goblets, in case of thirst. Fresh rugs and cushions were placed on the yellow matting as individual seats. The rose-tinted walls had been newly colour-washed. Men, it goes without saying, would be banished outside a circle of fifty yards. Everything had been done, in short, that could be thought of, to suggest purity and propriety. Still would the carriage return empty ? We trembled at the thought of this mortification. If only six should appear, we were determined to put a good face on the matter; if ten or twelve, we should feel

ourselves triumphant. The importance of my sister's efforts made itself duly appreciated, however, when sixty or seventy ladies came to us that first day, and showed extreme reluctance to admit that afternoon need ever end.

Old women came, accompanied by their daughters-in-law. Mothers brought their married daughters, who happened to be at home on a visit. Widows of twenty-five and thirty were glad to come alone. And wedded wives were only too apt to be there, accompanied by a baby and a couple of children ! Sister Christine's place and success were assured.

How proud we felt, as we looked on our gathering of guests ! The gentle faces were full of delicate gaiety. The low hum of conversation pervaded all the room. We were amazed to see the ease with which pleasant relations were mutually established, and the quiet happiness and intelligence that asserted themselves on every hand. The course of instruction, in these early days, consisted mainly of the sewing and cutting out of garments. My poor Sister's tastes had always, in the past, been predominantly bookish, but for the sake of the women, she took lessons from her Indian sewing man, and bent herself for twenty-four hours preceding these class days to the toil of preparation. She is now extremely expert at the measuring and cutting out of garments. Such mysteries as the placing of pockets and gores, the buttoning of fine Muslins along flat bands, without interruption of contour, and so on, having nothing in them to baffle her ! But at a great cost was this freedom bought. The two days in the week of the women's school, meant thrice as many hours spent by her, in preparation, over labour that she found both wearisome and distasteful.

We had two maps—one of India and one of the world—and each sewing day saw its attempt, in Bengali somewhat broken perhaps, to expound with their aid the nature and distribution of deserts, islands, seas and mountains. Each day heard also some dip into the history of India and other countries. The land of the Nile, the Land of Mohammed were fascinating subjects. Nor could the age of Buddha, or the places of the great pilgrimage, be wholly forgotten, with regard to our hearers of his own country.

It goes without saying that an outlook so radically new as this which Sister Christine's work initiated, could not be opened up without stirring a good deal of criticism and discussion, in the quiet depths of the Hindu society about us. The school was little more,

so far, than a sewing bee, but it was a new institution, and women's steps in progress are ever taken in a fierce light. Hence it was not surprising to learn that on all the bathing stairs along the Ganges side, the new departure was the subject of argument. But it was extremely touching to hear at the same time that its steady friends and supporters were found in the young men—who longed for enlarged opportunity for their wives, and the old women—who understood deeply the essentials of their sons' happiness.

For many months, in spite of her own growing impatience, my Sister continued the work in the form in which she had begun it. Downstairs, day after day, the little girls assembled for regular lessons; upstairs, two afternoons in the week, was held the sewing school for the grown-ups—a sewing school still in the main, though some little margin of more intellectual pursuits was added when possible. Our friend Dr. Kathleen Vaughan, the head of the Dufferin Hospital at that time, came, for instance, on many hot days, and gave talks on midwifery, which we much appreciated. And a few of the more enterprising young people were contriving to prosecute their study of reading and writing, as well as sewing, in the course of the afternoon.

At last, however, the American woman who carried the burden of the work felt impatience which she could no longer conceal. "This is not Education!" she cried, when alone with me, "I opened the school in order to give Education, but this is only teaching women to make and mend!" I think perhaps my Sister deprecated the value of her own great services, in speaking thus. I think resourcefulness and means of self-help had been given by her, over and above the knowledge of how to seam and stitch. In any case, however, it seemed to be time for a new move onwards, and so much had clearly been gained, by all the months of patience that were behind us, that there was now a body of opinion to call upon, in any step it might be desired to take. Sister Christine, therefore, asked the advice of two of the oldest women in whose judgment and good feeling she had special confidence. They listened gravely to her statements, showing no surprise at her attitude of dissatisfaction, and no disapproval whatever of her estimate of education. The only thing that could be done, they thought, was to make the same statement to the whole class that had just been made to them, and see how many, when the choice was given, would enlist under a more scholastic discipline. It was worthy of remark that neither of

these elderly women—though one had a daughter, and the other a daughter-in-law, in the room—dreamt of using their authority in the choice to be made, on behalf of her own family. They assumed instinctively that in the higher pursuits of the mind freedom was essential.

Sister Christine went back from this council into the school room, and put the choice before the students, in the form advised, only promising in addition, by the way of further inducement, that any one who chose learning, should be allowed to take her needlework home, there to make up for the hours lost by study. To my Sister's intense relief and joy, her little proclamation was followed by the rise of everyone in the class below the age of twenty, and some fifteen or sixteen young daughters-in-law filed out of the room to submit themselves to serious intellectual training. How little had she suspected the existence of such ambition, when the months when she herself was fretting herself against the barriers that seemed so hopeless!

Nor was this, due merely to a stirring appeal, backed by strong matriarchal influence, the volunteer movement of a moment of excitement—to fade out once more, when the drudgery of learning had to be met and faced. So far was this from becoming the case, that ever since that day my poor Sister's difficulty has been to secure every Saturday as a day of leisure. For the daughters-in-law soon made it apparent that the two days in the week were not enough for them. They would enter into secret conspiracies with the school-duenna and pile themselves into the carriage that was bringing the ten-year-olds to morning school. Or they would bribe the coachman, perhaps, to take it on one more round. Exactly how it was done, we could never be quite sure, but by hook or crook, day after day, Sister Christine was faced with their radiant presence, as an accomplished fact, while once at school, it went without saying, as they well knew, work must be organized for their benefit.

And truly, how radiant they are! Nowhere in the world, in my opinion, could a bevy of girls be found more beautiful than these, our daughters-in-law. Their bright, laughing faces, and gold ornaments, tell the tale of idolized young wife. The touch of vermillion at the dainty parting of the hair, speaks of loving prayer for the absent husband. The border of the Sari and the veil drawn over the young head give a touch of marital dignity. One cannot enter the school room without feeling that one has strayed into a

garden of human flowers. Amongst them one dear lady about thirty years of age is a widow. Her manners are perhaps the sweetest of all. She has a low-voiced dignity, and swaying charm of bearing that reminds one of some great European *prima donna*. But fortunately for us, this particular lady, while well-to-do and personally most honourable, is not of a caste high enough to prevent her coming on foot, without a carriage, and continuing to wear the gold ornaments of the wife, even in her widowhood. I say fortunately, because the horse and carriage have more than they can do, and we are continually faced by the necessity of refusing our help, in the name of the limitation of our means.

But the great feature of the daughters-in-law, that more than any other marks their girlish *joie de vivre*, is their ambition. How they work ! How they race through their tasks ! Their Bengali accomplished, how they plead for promotion to the study of English, and we who know that their husbands' lives are largely spent in environment of the English language, perceive in their last desire the deeper need of the wife to fulfill the highest ideals of the man. As to the progress made, it is enough when we go away for the holidays to watch the letters of Sister Christine. "Here is an English postcard from little So-and-So," she will say and proceed to read aloud the quaint and broken phrases of someone who six weeks ago could not have written her own name in our Frankish script. "I am sorry to say my father is unhealthy now," runs one of these effusions; "Our school is quite fulfilled," another. But the quaint errors serve only to throw a stronger light on the progress that has been made in so short a time.

It was well that in its early stages the work had to proceed slowly. Today when only want of means stands between Sister Christine and the education of thousands of orthodox Hindu women, she feels that she would not, if she could, have made a school that should have been other than a daily resort for its pupils. In this way, a maximum of help is given as she thinks, with a minimum of social disturbance to those served. No one is taken into her home to live, and thus no self-reliance, no independence is undermined by the foreign touch. She has organized no market for the little products of the needle, that would disappear, with the ending of personal activity. Her only specific merit is, that in a spirit of intense respect for the Hindu home, she is striving to organize a method of education that long after she is dead, can be maintained by Hindus themselves

as an integral part of the civic activity of the Hindu community. She teaches no religion, holding that this is the function of home and parent. But throughout the school the religious symbols and ideas that are familiar to the people are referred to with perfect freedom and respect. The heroic literature is taught and this means that the social ideals of the Indian people are held up to a growing, not a lessening, sanctity and reverence.

The prayer of this American teacher is that her students may be—not bad copies of the American woman, but still nobler examples of that Indian womanhood towards which their mothers strove, with a greatness and beauty that those mothers themselves may recognise and enjoy. And as I contemplate this effort, I think that wisdom is shown as much in what it does not, as in what it does attempt, and for my own part I regard my American Sister, striving to solve the educational problem of a foreign people as standing in the ranks of the great Educators of the world.

INTRODUCTION TO *RAJA YOGA*

By Swami Vivekananda

VISITORS to India quickly become familiar with the Sadhus and Fakirs or religious beggars, who form so picturesque an element of Indian crowds. Most of these, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, are wanderers and some of them belong to floating orders of great prestige and antiquity. All alike wear as their badge, the Gerrua, or earthstained cloth, of salmon-pink colour, and some are further distinguished by the carrying of large rosaries, sacred staffs or tridents, the smearing of face and body with mud or ashes, and the wearing of the hair in matted locks piled high on the head. Some of these varied brotherhoods of 'Yogis, Nagas, Oodassies', and what not, are famous for their Sanskrit learning; and of none is this more true than of the clean-shaved Sannyasins of the Puri and other Paramahamsa Orders, founded by Shankaracharya—himself a Sannyasin of 2,000 years of spiritual descent—about the year A.D., 800 and to whose number the Swami Vivekananda—writer of the present book in the original English—belonged.

Born and educated in Bengal, he became a Sannyasin in his youth, and as such was the first religious teacher of modern times in India, to break through the barriers raised by Hindu orthodoxy, and cross the seas, for the purpose of preaching in the West. His first journey was made to the United States, via China and Japan, in order to represent the religious ideas of the Hindu peoples at that Parliament of Religions which will be remembered as a feature of the Chicago Exhibition of the year 1893. He was deeply conscious of the significance of the step he was taking. Hinduism had not then thought of itself as a missionary faith. "I go," a friend reports him as saying, at the moment of leaving his mother-country, "to preach a religion of which Buddhism is but a rebel child, and Christianity, with all its idealisms, a far-fetched imitation."

The Swami's success as a preacher, at Chicago, was followed by some years of work and travel in America, and in the years 1895

and 1896, by two visits to England and to the continent of Europe. On his return to India, early in 1897, he was accorded an ovation, by his countrymen, which may be termed historic. From Colombo, where he landed, to Madras, from which he had originally been sent forth and again in the various visits which he was called upon to make, after reaching his monastery in Calcutta, to the cities, provinces, and feudatory princes of the north, his journeys formed a veritable triumphal progress. And in the south, where the Hindu consciousness has been least impaired by the proximity of Islamic Communities, his rulings on controverted points of faith and doctrine were by common consent, from that time forward, placed on the footing of a final authority on Hinduism. India thus ratified by acclamation the mission and the utterances of the yellow-clad begging-friar who had gone forth from her shores four years earlier, in her name. It may serve to give some idea of the extent to which ancient culture is still living in India, when it is said that for fourteen days in Madras, noonday sittings were held daily by the Swami, in which scholars and Brahmins of distinction brought to him philosophical and other questions, to be answered by him, 'first in Sanskrit and then in English.' Sanskrit is by no means a dead language in its own country.

The Swami's second and last journey to the West was made in the year 1899. He returned to India late in 1900, and less than two years later, on July 4th 1902, he died. He had visited Paris three or four times in all, spending several weeks there, in the year 1900, and speaking twice at the Sorbonne.

In the work done by the Swami Vivekananda in his own country, he never adopted the role of a religious or a social reformer. He took no advantage of the position accorded him to impose any favourite sectarianism of his own upon others. To all the perplexities of the present age of transition, he replied by raising the banner of a spiritual Hinduism, ideal, dynamic, and towering high above all those externals of caste and custom which might be expected to change with changes of place and period. He held that even the Vedas and Upanishads had voiced nothing else than the call to this central and most searching form of religion, and that the same had been the message, written or unwritten, of all the Indian saints and teachers, in times more modern.

As an apostle of Indian thought in the West, however, the Swami's labours were of a somewhat more complex character.

Here we find him, in the numerous works which he has left, not only defining and expanding the great basic philosophy of ~~Adwāita~~ or Unity—the idea of the Immanent Divine,—but also, as in the case of the present volume, acting as a witness to the authenticity of an antique form of knowledge, which, familiar as it is to India can scarcely be regarded as known to Europe even by name.

Apart from its obvious division into an original treatise and the translation of an Oriental work and its commentators, this book of *Raja Yoga* falls under a twofold category. In the first place, we find ourselves listening as it were to a melody which identifies the subject with religion, and in the second to an intermingled strain by which it is regarded purely as science. On one side, we hear the impassioned cry, "The way is found! Children of immortality, and ye who dwell in higher spheres, by perceiving Him who is beyond all darkness, your path is made from out of this darkness. And to escape, ye have no other!" And on the other hand, as we follow page after page, and comment upon comment, we feel that—at least as regards temper, apart from the question of credibility—we are in the presence of nothing more or less than an ancient and unfamiliar system of psychology, complete of its own kind, and supported by a vocabulary and system of reasoning curiously unlike any to which we are accustomed.

Both points of view are correct. '*Raja Yoga*' from the Oriental point of view, is religion : from the occidental, it is science. We in the West are not left entirely without witness to the occasional occurrence of saintly raptures and prophetic visions which cannot be adequately described as mental aberrations. Without Francis of Assisi, Joan of Arc, Teresa of Jesus, and Ignatious Loyola, all our history would have been the poorer. But we have felt ourselves under no necessity of giving a scientific account of such phenomena. They have taken place for the most part, in spite of our misunderstanding of them, not because of our sympathy. In the East, however, humanity will give birth to a religious idea, with as much simplicity and directness as in the West would characterize the invention of a machine, or the elaboration of an industrial process. It follows, then, that the recognition of that mood in which religions are born — that mood which the Swami Vivekananda terms 'superconsciousness'—must necessarily form an integral part of Eastern Psychology.

Could any 'dictum' range itself more haughtily, more

fearlessly, under the banner of scientific ideals, than the seventh aphorism of Patanjali's first chapter — "DIRECT PERCEPTION, INFERENCE AND COMPETENT EVIDENCE ARE PROOFS"? Is there any trace of confusion in the mind of the man who wrote this? Any pet dogma to be screened from destructive criticism? Any window to be kept dark? The same words, by implication, base the claim of the aphorism to credence, on experience alone. There is here no room for the appeal to authority—"Competent evidence"—mark the pride of the adjective!—to guide the student; "inference" as a reliable means of determining points of theory; but both of these alike dependent on that which alone, therefore, forms the ultimate test for all, "direct perception." Is it not true that such a readiness to submit the whole content of faith to the test of experience, refusing authority, is to Western thinking, one of the 'differentiae' of science rather than of Religion?

Another point on which this Eastern science—assuming its credibility—challenges comparison with that of the West, is the question of method. In the very nature of the investigation, the human body is itself the laboratory, and all instruments, save those found within, are excluded. But it is not equally true that there is no experiment. The whole research claims to be built upon experiment. And when we read that the heart itself can be brought under such control that the circulation of the blood can be regulated or stopped at will, we catch a glimpse of the courage and devotion to knowledge that the subject must have demanded in its pioneers. There is no reason to believe that the sacrifice of life demanded for the authoritative establishment of its various steps, was in any way less than that required by, for instance, Modern Chemistry or Modern Medicine. And in the severity of the discipline imposed, it is evident that the habits of life of the modern scholar must give precedence to those of the older.

One more point remains to be touched upon. Patanjali, writing his 'Yoga Aphorisms' in the second century B.C. must not be looked upon as an author, in our twentieth-century meaning of the term. Rather, he was a recorder of those conclusions which had been arrived at by the consensus of erudite opinion in his time. His name is used to this day as that of the head of the Yoga School. But this is perhaps much the same thing as to make the President of the Academy of Sciences personally responsible for all the scientific discoveries published under the 'imprimatur' of that body,

in a given year of grace! 'The Yoga Aphorisms' represent an era in culture, the work of a great floating university of begging friars, which at the time of their publication was already many centuries old.

Finally, this strange old science of Raja Yoga is to this day alive in India. Many thousands of students have made some progress in it; some few, it may be, are highly proficient. In any case, we who have been his disciples—both Indians and Europeans—regard the writer of this book, the Swami Vivekananda, as belonging to the latter of these two classes. He was one of those souls for whom 'Samadhi', or super-consciousness, had no secrets, and when he publishes a statement regarding the nature of Yoga, his words fall under the category of "Competent Evidence."

REVIEW ON *IS MATTER ALIVE ?*

By J. C. Bose

EVER since the birth of modern science men have been fascinated by the difference between the organic and the inorganic. The mystery of life, and pre-eminently of animal life, has attracted as many inquirers as ever did the quest of the philosopher's stone, for it seemed to imply a far greater miracle. Its myriad individuality; its eager movements; its peculiar forms; its growth of large from small, and back to embryo again; its persistence of species combined with its rapid evanescence of individuals; above all, its possession of consciousness, rising into thought and knowledge—these and other characteristics make up a phenomenon so complex and stupendous in its seeming unlikeness to all else in Nature, that, in the first enthusiasm of science, living things were inevitably assigned a place by themselves and a terminology of their own.

But alluring as was the task of dissecting out the mighty puzzle and putting it once more together, the scientific intellect had time after time to turn back from the attempt which it had already felt was foredoomed to failure. There were plants that moved visibly and animals that never moved at all; and the very existence of the science of organic chemistry is an abiding protest in chemical regions against the arbitrary distinction between living and non-living products.

[Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. publish this day (October 15th) a scientific work by Professor J.C. Bose, B.Sc., London, of Calcutta University, which, under the simple title of "The Response of Matter", establishes the very startling truth that what we call dead matter can be proved to be alive!

He does not go so far as to suggest that a piece of steel has either sex or soul, or heart or mind, or consciousness. But he does prove that organic substances are capable of feeling to an extent which enables them to make that distinct and registrable response to external stimulus which has hitherto been regarded as the distinctive sign of life.

The following account of the discovery of Professor Bose, written by a competent hand, is illustrated, by permission of the publishers, with blocks appearing in the book].

Reproduced from *Nivedita Lokmata*, S.P. Basu, p. 633ff; originally published in *Review of Reviews*, October, 1902.

IF RESPONSE IS A SIGN OF LIFE

Yet there was one criterion of life which seemed to stand persistently alone. This was the characteristic of irritability, or power of responding to stimulus. You pinch your arm. There is an immediate response in the feeling of pain. In response to the stimulus something is sent along the nerve to the brain, which causes the sensation. In fact, we have here something like an electric circuit, the effect of a shock in any part of the body being sent along the conducting nerve to the detecting brain. If an isolated piece of muscle or nerve be connected with a detector of electric current—a galvanometer—then each time a muscle or nerve is stimulated by a pinch or shock of any kind the thrill of response is betrayed by an electric pulsation. These electric pulses give a faithful indication of the “livingness” of the tissue. When the tissue is killed the electric pulse ceases to beat. We can thus read the history of the life-process autographically recorded before our eyes; we can watch the diminishing pulsation with the waning of life and the final arrest at the moment of death. The up-and-down curve of the throbbing life is replaced by a line of immobility at the moment when it passes into non-life.

THEN METAL IS A LIVING THING

Thus the pulse of electric response is regarded as the criterion between the living and non-living. When it is not found, we are in the presence of death or else that which has never lived. A living thing is responsive, a dead thing is not. The living response with the attendant phenomena of sensation were supposed to be due to the working of a mysterious “vital force” which found its dwelling-place in the living.

Alas, however, for human boastfulness! Since as the result of the latest discovery it appears that this harmless little arrogance of man eager to believe that his corporeal brain and frame obey laws different from, and greatly superior to, those which govern the mineral world—this seemingly innocent morsel of ignorant vanity is about to be refused to us. For as regards response, the gulf that yawned between vital and non-vital has been bridged, and the bounds of sympathy are pushed into a new domain by proofs that

the responsive processes seen in life have been foreshadowed in non-life, and that even metals respond precisely in the same way as human beings!

It is too early as yet to estimate the full significance of such a discovery. The unity proclaimed is far-reaching and marks an epoch in scientific thought.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE LIFE OF METALS

Dr. Jagadish Chandra Bose, to whom we owe this discovery, is the professor of science at the University of Calcutta.

After taking his degree in Calcutta, he got entrance as a scholar at Christ's College, Cambridge, in the year 1881. His course there ended in 1884 with his taking simultaneously the Natural Science Tripos and the London B. Sc. Degree, and he returned to India to receive—thanks to the interest of Lord Ripon, then retiring—the Chair of Physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta.

Ten years later his work won the recognition of the Royal Society, which published his paper on the "Determination of the Indices of Refraction of various substances for the Electric Ray". In the year 1896-97 Professor Bose spent nine months in this country on his first scientific deputation from the Government of India. During this period he received the degree of D. Sc. of the University of London in recognition of the value of his research. The scientific world, both in England and on the Continent, was greatly interested in his apparatus for the detection and measurement of the properties of invisible light.

Since his return to India in 1897 Professor Bose's investigating energy must have been redoubled, to judge from its results. It was therefore inevitable that he should be sent once more to Europe by the Government of India as a delegate to the International Scientific Congress held in Paris two years ago. This was specially due to the great interest taken in the cause of scientific progress by Sir John Woodburn, the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. The first account of Professor Bose's discovery—the Responsive Power of Inorganic Substances—was thus announced before the Paris Congress, a full account of which appeared in the Transactions of the Congress. Since reaching England he has pursued the many-sided outcome of his enquiry, and his communications have been

published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society. In May last year he delivered a Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution dealing with the responsive phenomena in the living and non-living. He subsequently undertook an extensive inquiry on the response in the transitional world of plants, and an account of this work has been published in the Journal of the Linnaean Society.

CHARACTERISTICALLY HINDU

Finally, it is not the least remarkable fact about his great theory of stress and strain that this comprehensive conception should have revealed itself to a Hindu mind for the doctrine means simply that molecular action is one in all matter, living and non-living. And here Dr. Bose appears to have come, without intention, and working by the most modern methods, on the time-honoured goal of his people's effort. Dr. Bose's discovery is in some special sense the contribution of his whole race. We are told of a certain Madonna—Cimabue's—that when it was carried in triumph about the streets, an old man in Florence wept for joy that they had lived to see such an advance in the painting of human emotion. Some such relation exists in this case between the regional thought and interest of the Hindu people and this scientific achievement of their fellow-countryman. For if the simple ryot in his fields and the grain-seller in the Bazar could but master that technical jargon in which the man of science feels that his ideas must be buried—could but understand the concrete picture of the creation which *Stress and Strain*—suggests they would say quietly, "yes, that *must* be true!" Surely then are few instances of the dramatic fitness in the history of science to parallel this.

HIS WORK ON ELECTRIC WAVES

It will be interesting to say a few words on Professor Bose's previous work on electric waves, from which he was unexpectedly led to his present line of investigation. It was the English physicist Maxwell who from theoretical considerations first came to the conclusion that light was a kind of electric vibration, to all but a single octave of which the human eye was blind. (Similarly with the

ear, there are two ranges of sound inaudible to us; it is probable indeed that certain notes reach the insects which we shall never hear !) Hertz, in Germany, was able to produce electric waves by rapid electric vibration and narrowly anticipated in this Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English physicist. It is by means of this invisible light, sweeping through space with incredible swiftness in its mighty billows, that wireless messages are sent. Thus, with the discovery of electric vibration new realms of radiance possessing wonderful and unknown properties were opened out.

Naturally the great difficulty in investigating these rays arose from their invisibility. Some apparatus was required which would serve to detect them. Branly, in France, observed that the shock of electric waves produced changes in metallic particles by which their power of conducting the electric current became increased. What these changes might be remained a mystery, but it was evident that by this means detectors of electric waves could be made. At first, however, these detectors or receivers proved very capricious in their action, but Professor Bose succeeded in producing a type of receiver which was quite consistent in its working. He was also able to construct a very perfect electric wave apparatus with which the various properties of invisible light could be studied and measured. It was the wonderful performance of this instrument that surprised and delighted the leading *savants* who were amongst his audience at the Royal Institution five years ago. He took various so-called opaque objects—a book, human hair, blocks of wood, and so on—and producing electric waves with the help of his apparatus was able not only to show that rays passed through these masses, but also to measure the angle at which the unseen light became bent in its transmission. With unfailing certainty also the existence of hidden strains within opaque masses was detected by the same means.

“THAT TIRED FEELING” IN METALS

It was said that the precise nature of the changes made by invisible light on the mass of metallic particles which constitute the receiver remained a mystery. In practical application this fact had a grave drawback. After receiving a signal, the detector would become fatigued from the strain, and a tap had to be given to revive it. The whole thing went by rule of thumb. If the receiver

was to be made more sensitive so that messages could be recorded from a greater distance and with greater speed, it must be self-recovering, so as to do away with the contrivance of tapping. To bring out any improvement, therefore, it was clearly necessary that the theory of the receiver should be properly understood.

In the course of a lengthy research, in which a very patient and wearisome investigation had to be made of all the elementary substances, Professor Bose lighted on several which exhibit self-recovery, and of which therefore receivers could be made which would require no further tapping. He came to the conclusion, indeed, that the whole question was one of overstrain. This is seen on some materials like lead wire, which become easily overstrained, while others, such as a steel spring, exhibit greater elasticity, and therefore more easily recover from the effect of strain.

SENSITIVE ARTIFICIAL ORGANS

It was while working on his theory of the effect of external stimulus on matter that he was led on to a new line of investigation, the outcome of which was the construction of artificial organs which stimulated the action of our sense organs. These artificial instruments transmitted the impressions received from without to be recorded by suitable electric recorders, just in the same way as our sense organs, the eye, for example send in messages received from the outside to be recorded by the brain. It is hardly to his mind a question of similarity, but rather of identity.

For what is the distinctive characteristic of life ? Is it not the power to respond to external stimulus ? We pinch or pass an electric shock through the arm, and a visible twitch shows that the muscle is still living. A dead body does not respond when pinched or shocked; the sudden twitch is thus an indication of life. Physiologists make the twitching muscle record its autograph on a travelling strip of paper, and the autographic record tells the history of the muscle, the story of its stress and strain. When it is fresh the writing is bold and strong, as fatigue proceeds it becomes indistinct, and when the muscle dies the record comes to a stop.

These are, however, but gross indications of the vital condition. There are other and subtler processes which cannot be so easily detected. Nervous impulses, for instance, are transmitted without

any visible changes in the nerve. Yet when a flash of light falls on the eye, something is sent along the optic nerve to the brain, these to be interpreted (or recorded) as visual sensation. This visual impulse, produced by the stimulus of light, is an electric impulse. Whenever a shock or disturbance impinges upon a bundle of receivers of the human body, an electric thrill is produced and courses along the nerves which are but telegraphic wires, to the central station, the brain.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF METALS

These electric pulsations are regarded as the signs of life. External stress, like light and sound, gives rise to them, and the electric currents thus set up excite the brain and cause sensation. But when any organism dies, accidentally or otherwise, the living mobility of its particles ceases, the stress-pulses can no longer be sent along the nerves, and there is an end of response.

The electric twitch in answer to external stress is thus the perfect and universal sign of life, and the autographic records of these electric twitches show us the waxing and waning of life. Their gradual decline shows the effect of fatigue, their exaltation the climax of artificial stimulation, rapid decline the anaesthetic action of choloroform, total abolition the end of life.

But is this electric response, the sign of life, entirely confined to what we call living things ? Is it quite wanting in what we know as the inorganic ?

By means of Dr. Bose's instrument this question can be answered definitely, for when the metals were stimulated by a pinch, they also made their autographic records by electric twitches, and thus, being responsive, showed that they could in no sense be called "dead" ! Nay, more, it was found that given the records for living muscles, nerves and metals, it was impossible to distinguish one record from the other for the metals also, when continuously excited, showed gradual fatigue; as with ourselves, so with them, a period of response, even a tepid bath was found helpful in renewing vigour; freezing brought on cold torpidity, and too great a rise of temperature brought heat rigor.

METALS CAPABLE OF DEATH

It is said, however, that the ultimate sign of life is inevitable

death. An animal is living as long as it is capable of dying. It is true that death can be hastened by poison. Then can the metals be poisoned? In answer to this was shown the most astonishing part of Professor Bose's experiments. A piece of metal which was exhibiting electric twitches was poisoned; it seemed to pass through an electric spasm, and at once the signs of its activity grew feebler, till it became rigid. A dose of some antidote was next applied; the substance began slowly to revive, and after a while gave its normal response once more!

But if the inorganic be indeed touched with this glimmer of living response, then it ought to be possible to construct artificial organs of perception. Of all the organs we possess none is so wonderful as the eye. Professor Bose therefore turned his attention to the construction of an artificial retina which would respond to light. But this particular organ has one advantage over the human eye, inasmuch as its sweep of vision is practically unlimited, detecting waves of invisible as well as visible light, whereas we are confined to a single narrow octave.

HIS ARTIFICIAL EYE

It was while he was striving to interpret the hieroglyphic records of his artificial eye that Professor Bose came upon certain hitherto unnoticed and extraordinary phenomena of human vision, for if the action of the artificial correspond with that of the real eye, then the peculiarities of both must be present in each. It may be said that according to the stress and strain theory, the sensitive elements in the retina respond to light simply because they are strained or disturbed by it, as a wire is strained by twist. Just as on the removal of twist the wire continues to vibrate, so do the strained particles in the sensitive retina go on oscillating, and thus send pulsating currents to the brain. These pulsating currents, again, cause a pulsating visual sensation. For if one looked at a bright object, then shut the eye, the bright object looked at will appear and disappear several times in succession. These "sight echoes" are very persistent, and form the incipient stage of the process we call memory.

WHY WE HAVE TWO EYES

Another fact discovered from the clues given by the artificial

retina is that when we look at any object the two eyes do not, at any given instant, see equally well but each takes up the work of seeing and resting alternately. One falls asleep, as it were, while the other is waking to its maximum consciousness, and then *vice versa*.

Thus Professor Bose was led to the paradoxical statement that under certain circumstances we can see much better with the eyes closed than with them open. To prove this it is only necessary to look at the light through a modified stereoscopic apparatus in which, instead of photographs, we have placed two different inscriptions.

On looking through this one finds the two images superposed, making a blur. But on shutting the eyes the tangled writing is unravelled and the constituent parts of a sentence are read clearly by the brain.

Thus sight lends itself to interpretation by the process of strain and self-recovery amongst sensitive atoms and what is true of the complex organism of the eye is found common to all nerve, all muscle, and to that matter which we have long thought of as lifeless and insensate.

A VAST NEW FIELD OF INQUIRY

It will be seen by the latest scientific reader that these experiments teem with significance. Not only do they completely destroy all barriers of a hard and fast kind between responsiveness of the organic and inorganic, showing that the one is merely some greater complexity of the other; not only do they impress us profoundly with the mystery of the sensitiveness of all things, but they are full of practical suggestions alike for the worker in wireless telegraphy and for medical science. In the last field they are of vast importance for the effects of drugs have been hitherto capable of only vague experiment, while here we have an opportunity suddenly opened to us of arriving at the clearest data with regard to fundamental processes, quantities and the rest.

THE ALL-PERVADING UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE

Yet every step in this vast simplification—making them all appear as various rhythms and harmonies of a single fundamental

sequence—only drives the question deeper—"Who is He that sits within, striking the molecules this way and that? Or what is He, 'Pure, free, ever the witness,' Who interprets the records of strain, using the brain as His galvanometer, and discarding alike the laboratory and its instruments when these no longer please Him?" Dr. Bose does well to end his lecture, given at the Royal Institution, May 10th, with the striking passage:

It was when I came upon the mute witness of these self-made records and perceived in them one phase of a pervading unity that bears within it all things : the mote that quivers in ripples of light, the teeming life upon our earth, and the radiant sun that shines above us—it was then that I understood for the first time a little of that message proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago: "They who see but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth, unto none else, unto none else!"

Thus we see that the so-called vital response of living matter has met with the same fate as other differentiae of the organic and the inorganic—that once more there is no hard-and-fast line between the living which respond and the non-living which do not, but in both alike we see the spectacle of matter as a whole possessing irritability and passing out of the state of responsiveness into that of irresponsiveness; having its response in both alike afflicted by external circumstances and agencies, often identical; responding in different ways in both alike, according as the stimulus is great or little, the critical degree being often the same. In metals and plants, as in animal tissues, we have been shown the phenomena of weariness and depression, together with the possibilities of recovery, of exaltation, of irresponsiveness which is death.

Who can regret this? Is it not the inevitable destiny of all conceptions which imply that a given phenomena is unique, mysterious and beyond analysis to check inquiry and thwart the advance of scientific thought? Science can grow only where the mind of the student is prepared to recognize an underlying unity amongst apparently diverse phenomena.

"They who behold but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto *them* belongs Eternal Truth; unto none else—none else."

REVIEW ON *MUTUAL AID*

By Peter, Prince Kropotkin

No man can resist forever the modifying influence of the things he perpetually contemplates. A very striking instance of this, lies in the effect which the doctrine of evolution has had on the morals of the nineteenth century. The sudden vision of the struggle for existence, in the year 600 B.C. or there abouts, woke overwhelming pity in a certain royal heart, and the Prince of Kapilavastu became Gautama the Buddha, Gautama the Blessed One. The same vision in the year 1850 or so A.D., in the hands of Herbert Spencer, became the doctrine of the Survival of the Fit, and Charles Darwin wrote the *Origin of Species*.

Now there was nothing in the *Origin of Species* in praise or dispraise of the moral aspects of the struggle for existence. Not one word, in that book or any other that its author ever wrote, could be interpreted as an imperative to men, amongst themselves, to go and do likewise. The idea, that the mutual clash and destruction of colliding solar systems or races of plants and animals could furnish any justification for ruthlessness and injustice of human beings to each other, may never have occurred to the gentle and scholarly mind of Charles Darwin. He was sore put to it, to account for things as they are, and would have felt it quite out of his beat to attempt to lay down the lines for things as they ought to be.

That twenty years nevertheless, in which he tells us that he had set himself to the patient collecting of facts, "without permitting himself to speculate on them," that twenty years of watching pigeons breed, and counting the seedlings that grew on lawns, was the most ponderous gift of the time-spirit to the common European intellect of the day. The idea that had thus been worked out, was immensely the largest intellectual phenomenon within the horizon of the men of 1860 and the succeeding years. It could not fail to bring about its own effects, in every stratum of the human consciousness, and undoubtedly the influence of the doctrine has been felt in disastrous ways in the field of social ethics and economics.

Not that the struggle for existence and the survival of the fit were ever held, by those most concerned, to be the whole foundation of human morals. Herbert Spencer recognized our hunger for the good of others, as one of the prime data of ethics, and the vastly more tender (though not more incorruptibly just) intellect of Thomas Henry Huxley was driven at the last to map out a whole process of self-sacrifice, beginning with motherhood, and the instincts of affection, in which the long coils of the effort for self-preservation found themselves, in the race of man, relaxed, undone, and finally reversed. Mankind as a whole, however, is not composed of great thinkers, but of hurrying, inefficient minds, for the most part, whose influences are clouded by egotism and self-interest. There can be no doubt that the majority of readers gathered from the literature of evolution in the second half of the nineteenth century, the idea that the world was a sort of tournament-hall, or cleared decks, where men and communities were to struggle against one another to the death, and the utmost that could be asked was a fair field and no favour. The struggles of the wolf against his competitors, and his treatment of his prey, are no doubt admirable subjects of study in their way. But a man cannot, without danger to his own higher life and instincts, fill his mind's eye with the exclusive contemplation of the virtues of the wolfish.

It was, we believe, at some date in the late eighties, that certain papers began to appear in the review known as *The Nineteenth Century*, which bore the title of "Mutual Aid Amongst Animals," by Peter, Prince Kropotkin. These papers have been followed up, during the past few years, by the volume called "Mutual Aid," published by Heinemann, of London. Nor ought we to forget, in connection with this, the kindred study by Maeterlinck known as "The Life of the Bee." Philosophically, the first is the all-important contribution. But as a scientific study, thrown into terms of immortal literature, and applying the scientific spirit even to the spiritual aspects of the subject in hand, the minor work of Maeterlinck cannot be rated too highly.

In the hands of Kropotkin, then, the doctrine of evolution has been carried a step onwards. The survival of the fit is no longer to be seen as dependent on the unmitigated severity of the struggle for existence, divided by the hereditary accumulation of the means with which to combat it. On the contrary, it is now shown that a great—possibly the supreme—factor in the struggle, within any given

species, is the development of systems of mutual aid.

Even between different species, it is shown that combination is a more efficient means of warfare than specialized weapons of defence. It is not only amongst the wandering herds of wild cattle, that the cows with their calves move onward "guarded," as has been beautifully said, "by the circling horns of the males." Even amongst the sparrows, who have no means of offence, the hawk is driven off, by the anger of great numbers. Party-spirit here taking the place of horns and spurs! Struggle and bloodshed and mutual conflict, in other words, have not played nearly so large a part in the progress of the races, as co-operation and fraternity, and mutual aid. The history of Humanity may, after all, prove to have been less of a battle-field than of a garden, of a family, of a home. It is not that community which is most selfish and aggressive to which we must look as possessing the greatest strength, as likely eventually to achieve the greatest share of success—but rather that which has the greatest common feeling, the greatest development of co-operation and solidarity, the largest number of institutions of mutual aid.

Kropotkin's book must be read for themselves, by all who would deeply understand the rightness of his demonstrations, or the way in which it embraces each phase in the historic development of man. But the fact proclaimed by religion stands also attested here by science, that true civilization is not to be advanced by rapine, that might is not right, that brutality between communities or individuals is not only not excusable, it is not even expedient. It does NOT contribute to the survival of the aggressor.

REVIEW ON *ESSAYS IN NATIONAL IDEALISM*

by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

THE peculiar love which the author of these Essays is known to cherish, for Indian music and Indian art, will prepare the reader for many of the subjects treated by him under the title of "National Idealism." But one could hardly be prepared for the vigour of thought and masculine energy of English, by which they are marked. The language is peculiarly happy when a reference has to be made to the epics, or, as Dr. Coomaraswamy prefers to call them, 'the sagas.' We feel here a man who has moulded his expression on William Morris—a twentieth century man who yet reads heroic literature! These Essays in Indian Idealism are fifteen in number and range over many subjects, from Yoga to Gramophones. Their author is a logical and uncompromising reactionary. His eyes are so firmly and determinedly set on THE IDEAL, as it might, under happier circumstances have been, that he would, if he could, erase Lord Macaulay's name from the chronicles of time, and destroy power-looms along with Christian Missions and Gramophones. Seeing that the world is as it is, and not as might have been, we are unable to wish, with him, that Lord Macaulay had been radically different, unless our environment had been radically different also. As thorn extracts thorn, fire extinguishes fire, and poison proves the antidote to poison, so one evil may be necessary to counteract another. Yet we cannot deny the beauty and truth of the pure ideal as he so nobly and persistently holds it up before us. This comprehension of the ideal is itself the greatest and best, because the most spiritual, of all the forces that are to make for our salvation. How true are the words at the end of the beautiful essay on Indian music:

"All this is passing away; when it is gone, men will look back on it with hungry eyes, as some have looked upon the life even of mediaeval Europe, or of Greece. When civilization has made of life a business, it will be remembered that life was once an art; when culture is the privilege of bookworms, it will be remembered

that it was once a part of life itself, not something achieved in stolen moments of relief from the serious business of being an engine-driver, a clerk, or a governor.

"Let those who are still part of such a life take note of it, that they may tell their children of it when it is nothing but a memory. A 'practical' and 'respectable' world has no place for the dreamer and the dancer; they belong to the old Hindu towns where the big temples and the Chatrams tell of the faith and munificence of kings and merchant princes. In Madras there is the military band, or the music-hall company on tour—what does it want with ascetics or with dancing girls?"

"Let those who are still part of such a life take note of it, that they may tell their children of it, when it is nothing but a memory." Aye, and let those who have been long banished from the beautiful old life take note of it, that they may do what in them lies to win back what they can of that life for others.

We of the present generation in Indian cities, are born to a certain extent orphans and foreigners to the culture of our own motherland. All who have thought deeply know that the renewal of our old life means for India all that 'Union with the People,' 'Restoration of the Villages,' and 'Back to the Land' mean, for other nations. For this reason we cannot value too highly these readings from the old life within their study of Indian culture, which a patient and devoted student has made. He says :

"(The future of India) lies in the lives of those who are truly Indian at heart, whose love for India is the love of a lover for his mistress, who believe that India still is (and not merely may be, when duly 'educated') the light of the World, who today judge all things by Indian standards, and in whom is manifest the work of the shapers of India from the beginning until now. Without these, there can be no Indian future worth the name. How may they be known? Like answers unto like; but, if an empirical test be asked for, I believe that the love of Indian music and the comprehension of Indian art are tests unfailing. "We do not think Dr. Coomaraswamy says a word too much about the importance of Indian music, as an element in Indian culture. Gramophones, and even the bastard performances on the harmonium, we hate as heartily as he does. Only we would point out that in every country the end of native culture is to open the mind to universal culture, and that Indian music is no exception to this rule. Its labour is

justified when the really beautiful in Western music is also appreciated. Western study also, has a value for Indian life in its own time and place. Its defect is that Western study aims rather at the efficiency of the many than at the deep cultivation of the individual.

The author's services to the Indian arts of form and colour are many and incessant. His essays on this subject, therefore, and especially the chapter in which he compares Ravi Varma and Abanindra Nath Tagore, are of great value. The work done by the Indian Society of Oriental Art receives his emphatic elucidation and support. Finally, in a notable passage comparing idealistic and realistic aims in art, Dr. Coomaraswamy says :

"The great cat-gods of Egypt, the sublime Buddhas of Java, the four-handed gods of India, even the great Chinese Dragon, are greater imaginative art, belong more to the divine in man, than do the Hermes of Praxteles or the Venus of Milo. The ideal of the last is limited, and the very fact and possibility of its attainment show it. I do not mean, of course, that even post-Pheidian Greek art could be spared from the world, or that it is not one of the great achievements of humanity : only that it was in certain respects definitely limited, and does not necessarily stand on a pinnacle by itself as the greatest of all art the world has seen. Once the spell of this limited ideal is broken, you can never again be satisfied by it, but seek in art for that which has often been suggested, but never can, and never will, be perfectly expressed—the portrayal not merely of perfect men, but of perfect and entire divinity. *You seek for an art which, however imperfectly, seeks to represent neither particular things, nor merely physical or human grandeur, but which aims at an intimation of the Universe, and that universe conceived, not as an empirical phenomenon, but as noumenon within yourself.*"

The statement which we have here ventured to emphasize, is one of a great profundity and truth.

Our author has no toleration for counterfeits. He cannot pardon the gramophone, or the harmonium, or the mission school. But now and again he gives us a larger glimpse, and it is for these that we think the book he has written to be of surpassing value :

"The great civilising force called Hinduism," he says, is a literal attempt to realise the kingdom of heaven on earth. This is the explanation of religious art traditions, of the continuity in Indian music, architecture, and ritual. Those for whom the ideal was a

matter of actual experience, who saw and heard the true realities and revealed them to less gifted men, willed that they should not be forgotten.

It is for us not to follow after our own vain imaginings in art or life, not even—though this might well content us—to follow blindly on the lines laid down by the ancient shapers of Indian culture; but so to refine ourselves that we may see and hear again the true realities and re-express them in terms of our present consciousness."

And so, with this hint of "the hope that lies in 'change beyond change,'" we leave a book that we commend to every reader.

REVIEW ON *PRIMITIVE TRADITIONAL HISTORY* by I. F. Hewitt*

RESEARCH into the sources of our own history is rapidly becoming a passion amongst us. All national consciousness must think in terms of history. The individuality of a people is as truly determined by their corporate memory as is the personality of each one amongst us by our private accumulation of psychological impulsions and associations. This is why, with the waking of a national sense there is an inevitable renewal of the consciousness of national origins. Especially will this be the case when the effective stimulation has consisted of the impact of a new race and a foreign culture upon the nationalizing population.

In the book before us by a late Commissioner of Chota Nagpur, this position of conflicting cultures uniting to give birth to fresh cycles of civilization and new growths of science, so far from forming an exceptional or catastrophic episode, is seen to have been the most normal incident in Indian History for tens of thousands of years. With all our thirst for history it is difficult for us to know where to turn for the guiding lines of the past. It is not easy to tell what elements in our own environment are historically the most significant. For this some wider basis of contrast and comparison was absolutely essential. The Hindu culture of the past has been distinguished for its intensiveness, its precision of detail, its profundity within a limited area. The European outlook may strike us as superficial, but we have infinite need of its extensive and synthetic conceptions. The place of India in the world ought to be as firmly defined in the background of the Indian scholar's mind as the succession of epochs that have made her what she is. It is this fundamental frame-work that gives dignity and commonsense to the work of students. We have in the past cherished a grievance more or less justifiable against the European mind, for what we have called its grudgingness of time. As against the 432,000 years of the

* In 2 volumes. Published by Parker & Co., London and Oxford, 1907.
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Kaliyuga, and kindred enumerations, of our own forefathers, the European scholar places the battle of Kurukshetra at 1500 B.C. and gives something like a century apiece to such phenomena as the making of the Vedas or the Upanishads or the growth of a religion ! Neither of these alternatives commends itself to us as serious history, and we cast about in vain for the elements of a more reliable chronology.

Those elements are abundantly provided in the book before us. Here we find a European mind of the highest culture and imbued with profound respect for Indian civilization, at work upon a scheme of history which to its thinking goes back something like 25,000 years. The leading idea of the author is that myth, ritual, and custom, have not grown up haphazard, but have been definitely and scientifically determined by changing permutations and combinations of alien races. Hewitt, as Commissioner of Chota Nagpur, necessarily enjoyed unique opportunities for the study of forest races, and seems to have had a genius for aboriginal languages. In the investigation of the varying land-tenures, religions, and traditions, of contiguous castes and villages he was evidently struck by their similarities and analogies to those of early races elsewhere, such as the Gauls and Celts of Europe, the fireworshipping Finns, the Hittites of Asia Minor, and the Egyptian cat-worshippers. He speaks of the fertile soil and kindly climate of India which have "in the course of ages made her the motherland of a blended population, formed by the union of the black indigenous tribes of Australoid and Negritic origin, with the yellow Mongolic Finns and Tartars, and the brown, reddish, and white immigrants who have come thither from every region of Asia and Europe, all of them seeking this fabled paradise of the South as the goal to which their wanderings were directed." (p. 89)

In the article on *Mythology* by Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (10th Edition) we have a good example of the customary way of interpreting the early stories of religious faith. With all Mr. Lang's interest in this subject he is unable to overcome his disgust at what he considers as the juxtaposition in the Vedas of the idea of savages with the highest speculations of theology. According to Hewitt, even the mythological ideas of savages are worthy of profound respect. He says, "Those who thus condemn the primitive founders of civilization as brutal and ignorant savages who left behind them, instead of history, lying stories impregnated

with supernatural events and telling of actors with super-natural powers, appear to forget that it is to these people they owe the foundation of our institutions, that it was they who first began to clear the woods, to till the fields, to organise village, provincial, national, and tribal government, to institute local and maritime trade, to tame and tend cattle, to introduce manufacture, and to organize the education and training of those children who were to hand down to future generations with continuous additional improvements the knowledge derived from their forefathers. It is impossible to believe that the men whose stubborn perseverance and wisdom is so deeply imprinted on the social fabric which they have left behind them, could wilfully have left as legacy to their children a heritage of senseless beliefs or that they would have added to their arduous work of pioneer toil the useless labour of concocting lying stories; nor would they, unless they had thought them to be scrupulously truthful, have claimed for them the sanctity of divine revelation which was reverently given to them in the infancy of national religions." According to this writer the ceremonies of a people form a kind of map or picture of its history and beliefs. There is no detail of a puja or a legend which is without a meaning. He points out that in this primitive history, framed by priests, long ages of the past are given in a sort of bird's-eye view. This history afterwards gave place to that of the tribal bards who sang the praises of national leaders, changed the old gods and heroes into individual kings and completely forgot the meaning of early mythology. Hence the whole fabric tottered and fell. Annals and chronicles took the place of myths. And reconstruction is now only possible by careful search among the ancient ruins. In these researches, we must remember, he says, that every race-aggregate—Hindu, Persian, Celtic or what not—is composed of various groups, many of whom emanated from different and far distant lands, and each of which began its career as a separate and alien tribe, united within itself by its traditional history, ritual and tribal customs, and also by its method of worshipping its parent-god who ordained the perpetual succession of weeks, seasons and months by which they measured time. Emigration, he says, in early conservative days, "was a tribal movement, and not as at present that of individuals and sometimes of families. Each emigrating section of a tribe took with it from its starting place its complete tribal religion, time reckoning, customs and ritual, and retained these unchanged

wherever it went. Change in these was then unpardonable, and to minds as then constituted an unthinkable impossibility, unless they amalgamated with other races they met in their wanderings. It was then thought lawful and indeed necessary to frame a new foundation of rites, beliefs, and customs by piecing together those of the tribes forming the new union, and these changes were fitted into the tribal story, which thus became a national drama in many acts forming the charter on which they based their right to exist as a separate nation."

Another point for which Hewitt admires the system of primitive man was the sternly despotic education of the forest races which imparted such "conquering force" to their children that they were able eventually to spread their village institutions, beliefs, and customs over all the countries of the ancient civilized world. He vindicates the great historical sense shown in Hinduism by saying, "If all the later writers of ancient history had been as careful in preserving the records of the past as the Vedic Brahmins were, our present knowledge would not be so much in need of revision as it is now."

In the synthesis of Primitive Traditional History there is place for all that is known of Mexico, Australia, Africa, Egypt, Etruria, Ireland, and Scandinavia. The actual method employed is the sequence of year reckonings by which wonderful and unexpected connections are clearly demonstrated. The wildest dreams of patriotism have not imagined such importance for India as is here ascribed to her by an English scholar. The Vedas are treated, not as a single deposit of literature but as contemporary with long ages of traceable developments. In short he says, "The whole ritual of the Indian Church, as expounded in the Rig Veda and the Brahmana ritualistic manuals was that of the worship of the gods who measure time, and it was the successive phases assumed by the forms of worship altered with the changing computations of the year which distinguish the epochs of national chronology; and these changes were, as we have seen, all connected with the advent of new immigrant races who became in course of time united in one composite nationality with those who have preceded them.

"Records similar to those orally preserved in India by the priestly guilds were handed down from generation to generation by the Schools of Prophets among the colleges or leagues of dervishes or ceremonial priests of Asia Minor, South Western Asia, and

Egypt; and similar guilds framed and ruled the national rituals in Greece, Italy and all other countries in which organized tribes established themselves as separate nationalities, and in which the trading merchants of the Indian Ocean established themselves as controllers of government.

"But the system of organization began to decay rapidly during and after the wars preceding the conquest of the Gotho-Celtic Aryans who brought in a new spirit of individualism which was essentially antagonistic to the communalism which had formed and dominated the civilization of the trading and agricultural races of Southern Asia and the countries in the Mediterranean basin. But after the newcomers had established their power, and when they began to organize a government founded on peace and not on war, they, like the German races who overthrew the empire of Rome, found that this could be only done by enlisting the services of those who had been trained in statesmanship under the previous Government. Hence in India the Brahmins and trading and artisan classes gradually began to recover their former influence, and in the organization of Vedic ritual and theology the new system was as we have seen firmly based on the earlier creeds and embody their old traditions."

It is a little difficult to follow the author in his view of the great antiquity of pre-Buddhistic Buddhism. His style of writing is somewhat involved and this added to the difficulty of the subject renders his astronomical equivalents for stories told in the Jatakas somewhat obscure. But this statement does not hold good in equal degree of his picture of the two great civilizations of early India, namely, that of the Bharatas succeeded by the Aryans. This Bharata civilization he paints as an age of supremacy of trade guilds. These trade guilds, emanating from India and Persia, and anxiously conserving their ancestral creeds and customs by way of maintaining their own nationality unimpaired became in every place where they settled both powerful and prosperous. They would have abhorred the idea of proselytism. Yet they gradually became invested with ruling and directing power in such places as Babylon, Crete, and Egypt. Under these influences amalgamations of neighbouring alien tribes arose, resulting in the formation of new races, and these included in their ritual and national creed the various phases of the changing religious and political beliefs and customs of the merchant races whose numbers and influence were continually recruited from

India and Persia. One of the early political ideas that Hewitt finds most significant of the diffusion of this Indian culture is that of the centralization reflected in the expression Chakravarti Rajah. What Kashi was to India, or Nipur to Babylonia, that Delphi became to Greece, and Thebes and Memphis to Egypt. And they became so, as Hewitt believes, by direct and conscious imitation.

Like all true scholars our author insists again and again on the fragmentary character of his own achievement and speaks with vigorous hope of the success for which future workers may look. He reminds us that anthropology, ethnology, and theology must always occupy a very conspicuous place as guides to statesmanship and national government. And he points out that these can never be mastered without a knowledge of the past history recorded in the traditions, ritual, and customs of those races who have successively in point of time been leaders of human progress in different ages and countries. Does it not appear to us who long so ardently for the reconstruction of the historic consciousness of our own past, that there may be infinite truth in the Bengali proverb which says 'This world is full of jewels, all that is wanted is men to pick them up' !

REVIEW ON *YOUTHS' NOBLE PATH* BY F. F. Gould

PRECEDED by a few words of warm commendation from Sir George Clarke of Bombay, the Moral Education League in London has issued a few pages of a forthcoming book of moral lessons for boys and girls in India. These few pages have been to ourselves a delightful surprise. Hero-tales of Arabia, Persia, and India, tales of Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists and Parsis, tales from the Mahabharata and Ramayana, and Krishna and the Snake Kaliya, side by side with Herakles and the Hydra, are all to be found in this delightful booklet.

We confess that the prevailing talk about the need of moral and religious text-books had not prepared us for anything so admirable. We felt that the talkers were making themselves ridiculous by the assumption that the deepest truths of human life could be taught by words, read out of books. Did they not know that it was the teacher, and what he loved, that the child learnt from, not what he said? After reading this booklet, however, we think it may be well to give some set time regularly, more or less in the way of recreation, to the consideration of this particular end and its compassing, at least for young children. The wide sympathies of the author, together with his great simplicity, enable him to furnish the teacher with the raw materials of character-building ammunition as it were, for the assault on inertia. He has true aims and conceptions in his architecture of the moral life. He knows how to fire the deeper passions, those of helping others, of aiding the lowly to rise, and of self-sacrifice. And above all, he has learnt the great secret of finding the illustrations he needs in a people's own literature. It is of course clear that a book like the present is only intended for the very young. For boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen we would advise the abandonment of even those elements of didacticism which inhere in this book. In their case, it would be

desirable to quote immortal fragments of literature without comment or criticism.

We were much struck on one occasion to hear from a Russian that the Lament of Gandhari was to be found in Russian schoolbooks, and is therefore familiar to all those in that country who can read. We cannot imagine anything better than a textbook made up of such extracts. The entry of Yudhishthira into Heaven needs no explanation. As it stands in the *Mahabharata*, it explains itself. And the literature of the whole world contains perhaps no other moral lesson like it. In filling the minds of the adolescent with pictures and ideals such as this we are giving them the highest and noblest of companions to live with them. Beside this, there is no other moral education worth the name. But for younger children a word of introduction is necessary. The teacher teaches, by dint of his own love and aspiration after all that is great. But it is well that he should be able to call on something that will expand and enforce the hints he himself can let fall on such a subject. A child's criticism needs a word of guidance here and there. This guidance, straightforward, unobtrusive, it is Mr. Gould's aim to give. He 'does it well.' We live by admiration, hope and love, says Wordsworth. Mr. Gould's service in lighting up the great ideals is no little one.

That of the Moral Education League in drawing up the syllabus of moral and civic virtues which we have also received, does not seem to us so valuable. A syllabus of this sort is bound to be complicated, and to have the effect of crushing the enthusiasm of the teacher who refers to it, under the weight of what has to be done. The beauty of the concrete personal ideals of mythology lies exactly here, that they are seeds of life, and therefore unfold later, under a proper fostering of the imagination, into infinitely more significance than the most careful analysis could have got out of them. A single story told at a sympathetic moment in childhood, will have effects on a life, that the most agonized setting out of pans to collect the dew will never compass.

Nor should we like it to be thought that because we admire so deeply Mr. Gould's little work, therefore we are converts to the idea of set courses of moral instruction in general. We have a good deal of regard to the fact that this task, when next done, is not likely to be done so well. And we realize the disastrous farce of a scramble for the commercial production of text-books in such a department,

as vastly worse for the national conscience than is even the present spectacle in the matter of secular knowledge.

Our Indian ideals may be said to centre in purity, patience, and faithfulness. The English on the other hand worship truth, courage, and discipline. There would be a great deal of good done to both sides by a mutual expression of these ideals. Amongst our many needs we have none like that of recovering a manly discipline, at once free and unfaltering, and perhaps the present state of the marriage-laws in the west is a sufficient evidence of all that they have to learn from us, in the ethics that knit society together. It might be said indeed that in civic discipline westerns are incomparable, and in social orientals. We might learn from each other. But we are not sure that it is of much use to try to turn the process into a school course, and furnish text-books on the subject. The virtue of Mr. Gould's lies in the fact that he never ceases to be concrete. The abstract has its own place in moral teaching, but we do not know how far most of us would be willing to go in making Emerson, the Bible, and the *Ramayana*, into school-books. It is clear that every step in the organization of education puts a multiplied strain on the tact of the teacher, and tends increasingly at the same time to find us teachers who are incapable of exercising it.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF SPEECHES AND INTERVIEWS

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF *BRAHMAVADIN*

To Emerson and Thoreau America owes the introduction of Eastern philosophy into its literature fifty or sixty years ago, when their essays and lectures and poems first called popular attention to Hindu teachings. In these conservative and orthodox days comparatively few appreciated the written and spoken messages brought by these gentle and noble spirits. Now their writings are cherished classics, and the intervening years mark a great change in religious thought in the West. In the past six years, especially, the ideas of the Hindus have made an impression in many directions, dating from Swami Vivekananda's masterly addresses before the Parliament of Religions. The growing influence of Oriental Philosophy is seen in the subjects comprised in courses of lectures, in sermons preached in some of the best-known churches, and in the publication of an increasing number of metaphysical and philosophical magazines of religious character. A notable sermon was delivered several weeks ago by the Rev. R. Heber Newton D.D. in the Protestant Episcopal Church of All Souls in New York, of which Parish Dr. Newton has been the honoured and beloved rector for many years. In the discourse Dr. Newton said it had been his privilege to know some of the children of the East, and to entertain them in his home, and with deep feeling dwelt upon the visit of Swami Abhedananda in his country home last summer. Of a certain twilight hour during this visit of a week Dr. Newton said out of the midst of ordinary conversation the Swami gently led our thoughts to the great Reality, and each of the little company was imbued with a sense of communion, a serene, ecstatic, sweet and tender converse with the eternal and infinite Presence.

The above is an abstract of the sermon sent for publication in *The Brahmavadin*.

ON ASIA AND EUROPE

by Meredith Townsend

THE book is a series of essays presenting the conclusions formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject of the relations between Asia and Europe. While admitting that in some ways the book was brilliant and entertaining, and that it gave evidence of artistic feeling and insight, Miss Noble said that it was lacking in the elements of a great book. She submitted that between the natives of India and Europeans who held sway over them there could be no real community of feeling. On the question of civilization, Miss Noble said that the civilization of both China and India had always been moral. They had never, she said, desired possessions that were not their own. The extraordinary thing was that that appeared to be a point that Mr. Townsend had no faculty for understanding. Touching the charge of cruelty brought against Asiatics by Mr. Townsend, Miss Noble said that stories of Asiatic cruelty, even if true, could be matched by some in Europe. One thing at any rate was certain that the brilliant idea had never occurred to the Asiatic to starve out thousands of women and little children in camps. Whenever the Asiatic went to war, the peasant tilling the field was absolutely safe. He went on sowing his rice or reaping it with battles hurtling all around. Did anyone suppose that was the mark of a people who had sunk to farm-burning? Then as to the greed of European nations for territory in Asia, on the plea that markets were a necessity, there were some people, said the lecturer, in this country, to whom it never occurred that the Ten Commandments applied to all men and that of all the precious possessions that you could steal from a man, there was none so precious as that thing that could be weighed in no scales, that could be held in no hand and yet was so real—that thing that we called our freedom. Miss Noble questioned the wisdom of British methods of governing India. She thought it curious to say the least that Mr. Townsend made no mention of the word famine.

when he was summing up the blessings of English rule. She agreed with him that our work—educational, intellectual and moral—had been a failure because we had killed all that was Indian and had succeeded in causing to grow one thing that was genuinely European or worse. It was true, as Mr. Townsend remarked, that if the English depart or are driven away from India, they will leave behind them as the Romans did in Britain, splendid roads, many useless buildings and increased weakness in the subject peoples and a memory which in a hundred years would be forgotten. A few months ago in that room she indicated the nature of our rule in India but she did not then expect that the most powerful weapon that could fall into the hands of persons sharing her opinions, would be provided by an Anglo-Indian who thought he was writing in the interests of his country.

THE HINDU MIND IN MODERN SCIENCE

SISTER Nivedita's lecture commenced by the reading of the invocation to creation from the *Rig Veda*, the most wonderful pronouncement of the religious scientific consciousness of any age or people.

In referring to the recent work of Dr. Bose in Europe, the lecturer pointed out the relation which his present theory of stress and strain holds to his previous accomplishment on the subject of electric waves. The wonderfully practical nature of his scientific work was shown in the fact that he had constructed by far the most perfect detector of wireless signals yet produced. The manipulative dexterity here displayed must have served him well in such later experiments as that in which he proved the continuity of mechanical and light stimulus by balancing the effect of a sunray on one wire by a twist of the hand on another.

The continuity of Living and Non-Living was only one point in the great line of argument verified in experiment, by which Dr. Bose aimed at establishing in scientific form the doctrine of the fundamental unity of phenomena. For all the phenomena of heat, light, electric radiance and chemical union and disruption might be regarded at bottom as but different aspects of the single basic occurrence of the swing of molecules under stress, this way and that. A great stress produced overstrain and overstrain was apt to result in reversal or rebound past the point of equilibrium. So every given force had the power of producing not only its proper but also its opposite effect. This fact was not without interest for students of the doctrine of Maya. Matter, and the laws of matter, were one, whether manifested in physiological or in what are called "purely physical" sequences. Simple mineral matter, such as metal, was just as subject to stress of any given kind as the animal body. A steel wire could be killed by poison or brought to life by the right antidote like a muscle or a human being.

The lecturer dealt much with the work of careful preceding

observers like Lodge and Waller. It was clear however, that even in the field of the former worker, a research so comprehensive and unexpected must be revolutionary. But it was the great glory of science to welcome truth from any quarter, and whatever its effect upon oneself.

In proving the continuity of Living and Non-Living, Dr. Bose had conceived the audacious idea of testing whether plant tissues would respond to a pinch or a tap by an electrical disturbance like, as had been known, the animal and like, as he was now prepared to prove, the metals.

By this attempt, Dr. Bose had opened out to western men of science an area of investigation hitherto unthought of where most accurate and simple methods would replace the system of indirect inference.

In dealing with more technical matters, the lecturer showed that our great countryman had further added to western power of research by suggesting methods of experiment on electric response which would not require the preliminary abnormalizing of the specimen. Hitherto it had been thought necessary to "injure" one end of the muscle or nerve for experiments in order to produce the necessary inequality of current on stimulation. Dr. Bose had adopted "The block method" and "the method of exaltation", by which no less than two additional sets of experiments might be made without abnormal conditions of any kind, in corroboration or disproof of any given observation.

The practical issues of these investigations were likely to prove of extraordinary utility in wireless telegraphy and also in medicine. In wireless telegraphy Dr. Bose's discovery of molecular self-recovery and other phenomena of metals would be sufficient to sweep away many crudities, notably that of the tapping apparatus to restore sensitiveness. In medicine we had here for the first time a possibility of precise testing and demonstration of the influence of drugs on metals—which always remained, however continuous with the animal, less precious from the human point of view.

Theoretically, it remained with Dr. Bose to prove his theories in face of the determined and natural reluctance of scientific men in the West—tried and faithful workers in their own paths many of them—to accept them. But if once accepted and incorporated, there could be no doubt that this, the first voice through which

the Hindu genius was speaking in science would be heard through all time side by side, not with the patient observers of details but with such masters as Newton and Darwin and Laplace.

In the lecturer's opinion, the Hindu race had an aptitude of the strongest kind for scientific work. The brilliant imagination, the dogged persistence, and the manipulative dexterity which so distinguished this worker, might be proved to a race-characteristic, not an individual inheritance.

Above all, as Dr. Bose himself had been heard to say on one occasion, Hindus had the incomparable advantage in science for freedom of thought. "They did not take God into their keeping!" One of these worst defects in their equipment was a habit of "wicked self-depreciation." The strong man must believe in himself, and so must the strong people, and they must expect no help. To the soul that strives for Jnana that help can be given? What conditions were necessary? A raging fever of realization, a thirst for renunciation, for Tapasya, who could deter that soul from its path?

All direct knowledge was Jnana. All effort, all concentration was Tapasya. Let the young men of Bengal turn to knowledge in this spirit. Let them cease from spurious imitation of foreigners out of mercenary motives, and live for Truth as their fathers lived. Let them regard self as nothing and the work in hand as all, and proving thus the actual nature of Hinduism, it was likely that they might find themselves in science leading the world.

PANDIT ISHWARCHANDRA VIDYASAGAR

At a meeting like this no one could say that Bengal was in any way sectarian. We have joined together as members of any great nation to celebrate the memory of a great man in the truest and widest sense. To my mind, this man coming out of a Bengal village, born of poor parents, stood forth as something that was not in the school text-book of today. He was the very type of a headman of Indian villages. I have never seen in Western countries the relationship which existed between Vidyasagar and his parents, whom he always consulted before doing anything, I think he foreshadowed the destiny of the Bengal people for some twenty-five years. They could not saturate themselves sufficiently with the great and simple spirit of that great man, who had come out of his village in Chudder, Dhoti and sandals to provide opportunities for them.

HINDU MIND IN WESTERN SCIENCE

AT the Gaiety Theatre, Bombay, last evening, a crowded audience assembled to listen to a lecture delivered by Sister Nivedita (Miss Margaret Noble) a disciple of the late Swami Vivekananda, on the subject of the "Hindu Mind in Western Science." The lecturer said that to the Indian youth and student nothing was so excellent to practise than what was known as the national study of India, the Brahmacharya. That was the high national ideal, which was charged with spiritual destiny and power. It was neither physical, material, intellectual nor mental. Communing within himself one developed the power that lay hidden within him to such an extent as to feel strong enough to meet any problem in life, and destroy Maya, or the worldly illusion, and enter into the great dynamic force by means of Samadhi—spiritual concentration or the highest holiness. He who would be able to do this would make his soul, which was struggling to be free, eternally free, and absorb and assimilate within himself other souls and forces. This was the great Sannyasa, or the life of renunciation attainable by every householder, who was bent upon practising the Brahmacharya, and living in accordance with its precepts. European science has now attained to such a high pitch of cultivation that it could observe with the utmost accuracy the laws governing molecular physics. The atomic principle taught and demonstrated that matter in certain form had the same sensitiveness as that possessed by what was quick with life; it had to suffer from the same ills that flesh was heir to. But even this science was as nothing to what the grotesque-looking Yogi studied in his solitude—Nature. His was a grander study than the study of all the other intellectual activities put together. To them who could distinguish by their spiritual attainments the Real in the midst of the unreal, and Life in the midst of death, belonged eternal strength and empire and to none else.

Lecture delivered on September 30, 1902, under the auspices of the Students' Brotherhood, at the Gaiety Theatre, Bombay. Reproduced from the *Times of India*, October 1, 1902.

THE DUTIES OF A HINDU

UNDER the auspices of the Teliniparah Theosophical Society, a public meeting was held on Sunday, the 23rd instant at the residence of the late Babu Rajkissen Banerji, Zamindar, Teliniparah. Sister Nivedita feelingly impressed the audience very much. She dwelt at length upon the greatness of Ancient India, and referred to the useful works rendered by Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, Swami Vivekananda and Dr. J.C. Bose. She urged on the minds of her hearers the necessity of learning self-help and of evolving such mental qualities as are necessary for the building of a national character. She laid much stress upon acquiring knowledge instead of stuffing the mind with mere information. A mind equipped with useful knowledge is alone able to render material help to one's fellow-men.

THE UNITY OF INDIA

SISTER Nivedita who was received with loud cheers, offered a short prayer to Shivaguru before commencing her lecture. In the course of her address she said that most people thought one mentioned the words "the Unity of India" only in ridicule. It was not so that evening. They were not met there to give some sort of spasmodic shock and to galvanize something that was really dead into a born life. They were met, she said, not to talk and think of a possible unity of India in the future nor even of a past unity but to come to some kind of consciousness and agreement as to a unity, actual and living at the present. In warning us against those who denied the existence of any such unity the Sister said :

Either the unity of India exists today or there shall never be unity amongst us. Do not allow people to tell you that that unity does not exist. Do not allow what we call in the English language those crocodile-tears of a false patriotism that declares we are weak, we are divided, miserable, helpless and bound, but if we try, struggle and strive, we may be able to undo all this. If your nation or country has indeed reached so sore a pass even for one moment, then I fear we may truly lay to our hearts the fact that we shall never be able to undo it. What is one little generation like this in the life of a great race who numbers at this moment 300 millions of souls ? What could we, a little handful of people, hope to do to affect the life of so great a mass ?

Continuing, the lecturer enforced on the minds of the audience the necessity of a cool, calm and dispassionate judgment even with regard to the law of sentiment and belief. Even in the case of religion, we must bring to bear upon it every power of commonsense and every detail of the commonest mathematical reason at our disposal. Perfect sanity was essential. Patriotism was not a fever to which we could work ourselves up temporarily and then let it subside again. The Sister would bring to the minds of

Lecture delivered at Pachayappa's Hall, Madras, under the auspices of the Young Men's Hindu Association on December 20, 1902. Reproduced from *The Hindu*, December 21, 1902.

the audience but one word, and leave it there that every breath as it was breathed out and every breath as it was breathed in, might breathe in and out that word. That word was nationality.

The lecturer then contrasted the success of the Englishman with the failure of the Hindu, in explanation of which she said : "If we look at human life we should see, I think, that men are great and strong only in proportion to their capabilities of acting in a synthesis. Why today is the European stronger in this country than the child of the soil ? The reason is an exceedingly simple and obvious one. The reason is that the European acts as if he were always conscious of that great synthesis to which he belongs and in which he works, and the child of the soil does not act as if he were conscious of the synthesis to which he belongs and for which he works. Individuals succeed against each other. Do they not ? By right of their morality. But what is morality ? Is it not the power of the individual to subordinate his own claim and his own interest to the general interest and the general claim ? In the long run, that self-subordination, that self-sacrifice even sometimes that self-annihilation makes for ultimate and everlasting life and strength. What is true of the individual is true also of the community. Communities strive against each other and succeed over each other in virtue of the great law of a common action. Not always the men who possess the greatest synthesis but always the men who are most instinctively and habitually conscious of their synthesis and dominated by their synthesis succeed and life is against the men who are unconscious and undominated.

The Sister said that she saw actually face to face as she saw the sun in the sky at midday that we in India had a great synthesis and unparalleled synthesis full of strength, majesty and potentiality and hoped that the time would come when we should understand and know that and act on the strength of it. But she feared that that time might be indefinitely delayed by our own want of the absolute importance of making it the burden of every prayer and hope. We might perhaps say there is no synthesis in our country and point out to the Madrasee, the Bengalee, the Sikh, the Mahratta and the Mussalman types of great variety. In answer to this the Sister said that though in older times that word 'unity' did imply a constant repetition of individuals who were like each other, yet today a deeper kind of unity had come to be recognized and that the unlikeness of individuals might be a presumption in favour of their

unity. This was organic unity.

The Sister then went on to point out that it was not the man who merely thought in synthesis but the man whose thoughts could feel in synthesis that was the man of the age destined to survive. Our action and our position mattered very little, the Sister said, provided we gave birth and life to a great idea. The Hindus alone, among all the nations of the world, had been able to see that it was the mind that created the universe and not the universe that created the mind. We were to become the makers of the world that was to be after us. This was true especially with regard to the young generation of students whose minds were fresh and free and whose one concern in life ought to be that future to which they belonged. We were told, the Sister said, that India had no unity some fifty years ago. It was indeed true that cheap postage, widely extended railway travel, and the common use of the English language had contributed towards greater unity of India. But the Sister scouted the idea that there was no unity in India long before these fifty blessed years. If India had no unity herself, no unity could be given to her. The unity which undoubtedly belonged to India was self-born and had its own destiny, its own functions and its own vast powers; it was the gift of no one. We could point to proofs by the thousand that India knew her own unity and expressed it well and adequately in her own past long before these fifty glorious years were born. Moreover, the Sister said, a recent mushroom growth of unity like that of the past fifty years could not serve the country effectually and could never have actuality in us or in our lives. Then the Sister gave a vivid and glowing account of how she had once witnessed the grand sight of a vast concourse of over three thousand pilgrims assembled in a valley among the mountains of the north, a wonderfully beautiful valley with rushing streams on the hill sides and clad with pine forests with the moon shining above and a great glacier sparkling in the distance. There they were assembled, the three thousand pilgrims resting for Ekadashi. They came from all corners of India. They had no common language. But there they were met for a common religious ceremony. Was not this a unity in reality? It was not the English language that had brought about this unity. And again the Sister argued, who gave us the unity of custom and the unity of reverence? Not modern people, no stranger, where did it come from? Why did we devote a week or two every year to the memory of the dead? And if we owed so

much to the dead, how much more did we owe to the future? Was it not our duty to see that we left this generation stronger and further advanced than we found it, not where it stood today or yesterday but much further progressed. In short, must we not make our consciousness progressive? Some might be tempted to question whether progress was possible. The sum of things remained the same as it was, it was true. But it was the distribution of things within the sum that changed, and it mattered much how it changed. Although by all the labour of our lives we could not change the sum of prosperity, we could change the distribution very considerably. It was our bounden duty to do so.

Besides the old life of common custom and common reverence there was another bond of unity, the Sister said. The deepest of all unities was surely the unity of a common struggle. The whole of India from one end to the other was bent upon one great struggle. There was no union in the world like the union of a single great agony and a great effort to attain one common aim. The greatest of all unions was the Indian Union in that effort after the righteousness of individuals and of the nation.

The Sister then began to speak with great reverence on the value of the Bhagavad Gita. She said how her great Guru used to read a few chapters or even a few verses and how a text would come thundering across his brain and how he would not hear anything for days together but the reverberation of that great text in his ears. The Sister then gave an explanation of how such a book came to be written. The book meant that India was a country full of a great and complex life that India herself could not understand. That was the real sign of life and vitality. When our living presses against the barriers of our limited knowledge, it was then that we began to learn. It was then that our living was rich and great; could we say the same of India today the Sister questioned. Our duty was to bring India to that place where she would need a new Sri Krishna and a new *Gita*. Nature was against the restoration of old forms nor was it necessary. But the essential thing was to bring back the old throbbing river of life, to make it beat upon the shores of national consciousness.

The Sister then pointed out that so far she had been dealing with unity only in a territorial sense, when she spoke of the Madrassee, the Bengalee, the Mussalman and the Sikh and the Mahratta as various limbs of the same body, she had been thinking

of the unity of space. But there was another kind of unity, historic unity. The mere territorial unity of humanity was not unity unless we could also bring to bear upon it our historic consciousness. What was the thread that bound the Indian life into one from the beginning of time to the end of time ? In answer to this, the Sister drew the attention of the audience to the meaning of the text, "For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evil, for the firm establishment of Truth, I am born again and again." What was the centre of historic unity ? It was the numerous divine incarnations. It was those great religious teachers, who poured out upon us through their last representatives that renewed life, hope and courage which would enable us to rise again. She pointed to Ramakrishna, Buddha, Shankaracharya, Ramanuja and the great soul that passed but the other day, Vivekananda, as examples.

In conclusion, the Revered Sister said :

"Do not launch the precious cargo of Dharma of your truth to the national cause, on the boot of one doxy or another doxy. Be true, let that truth find its expression how it will. New life, strong life must be for ever finding new expression. If this life of ours be true, we shall be realizing new truths all the time. Let us put off every shackle. Let us learn in our heart of hearts the true religion. Let us express it in strength. Whatever form that truth may take let the South be true to herself and to the national cause. Recognize again as you have recognized so nobly a hundred times before, who it is who comes with the message of truth. Sing again that great song that the South has sung again and again. Beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings. Realize it, lay to your heart of hearts and yet again shall come the great Re-establishment of Dharma, when the whole of this nation shall be united together not in a common weakness, not in a common misfortune or grievance but in a great overflowing complex, actual, ever strong, ever living, consciousness of the common nationality, the common heritage, the common struggle, the common life. Aye ! the common destiny and the common hope, and so let me in all reverence and in all grateful memory and love repeat to you again those words that were spoken here in our midst so few years ago by a voice so dear, so well remembered by you all—those great words that were the text of his message to his land for ever more : *Arise, awake, struggle and rest not till the goal is reached.*

SISTER NIVEDITA IN MADRAS

AN INTERVIEW

SISTER Nivedita is a Londoner, and had been an educationist of some repute until the day that she happened to meet the one whom she is fond of referring to as "My Master"—great Swami Vivekananda. That memorable meeting took place in 1895 and from that time to this the Sister has been a profound student of the Vedanta Philosophy.

Referring to those early days of her present course of life, Sister Nivedita said :

"I was then a member of the Church of England, and held "Broad" views. Yet I deeply admired the Church of Rome."

"And I suppose that your position in the Church of your early years ceased when you entered upon the work you are presently engaged upon" ? I asked. "No," was her reply, "I have never broken with my position as a member of the Church of England nor is there any reason why I should do so," and she added with emphasis, "I am in no sense of the word a Theosophist."

With regard to India and its people, Sister Nivedita said : "I have infinite hope for India. The people are bewildered by necessities they do not yet understand, but I cannot doubt that they are fully equal to the ultimate solution of every problem presented to them."

My enquiry as to her opinion of the present condition of religion in Europe elicited the following reply :

"One of the great destinies that I foresee is that the Vedanta Philosophy will give to Europe a re-justification for religious belief with regard to Christianity. Christian doctrine in Europe has been abandoned. We are as it were, in a dilemma. The Indian mind will help us out of this dilemma."

"But what about the idolatory of the Indian people ?"

"There is no such thing as idolatry in India. The word is a gross libel. India, religiously, is like a University which is strengthened by having the Kindergarten stages of every study incorporated. These very 'idolators' will be the first to worship the great Yogi who has actually realized that there is no personal God. I realized this, I mean, in the sense in which St. Theresa may be said to have realized it in her ecstasies. Christianity is fundamentally true. It cannot be touched by any demonstration of the unhistorical character of any records. But, Christianity, to my mind, is false when it declares that no other religion is true. The Creeds are beautiful in their own time and place, but outside of their place, they are terrible. Christianity is beautiful as an emancipation. It is horrible as a bondage."

In reply to inquiries as to her future work and purposes, Sister Nivedita informed me that she did not know what her next movements were.

"My life" said she, "is given to India. In it I shall live and die."

THE DUTIES OF STUDENTS

Miss Margaret Noble, better known as Sister Nivedita in our country, arrived in Bankipur on the morning of Thursday last and has since been giving public lectures and holding informal discussions which, to say the least of them, are highly interesting and edifying. India, and especially the province of Behar, needs at the present day such a preacher as this whose mission, as she emphatically and eloquently puts it, is not to initiate people into the mysteries of Yoga, or to solve abstruse metaphysical questions of Hindu religion, but to suggest practical means for the real advancement of Indians as a nation. Over and over again she has been impressing upon the people here to forget their social and religious dissensions and to embrace each other as the sons of the same mother irrespective of their caste or creed. In a country like India which is inhabited by the representatives of every creed unity in religion is not possible, but we may at least try to respect the faith of our brothers and not to find fault with it in a spirit of rancour and meanness. The Hindus and Mohammedans must not only see each other with toleration but must love each other as brothers. She has spoken at great length on the physical training of our boys and the education of our girls, and her stirring and remarkable speech this morning on Educational Problems in this country would rouse into activity the most lethargic of her audience. We give below the substance of her address to the Hindu boys on the occasion of the anniversary of their Association held on Friday last.

When asked to address the Hindu Boy's Association I did not ascertain what the subject was on which I was to address. The students should always ask themselves what India expected of them. They should be manly and cheerful as boys. It is the duty of boys to be young heroes. You should live in the *Mahabharata* and give no attention to theology. There is an allegory in the Hindu Puranas of the incarnation as tortise, as man-lion and as dwarf. My guru taught me that this piece of fine nature painting is an allegory of the

stages of human perfection. The tortoise represents the baby state. The man-dwarf state when the power of walking is learnt; Rama and Krishna represent the Kshatriya nerves; and when all the duties are over we have got Buddha who by contemplation attains to Nirvana. In your lives do not think about death but of life.

It is the first duty of a boy to eat well and sleep well and his next duty is to play well. There is plenty of fresh air. In the education you get half your energy is spent in mastering a foreign language. You become grey-haired before you attain to old age. You should show intense energy in your play. For this the festivals like the Charak puja in Bengal should be made use of. Your whole attention should be to have good health and you should have the temper of healthy boys. I shall be sorry to see immeasurable calm on the face of boys. Mothers don't like to see immeasurable calm on the face of boys; but they would rather like to see laughter and smiles in their faces. I should like to see you wrestling, boxing, fencing with each other rather than to see you calm. We want strong men. Don't give yourselves to much study. The hero is one who fights, loves fighting and his supreme joy is to be beaten by one who is his superior after fighting his best. His language is not the language of saints and Paramahamsas. Fight, fight, fight again but not with meanness and not with rancour. Always come out of the round smiling. The hero never stands alone. He has always a band of devoted brothers with him. The boy who is hero must never glory in his performances. He does not know what evil temper or cowardice or laziness is. He is like Yudhishtira. It is not for you to think of Bhishma. You should be like Yudhishtira, the stainlessly just, the perfect, the perfect knight, although king, yet not higher than Bhishma or greater than Krishna. All students during their period of scholarship are meant to be Kshatriyas. In the school and the play grounds you are Kshatriyas. Bend every nerve to be Kshatriyas, before you see the feet of a Brahmana. I do not tell you not to think or feel, but live as Kshatriyas lived.

The good of your country should be your true aim. Do not seek it by literary pursuits of clever writing of articles or oratory. There are too many among you who are fit for these things. Think that the whole country is your country and your country needs work. Struggle for knowledge, for strength, for happiness and prosperity. Let all these be your aim in life. By no means be found

sleeping when the cry comes for battle. The fewer be your words the more heroic shall you be. Schoolboys devoted to study, talk much. But I want to see them in the foot-ball field. Our words should always fall below our deeds.

Pick out your Guru from history, the history of your own country, or Europe. Worship the heroes of the world. Do not forget your *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*. The true knight fights for duty than for gain. Choose your heroes from the heroes of action. Look to Japan how she fought against all foreign influences and by independent action attained her greatness. Take the motto of the Upanishads : Although the path be as sharp as the blade of razor, stop not till the goal is reached.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM IN INDIA

IN India the educational problem is the problem of problems. It can be discussed under various different headings, such as Primary, Secondary and University education; women's education; industrial, technical, political and commercial education. Each of these headings supplies us with material for long disquisition and unlimited discussions. But unfortunately in India people have no keen feeling about the complexity of the problem and are not conscious of it as a great one. This seems certainly strange and why? Because India is now at its transition period. We feel that all power is concentrated in the mighty men in the country; they can change the future destiny of India by pressing as it were a button, or by turning a screw. The educational policy which is now being followed gives anything but University Education. The Indian Universities Bill attempts to narrow the sphere of education in this country. But I am not going to make a political speech.

My object is to make you think and think. I am living with thinking on the educational problem. Sometimes I find a way out and sometimes I do not. I have come here to help you in thinking out for yourself for I have a belief in the power of right thought. At the same time I cannot give a recipe—a recipe of a little of geography, a little of salt and of geometry does not make up a dish of Indian Education that may suit your taste and intellect. I can at the most point out to you the lines along which we can make experiments and I am unable to give you anything cut and dried.

We all know that exalted persons are not in a position, by the lines they write on paper, to determine the future of a country; they cannot alter the destinies of a nation by even a fraction of an inch. You cannot tell why on some occasions the Viceroy is a futile person in spite of his will to act. You cannot tell why with the utmost of purpose to achieve one end he does quite the opposite. An united people is enough to cower a government. The future lies with those

who can act and no government can alter the destinies of those who can act. A unity of five men can for most purposes defeat a government. You all know how the workmen in England can circumvent the capitalists if they wish. You all know the good that comes out of the mutual benefit system. Your caste system allows you enough opportunity for acting as the workers do. Your caste-system is based on co-operation—co-operation on old lines for old ends. Try to co-operate in new ways for new ends. Your sphere must be the sphere of practical politics. It is for you to do and you should not crouch before the government like monkeys to get done by the government what you ought to do for yourself. The Fergusson College in Poona is one of the finest of the educational institutions in Western India. See what the Mahrattas have done. Cannot the Bengalees and Beharees do what the Mahrattas can do ? Of course the Mahrattas have the strength and gift of manhood. But the Bengalees have got intellect and imagination. If you do not work like men your imagination and intellect will drag you like millstones down to hell—the hell of a weak man. With you your intellect is a lazy enjoyment. With you your imagination is not associated with a sense of responsibility. Let it be a fire burning behind you and driving you onwards to your work. During this transition period, the true power lies in you and in you alone.

It is for you to determine the aims and functions of education. You had before this the old village school or the country Toll. Now you have got primary and high schools and colleges. You are certainly under the influence of Maya when you make any distinction between the learned Pandit that the Toll produced and the modern graduate. The old limit was the illiterate schoolboy on the one side and the profound scholar on the other; the new limit is a little of English and Arithmetic on one side and the University Education on the other. The difference is a structural one. The educational institution must spring up from the life of a nation. It must represent the ends and aims of a nation as it was in old times and must not be an indigestible fragment, out of all relation with social life and deterrent to the goal which they ought to attain. The present system is quite inappropriate and is not in touch with the national life. No nation can be great unless it gets an education of the right kind. You must learn to find out the education yet require in this country. If India will not find out what the requires let her be doomed and well she may sink into the deep sea and be forgotten.

India I hope is not made of that stuff. Some way or other must be sought out to give more and a better education to the people of your country. Any attempt to narrow the extent of education is not one in the right direction. Starvation is no cure for hunger.

What is the end of real education ? You must read things in the country and you will know what the end ought to be. You must throw yourselves body and soul to attain the goal towards which your education must be directed. You must get it by all means, by hook or by crook, by English or Bengali or University Education. You must determine that knowledge should bring to you the idea that you are united, that you are one nation and that if you will you are quite able to make any power tremble before you. Strength and manhood is the secret of life. Your Dharma is not the secret of Mukti but is the secret of conquering the world. The educational problem is one of national life, and so one ignorant of your national life cannot contribute in any way to your wants. A foreigner can do so only when he acts with a correct ideal of national life and adjusts his deeds to the influences of the times. A foreigner cannot help you and you must help yourselves. You can well take Japan as your ideal for the present. In Japan any boy can get the University Education, the highest education that Japan can offer for a sum of 12 yens (18 Rupees) a year. He pays no more and he has yet the run of all the libraries and laboratories. He pays no fine for any breakage of instruments—there is no penal system in Japan. The examination is a practical one; he is allowed the use of a library of books at the time of his examinations which are not those of a parrot which has learnt by rote, but of a student having the power of working out problems at the moment. You must enquire how you would get the same kind of education.

You must take an effective interest in the government of the country. You must have before you high ideals. If you do not stir yourselves to work you must blame yourselves when the end you wish for is not attained. You must be eternally going downhill if you sit idle. You had your great men—you must realize their greatness by work and not by the repetition of their names on head-rolls. You must have a burning affection for each other. You all know how you love your eldest brother. You love him because his thoughts are different from yours, because his character is different from yours, and because his works are not your works.

So you must love the different communities in India. Love them where you differ most. For a nationality all things are necessary. Singly each of the communities is a crippled and maimed limb of a great people. The Indian people has by its very complexity a great future in all the world.

You must look at the educational policy of the Government in a transformed attitude. By the Bill before the Legislative Council many of the schools are to be disaffiliated and then will come your turn to sweep out the hypnotism out of the past. The histories of India that are now taught in schools are all histories of one, long quarrel between the Muslim and the Hindu. But your customs tell us a different story; they are the unwritten history of your country. You must know, write, discover and interpret your customs. You must be grateful to the government for the threatened disaffiliation of the schools, as such disaffiliation will allow you much freedom of thought. But you must not sit back and thank the Government. You must work work and work and remake the meaning of Education.

The question is what you will do and not what other think of you. The questions of politics are the questions which trouble you most, while those of sanitation and water supply are entirely matters of indifference with you. Your public spirit is nowhere when educational problems are to be grappled with. Your education ought not to be one of words but deeds and things. Ought and doing must go together. You must awaken to activity.

Your ladies must be educated. But the education of boys will be in a national sense; that of your girls must be in a civic sense. It is for you to revive your lapsed institutions. Women of old used to get an education worth the name. Now you pet and indulge them. You excuse them their drawbacks. You do not require anything strenuous from them. Your women are the finest ones in the world; they are not fools as you think them to be. You have a heritage in the goodness of your women. The husbands of course must lead. But now they sit on the throne like so many emperors and their lightest wish must be law to their wives. I am horrified at the immense prestige of a husband's position. You want the women of your country to be so many Savitris but you must be Satyavans for them to follow. Your life is an isolated life of intellectual luxury; let it also be a life of intellectual labour. Let your wives be responsible for the intellectual sides of your life. It is an insult to

womanhood when you call upon her to do all the physical work for you and do not call upon her to help you in your intellectual work. Your wives now instead of being your helpmates are stones which you in your shameful ignorance have tied round your feet. Their education need not be English. But it must be such that they may share in your thoughts, hopes and aspirations—such that you may demand responsibility from them. I blame you from the bottom of my heart for your short comings in this direction. But I have hopes. However black the moment may be. Be not puffed up with glib glory and pride about your noble ancestry. Rest and rot not in their name. Their greatness covers you with shame and not with glory. Everyone of you is in utter need of women's education. Shrink not from personal effort to promote the cause of education in this country. You will attain heaven not by leaving the world but by crushing it.

You must work with the idea of a united nationality. But how to get that idea ? You must look upon your country as a whole, look upon it as a unity. If you cannot for yourselves appreciate the unity and oneness, a foreign lady's words would not make you feel it. You must not only be actuated by a feeling of toleration but I want more from you. I want you to be the passionate debutants of that idea of oneness.

If you desire to know the great life that flourished at Dakshineswar near Calcutta, I hope you will learn that that life alone can teach you how a Hindu can love a Muslim and how a better Muslim can love a Hindu. Out of the garden there went a name that in later times will revolutionize the religious thought of the Western world. Make yourself like one of those great men and remember that you are but a spoonful of the ocean which makes up the entire universe. The study of the Yoga and the three Gunas is not for you at the present time. They are philosophical abstractions and mere pedantry and the study of these abstractions is an insult to you and myself. The *Gita* is to be read from the dynamical point of view and for the purpose of material consolidation of your nationality.

DYNAMIC RELIGION

THE lecturer began with a brief retrospect of the chief movements among the people of India during the last hundred years. Premising that at the present moment India stood at the dawn of a new era, she said that the movements which were related roughly to what we called the "Modern Consciousness," might be said to have been in progress ever since the English language touched the Indian shores; and India, since that date had been battling for the possession of the secret, the unifying idea which was one day to be hers. It was apparent that during the last hundred years the leading minds of India had followed after many false aims. We were apt to assume that the India which the British conquered was a dead country, showing to the world no single sign of life. But if they had learned only so much of their country as it was in that day, they had learned the lesson of history very ill. We were apt, moreover, to minimize the importance of those forms of activity which had sprung into life after the coming of the English. The first result of the impact of the West upon the mind of India had been the rise of men inspired by an ideal of social reform. Then had followed a determined rush forward towards a political ideal. But today we see that neither social reform nor political agitation, though both served great purposes, contains within it the promise of the real goal of India. Thirdly, there had been displayed many kinds of religious revival; but was it possible for them to say that where there was a religious revival, there had always been religion? The problem of India was and would ever be a religious problem, because it was a problem of character, of activity, of work. What, then, was the idea that was to shadow forth the goal for which they were making? Had they not grasped the truth that this idea was to be sought in the great word Nationality? They had made many experiments; they had thrown aside many things. They had found that none of the objects upon which they had spent their strength was the one thing of which they were in search. Was it not plain to every one of them that after

many failures the idea which was to recreate India, was at last manifesting itself in the conception of the Indian nation ? They had been taught to believe that when, as a result of the English administration, India had been provided with the means of communication, with a postal system, with the possibility of organized knowledge, she had suddenly gone back upon the tradition of three thousand years and become more or less a united people. But the truth was that unless the principle of unity had been alive in India all through, unless India had been one in a thousand ways, fifty years would have been a thing for her to laugh at. Wherein, then, lay the unity of this people ? It lay in the mind of the people, wedded to the soil; for the mind of man that is rooted to the spirit of place, is always and for ever omnipotent. But it was said : Unity is a crying necessity for the Indian people and yet religion makes them many. Did they believe that ? Did they believe also that the religion of their country, besides making them divided elements, had also made them warring elements ? That could only be true so long as they were held in bondage to a creed. For religion had never dwelt in a creed that divided man from man, and it would be well if India could learn the lesson of the Prophet of Islam, who had made his religion the greatest nation-making force of which the world had any record. What, then, was to be the movement in which the national ideal of India was to be enshrined; the movement in whose victory the people of India should themselves be victorious? Until today it had never been possible to say that India held her destiny in her own hands; but now the national idea stood revealed in the movement of Education. Could they, and would they, nationalize their education ? Did they care enough for the future of their Motherland to labour and to sacrifice themselves in order that they might provide themselves with a structure of education that would do for India what the world demand of her ? India had never lacked devoted sons, but until today she had lacked the compelling idea. The aim of her children was no longer to be the dream of a miserable competence, but knowledge for its own sake—knowledge which is living power. It was impossible to say what form a national education would take, but whatever the form, one thing was certain: that it would be a movement from the women, by and through the people, inspired by the ideal of a passionate nationality. And the supreme call to realize this in themselves was not the call of their own ambition; was not even of the call of India's need, great and

pitiful as that need was. It was the world's need of India. The world needed the great culture, the great tradition, the great genius for ideas, the great conception of spiritual freedom, which was the imperishable heritage of the Indian people. As Asia to the world was the Mother of religion and of morality, so was India to Asia, the Mother of the Ideal; and unless India were true to herself, there was none to speak the deep message for which the world was waiting. Therefore let the children of India resolve to labour and get knowledge—not for anything that it might bring them for their own advancement, but work for its own sake, knowledge for the sake of truth, love for love's sake, strength for the sake of heroic action. Were they oppressed by the thought which had made the minds and the hands of some of them nerveless and impotent—that the things among which they found themselves were unrealities, that action was useless because the world itself was Maya? Or were they trusting to the belief that the only Yoga was to be found in a particular way of drawing the breath? Better that they should never hear those words of their scriptures than that they should so grievously misuse and degrade them. No man had the right to dream of Maya unless he had fought his way into the realization of that wonderful idea through labour and struggle and self-conquest to absolute detachment from self. No man should dare to speak of Yoga unless he had learned that the true Yoga was to be attained in every kind of work for the people, for the nation. How, finally, was the dynamic religion, the religion of nationality, to be realized through nationalized education? Primarily through the women of India; and the lecturer in closing dwelt upon the supreme obligation resting upon every Indian man to secure for the women of his own household the education from which should come the dynamic force of that Indian nationality whose dawn is manifest today.

BODH-GAYA : ITS PLACE IN HINDUISM

THE lecturer began by drawing attention to the tragic contrast in the history of Bihar, once the Holy Land of Eastern Asia. Two thousand years ago it was the seat of the Buddhist impulse. Bihar had sent out the ideals, the culture, the teachers, who had made China, Japan, Burma, Siam and Tibet into nations. Today it is the land of the white poppy, the seat of the hideous modern sin of nation-destroying. As Hindus, the first point for them to understand was that there never had been in this country—European misconceptions to the contrary notwithstanding,—a separate religion known as Buddhism, with its own temples and its own priest. There were Hindus, chiefly perhaps Brahmins, who clung to the caste restrictions of learning and religion; and there were other Hindus who accepted Buddha as their Guru, and refused caste-restrictions. Besides these, there were Buddhist religious orders. In foreign countries the mission of this Guru came to bear his name. In India, however, it was always an essential part of Hinduism. Owing to the fact that a great ruler became the avowed disciple of Buddha, this phase of Hinduism acquired immense prestige and power. We owed to it the wonderful familiarity of all classes of the Indian people with the Hindu idea. No nation in the world, perhaps, could approach India in this fact of the complete saturation of the common mind with her national idea, which was the philosophy of religion. Thus Buddhism was the great educative influence of the sub-Brahmin castes. Within a thousand years of its influence, the Hindu intellectual treasure was enriched by the compilation of the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, by much learning and poetry, and the great art and architecture of the Puranic age. India was in those days the culture centre of the East, and Bihar, with Nalanda and Bodh-Gaya, was the centre of India. If we read history truly, we should have to admit that Shankaracharya was neither persecutor nor inspirer of persecuting kings. But he was a controversialist, and from the nature of his controversy we could gather the ignorance against which he had to

Lecture delivered on Friday, the 1st April, 1904, at the Classic Theatre, Calcutta. Reproduced from *The Statesman*, Sunday, April 3, 1904.

sight. His doctrine of Adwaita was no more than a reformulation of the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana. But it was a formulation which implied a great mass of worships and theories that required co-ordinating afresh. Shankaracharya would be understood by Buddhists, as soon as Asiatics took to writing history, as only another of their own apostles. Nirvana was reached by annihilation of egoism; Mukti was reached by development of personality. These two doctrines were but obverse and reverse of one coin: Adwaita was the secret of the two. Concentration and renunciation, not any given creed, were the differentiae of the Hindu. Hinduism is thus a synthesis, not a sect; a spiritual university, not a spiritual church; and of this synthesis Buddhism is an inalienable part.

One of the extraordinary features of Hinduism was its power of creating monuments and memorials of its past, and committing these to the safe-keeping of Woman and the People. Of this nature were those rites and Mantras that had to be repeated at the foot of the tree in the garden of the Bodh-Gaya temple. Whatever else they might do, these ceremonies proved the ever-present intention of Hinduism to include and preserve the traditions of Buddhism. It might well seem impossible, considering what Hinduism was, to devise a symbol which could adequately represent it. A religion which contained in some form every creed that the world has seen included the worshipper of stones and stars, and the man who refused to worship at all; included the avowed idolater, the agnostic, the atheist, the iconoclast, and the Rishi—how could one imagine a symbol for all this? Puri attempted to be in this fashion the Heart of Hinduism. But alas! Puri had had to close her gates against those of her own children whose only sin might be called a too free participation in the modern idea. The outcasted, the England-returned, could not enter the gates of Puri. If concentration and renunciation, however, were the essentials of Hinduism, the Mother of Puri—the great Dharma—could not on the other hand, shut them out. Where should they find a symbol for the hospitality of Hinduism? They found it at Bodh-Gaya. From the day of the building of the great temple, Bodh-Gaya had admitted and found food for pilgrims of all nations. Provided one did not commit sacrilege, which would render the temple unfit for the use of others, even the Englishman, even the Mohammedan would be allowed there to perform the salutation of Buddha at his own altar, with lights and flowers. How then were the modern children of Hinduism to be shut out? Rather

were they welcomed first and foremost, for Bodh-Gaya was pre-eminently the jewel of modern research. She owed the restoration of her ancient prestige in its fullness to that same learning which others might be apt to regard as unkind. Who were the representatives to whose large charity and understanding Hinduism could venture to entrust so wide a hospitality? They were the sons of Shankaracharya—Adwaitins—the Giri Mahant and monks of Bodh-Gaya. In the person of these men, the ancient Mother sat still on her ancient throne, receiving embassies of religion from her children of all nations, and welcoming in the name of the most orthodox, those for whom India would otherwise have had no church large enough. According to the traditions of the Mahants of Bodh-Gaya, the order was placed in charge of the temple by Shankaracharya himself. A curious commentary this, on the European idea of the Buddhist persecutor! The position of the monks was therefore a religious trust, enjoined by the Guru. In course of ages the trust lapsed. But in the middle of the seventeenth century, a Sannyasin of the line returned to Bodh-Gaya, in order to take up the trust once more. He and his successors appear to have done their utmost to bring order into the place. They had not the resources of great Governments, but they recovered many of the scattered sculptures, and built them into their walls, and the time came when they were able to extend their welcome to archaeologists and repairers who could execute more fully what had originally been their wish and plan. The great name of Rajendra Lal Mitra must not be forgotten in this connection. In him, the Hindu people who had produced the religious idea that created Bodh-Gaya, who had watched over it and cherished it for many centuries, once more took up the task of asserting their power and their interest in doing their share to lift it into its proper place in the modern historical survey of the world. The place which it occupied in that survey was proud indeed—a village with an accurate local history of twenty-five centuries! Perhaps as great a claim could be made for no other locality of equal size in the world, and it must never be forgotten that in the Mahant of Bodh-Gaya it was they who were the guardians of the temple; that in his faithfulness to the trust of Shankaracharya, it was their interest which he conserved. Bodh-Gaya must be held for the great synthesis known as Hinduism. It must never become the play-thing, of sects. Of this Hinduism, Buddhism, in all its phases, was an essential part. And alike of the

one as of the other it might be said that wherever it reigned was heard the great message which was the burden of India: "They that behold the Real in the midst of this Unreal; they that see Life in the midst of this Death; they that know the One in all the changing manifoldness of this Universe, unto them belongs eternal peace--unto none else. unto none else!"

THE PIONEER AND THE TATA SCHEME

To the Editor of the *Statesman** .

SIR, The writer of the article on the Tata Research Institute in the *Pioneer* of June 23rd is not to be congratulated on his choice of a theme. His cue is to demonstrate the warmth of the interest shown by Government toward the Tata scheme, from the beginning. But at the end of his statement, he has himself to admit that the role of a candid friend has perhaps been overdone and that "this is hardly the way to encourage the pious founder, of whom India stands in such urgent need." This is what school boys know as "coming a cropper" with a vengeance. The *Pioneer* article is equally unfortunate throughout. The writer is evidently conscious of having an extremely bad case, as against the statements which he has had to meet. And his remark to the effect that when the Tata scheme is once carried into execution it will be unnecessary to send Indian students "abroad to secure advanced technical and scientific training," is read by the Indian public with considerable suspicion. Is this hint to be understood as a menace of future legislation? And is it the intention of such legislation which is to be held accountable for the Government's sudden change of front regarding the Tata scheme itself?

The point at issue is the sympathetic regard of the Government for the scheme from the beginning. The Indian public will not be easily convinced that the Government has been anything but antagonistic and deterrent. It is the object of the writer in the *Pioneer* to persuade them otherwise. And first he has to admit that much time was lost because the usual State grant of one-third of the necessary income was refused by Government. But eventually, he says, "a compromise" was arrived at. The Government of India would make a grant of Rs. 50,000 a year as soon as the Mysore Government should indicate its willingness to contribute an equal amount. But the Mysore Government has not yet notified its desire to raise the promised grant from Rs. 30,000 to Rs. 50,000, and the

*1904.

compromise does not come into operation. This is, from the point of view of the writer, a most unfortunate admission. In the eyes of the Indian public the Mysore Government's sudden hesitation regarding a matter in which it had hitherto shown the utmost eagerness can bear only one interpretation, a private intimation, namely, from the central authority. "There is an entirely unfounded idea in some quarters," the *Pioneer* goes on to say, "that the Government wished to convert the Research Institute into a department of State and that they desired to keep the professorships as preserves for Europeans. At the Simla Conference the attitude of the Government representatives was all the other way." Alas ! the Indian public has lost the power to take any protestation of the present Government in a contrary sense very seriously. The Simla conference is notorious as the source of a *communiqué* to the Press which cast public discredit on the intentions of the late Mr. Tata himself.

Perhaps the most amusing of all the *Pioneer's* statements, however, is the following :

"In order to steer clear of the opposite rocks of Government patronage and ignorant patronage by patriotic bodies, the following clause has been inserted in the Draft Bill :

'The Senate shall, for every appointment of a professor in any branch of learning for which a chair exists or is created, nominate a Committee in London, of not less than three persons, two of whom, at least, shall be experts in that branch of learning. This clause was inserted at the instance of Mr. Tata himself, and it effectually disposes of the idea that Government have any wish, or will have the power, to interfere unduly.'" It is a little difficult to understand the train of reasoning which prompts this paragraph. Are we, the educated Indian public, intended to understand that London is the hub of the scientific world ? Unfortunately for the writer, we are not sufficiently ill-informed to be able to accept the complimentary illusion. Are we then expected to consider that a Committee appointed in London would be free, as regards India, of Government pressure, or the desire to "keep the professorships as preserves for Europeans?" In this case, we should have expected the clause to name, say Berlin and Paris, and to have rigorously excluded London, as long as it excluded the Indian people in India themselves. In that case, we might have been able to regard the provision as some sort of guarantee of the freedom of the future Institute. But

perhaps the drollest point of all in the *Pioneer's* unbosoming is the statement that "this clause was inserted at the instance of Mr. Tata himself." Was Mr. Tata then so entirely unconscious of the "warm and friendly interest" taken by the Government that it seemed to him necessary to protect his scheme from it at all costs? And, still worse, was he so conscious of fighting a losing cause, that even such a clause could seem to him like a safeguard for his countrymen's interests? There is a terrible pathos, to Indian eyes and ears, in this unguarded announcement of the *Pioneer*.

Finally, educated Indian opinion is in full agreement with the writer in the *Pioneer* that it is necessary "to steer clear of the opposite rocks of Government patronage and ignorant patronage by patriotic bodies." It is perhaps unable to understand why ignorant and unpatriotic should be so enthusiastically preferred to 'ignorant and patriotic' patronage. Nevertheless its own desire is to steer clear of ignorance of all kinds. Its hostility to the Government connection with the Tata scheme is based on no gratuitous suspicion. It simply holds that the records of the Indian Universities as at present existing are not such as to give confidence in the power of the Government to do anything but, in the admirable words of the *Pioneer*, "convert the Institute into department of State and keep the professorships as preserves for Europeans."

It is not many years since Bombay saw the distinguished Dr. Bahadurji obliged, by sheer racial persecution, to resign his appointment under Government. At the present time, Madras is unable to give a first grade appointment to one of the most brilliant biological students ever turned out by the University of Cambridge, because he happens to be one of her own sons. And it was a Hindu scientific man whom an eminent English authority declared publicly the other day to be "amongst the greatest minds in the history of the world's science," yet this man's work has led to no showering of opportunities upon his countrymen, who might be presumed to share his potentialities to some greater or less extent. So far of actual experience.

One of the happiest experiences of the closing years of Mr. Tata's life was his reception in America, and his tour through the famous American Universities. He was received everywhere with the greatest distinction, and on one occasion President Roosevelt himself made him the guest of honour at a private dinner of some ten or twelve members of the American Cabinet. It was

during this visit that the Presidents of various American Universities showed themselves so eager to offer special facilities and a warm welcome to Mr. Tata's students that the old man saw his way out of the impasse which his munificence had met with at home. And with regard to their approval of this alternative, educated Indian opinion is uncompromising. It trusts that the opportunities so generously offered by Chicago, Harvard, Yale and other great centres of Western learning will be accepted by the representatives of Mr. Tata; and in any case it desires, in so far as the Government is concerned, the complete autonomy of the Tata scheme.

VOX IGNOTA

THE TATA RESEARCH INSTITUTE

THE FAMILY TRUST SCHEME

Sr. NIVEDITA of Ramakrishna-V., 17, Bosc Para Lanc, Bagh Bazar, writes to the *Statesman** as follows :-

Having read in one of the papers of this morning a reference—culled, I believe, from the *Pioneer*—to the effect that Mr. Tata had fixed up a scheme for a family trust with his offer of Rs. 30,00,000 to the Nation, I should like to be allowed to clear up this point by making a statement. It is exceedingly unlikely that Mr. Tata or his friends will trouble themselves to deal with mere insinuations such as this implication involves. But it happens that in London a couple of years ago I had the opportunity of being present at many of the conferences held regarding the Tata Scheme by members of the India Office and others. It was then that Mr. Tata was required on more than one occasion to make a succinct statement of the facts. They were these : Mr. Tata offered property to the value of Rs. 30,00,000 to the Nation, for the foundation of a Research University, and consulted the Government as to the mode of using and applying his gift. Thirty lakhs of rupces were supposed at that time to produce an income of Rs. 1,25,000 per annum, I believe. The Government at once objected that the property offered by Mr. Tata might decrease in value. It was Mr. Tata's opinion that the reverse would be the case. But in order to satisfy the Government, and with the full consent of his own sons he undertook to secure the income in question to the University, in as far as an equal sum, Rs. 30,00,000 otherwise to be left to his family, would serve to do so. That is to say, so far from Mr. Tata's trying to involve the Government of India in a scheme for the benefit of his own children, he is willing to risk starvation for his children in order to secure the benefit to the Nation which he desires to confer upon it.

A VISIT TO EAST BENGAL

AT the Town Hall of Calcutta on the 17th of September, Sister Nivedita, who had lately been on a visit to famine districts in East Bengal, delivered an interesting address in connection with the famine and relief works.

After describing her experiences in East Bengal, the various places she visited and the many harrowing scenes she witnessed, Sister Nivedita said that even now they did not know how bad the famine was. Could they imagine such a state of things, they could have saved these poor people from such an inferno. She urged them to do all they could, even if it be pice and annas, and to send half their own food, if nothing else, and not to enjoy food or clothing themselves until they have paid a tax to hunger and starvation for these helpless ones whose misery they could not imagine. She advised them to beg from door to door, to go into the European shops and beg. If they could, send spinning wheels or cotton to be spun or even materials for labour, then they would give great help. In conclusion she said, there was one thing she wanted to point out to them. Did they realize what an awful waste one year of famine meant ? It took thousands of years to build up a civilization which could be shattered by one year of famine.

A CONVERSATIONAL MEETING AT THE GITA SOCIETY

THE whole gist of Sister Nivedita's practical discourse was a well-meant rebuke to the Indians for their strong predilection for attaching importance to anything that is foreign, placing at a discount India's greatness and originality, her vastness of resources, her illustrious past and brilliant antecedents. The warmth of these rebukes couched with the melody of reason and truth was not lost on the group.

Sister Nivedita's estimate of the education of the day was true. It was the Western education of materialism, she said, making no distinction between true knowledge and memory. The sort of education imparted therefore through the medium of such authors as Lee Warness could not be called education in the true sense of the term, and she would, if she could, collect all the books in Calcutta and make a bonfire out of the pile in the Maidan, although she would, by so doing, receive scanty courtesy at the hands of the authors in question. The real wants lay therefore in their want of self-appreciation and self-reliance.

INTERVIEW WITH *THE EMPIRE*

IN course of an interview given to *The Empire* reporter, Sister Nivedita made the following pronouncement based on what she believed to be the idea of her Master :—

Every nation, I think, is capable of becoming to the individual what the Catholic Church has been in Europe to the Catholic soul. That national customs, I mean, in countries like India, China and Arabia, those strange Asiatic countries, may be accepted by the individual as a ritual or as a monastic discipline. Now I think that by so observing the social customs of a given people in the external things, and in small things as well as great, it is possible to unite ourselves with the consciousness of that people, and in that way an exchange of ideals becomes possible, not an exchange of customs or institutions. I think an exchange of institutions is often mischievous because it is often very destructive, based on mere imitation and ostentation. But this exchange which comes of love and sympathy is an exchange of ideals and if it is successful each people works the new idea out in its own national fashion.

For instance, criticism from the European point of view of the position of the Eastern woman is likely to do great harm and the imitation of the European woman's position by the Eastern woman is likely to be most baneful : but the acceptance of the highest ideal of European womanhood and its re-interpretation by the Eastern woman along her own lines can never do anything but good. It was my Master's opinion that the time had come for the West to be refreshed by the ideals of the East and the East by those of the West in such matters as education, womanhood and so on.

Ramakrishna Paramahansa's doctrine was that every religion is true. His great saying was that man proceeds from truth to truth, and not from error to truth. This being the doctrine you will see at once that it is possible to admit the orthodoxy of any people, and to explain yours to them through your own orthodoxy. My personal application of the teaching would lie in the acceptance of the nationality of any people.

THE TRAGEDY OF JUTE

WITH regard to Max's remarks in *Capital* on "The Tragedy of Jute" which formed a chapter in Sister Nivedita's "Glimpses of Famine and Flood in Eastern Bengal in 1906" published in our May number, the Sister writes to us as follows :—

".....the famine was in money, not in rice."

What does the expression 'a famine of money' mean ?

When I went on the Khulna Steamer from Khulna to Barisal, they gave us Rangoon rice at the midday meal, and apologized that the allowance for a party of three was so small, on the score that this rice was Rs. 6-8 a maund, while the rice of the country was Rs. 7-8 a maund. In ordinary years, the latter, would, I believe, have been Rs 4 or 4-4 a maund. This was in the end of August. I paid the usual price for the meal, but my young companions, who were Indian, did not certainly get more than half the rice they should have had. Was this due to famine of money, or famine of rice ?

"The truth is that the New Province has grown enormously rich through the high prices the cultivators and middlemen have been getting for the good crops of jute. Crores upon crores of rupees have gone into the Province as the profits on the sale of jute well-mixed with water."

Are we to take its enormous wealth, then, as the reason of the "famine in money" which is so freely admitted to have occurred, in "the New Province?"

"These enormous profits went into the pockets of the middle and upper strata of the people, and while in such circumstances the cost of living went up..."

Is it then a universal fact that times of extraordinary prosperity are marked by an increase in the cost of living ?

"...the remuneration and wages of the lower orders did not increase in the same proportion."

Has Max never met with a class of people who do not work for wages ? Has he never seen peasants and peasant-farmers, living

on their own land, growing their own crops, and depending on their own harvests and their own stores, for a living ? Very likely he has not. For Max is distinctly of the modern era, the era of Finance. It makes one shudder to think of the despair that would descend upon him were he the head of a small party of able-bodied men and women, cast like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, in possession of limited stores and abundance of tools and seeds. Away from the bank, the factory, the large warehouse, and cut off from any supply of exploitable humanity, what would, what could, the menial Max do there ?

Yet the whole of the inhabited earth, once annually in the moments between the reaping of the last harvests of one year, and the sowing of the first seed of the next, is such an island. The very stock exchange itself, is built upon the labour of the peasant in his distant fields. And if, in one awful hour of devastation, all the stored grain of the world were consumed by fire, and all the agricultural knowledge and tradition of humanity blotted out, without any other change whatsoever being made in our civilization, we should all be brought to a position where we would admit easily, without a single dissenting voice being heard, that the peasant was by far the most important person in the nation. Yet the peasant ought not, in the normal course of things, to receive any personal remuneration or wages. He ought not, in a healthy common weal, to be obliged to sell himself or his labour at all to the non-peasant, but only his crops. Therefore, when those crops fail he cannot fall back on remote labour-markets for wages, but has only his own reserve of grain, for food. And this is the right and natural state of things. If the agricultural and food-producing areas be so tampered with as to expose every farmer to the contiguity of the city-merchant, and give him his choice between growing the necessities of life and supplying the artificial wants of an unnatural civilization, the inevitable result—smilingly as Max and his fellows may today regard that prophecy—must sooner or later be that the supply of food to the cities will run short, and the exploiter will be buried with the exploited in a common starvation.

The use of the terms ‘masters’ and ‘wages’ is utterly out of place in dealing with the problem of famine as I have tried to set it forth, or in referring at all to the class of persons whom it affected last year in Eastern Bengal.

“There was plenty of rice to be had. It was the power to buy

a sufficiency that was lacking."

This may seem to Max a little thing. But may I point out to him that if his own mother were left for three weeks without money or credit to buy food, without valuables of any sort to pawn, and without friends better off than herself, it would be small comfort to him that she had died of starvation in lodgings next door to a merchants' warehouse full of corn ? He would at once, in that case, have understood the necessity of her having had, at her personal command, the means which would have enabled her to buy food. It is not enough that there should be rice—if rice there be—in existence, in a given place. It is also all important to each hungry human being that he should have personal command of means sufficient to make that rice accessible to him. And if the peasant be the important factor in humanity that I have stated, it follows that his personal access to food is of as great importance to the world as a whole, as to each one of us is that of our own bread-winner and bread-giver.

"Transport facilities also broke down and this added to the distress. There were thousands of tons lying rotting at Chittagong for want of freight accommodation to take the food to the hungry people."

Is this so ? The fact adds a new demonstration to the case I have stated, of the folly and unrighteousness of allowing a population to become dependent for the necessities of life upon a distant source. Not only do we, in that case, depend upon the remote place for our supplies, but we are also exposed to the further accidents which may happen to our transport !

"If Sister Nivedita knew it the "tragedy" was not in the jute but lay in the cruel fact that the enormously rich and bloated jute merchants steeled their hearts and buttoned-up their purses and then whined to the Government to feed the lower orders, because the poor people had not sufficient wages to pay for their food."

All "the enormously rich and bloated jute merchants," (the adjectives are from the pen of Max) whose names I know, are European. Amongst the few Indians who have dabbled in the trade, half a lakh or a lakh of rupees, is thought a great fortune ! These, I know, did *not* "whine to the Government to feed the lower orders." Every Indian who was himself placed above immediate want turned, on the contrary, and did what he could to alleviate the miseries of

famine. Was it, then, the European merchants who "whined"? If so, I am indeed glad to know that they cared so deeply. I think it rather to their credit.

"At present she seems to think that all land taken up with jute is so much land taken from rice cultivation."

Yes. This is my opinion. The main rice crop of the year is sown in July and reaped in December to January. Moreover, the jute crop takes practically the same land as is required for rice, that is to say, it requires that water should remain standing over it during the season of cultivation, to the depth of at least a few inches. As the value of jute depends on the length of the stem, and as the crop deteriorates on repetition, it tends to be given the best lands. After the reaping of the jute the fields in which it was grown must lie idle for a few months. They are then cleaned, and if very low may receive rice-seed for the Aus crop, to be reaped in August. But it is specially stated by all who are familiar with the country that this rice cannot grow to its full richness or ripeness. If the land be high, a crop of oil seed is sown after the cleaning. But again it is pointed out that jute, like indigo, exhausts the soil, that nothing will grow really well in succession to it for a full year, and for three or four years no grain. Not only is this the case, but if jute itself be repeatedly grown in the same fields, after three seasons, a whole year of idleness is required by the land, and even after this, the jute is never again of its original length.

In conclusion, may I remark that if the subject were less sad, I should much enjoy reading, not merely a few facetious lines, but a whole volume of the satirical financial-political economy which might be written by Max and his co-believers? His statements certainly do not fail of their ludicrous side. In one place he declares that there was no lack of rice: in another he points out that the people were hungry! And finally, he emphasizes the fact that the famine was a famine in money, there being "money money, everywhere and plenty of it." After this, which of us will have the strength of mind to remember that two and two do not make five? Nay, which of us need refuse to allow himself to be persuaded that two and two make six?

NEW VEDANTA SOCIETY IN LONDON

WE have received the following note from London :

A small meeting was held in the West End of London on the afternoon of December 12, 1907, to found a new Vedanta Society in London. This was done, with Henry D. Harben as President and Miss Bowles as Hon. Secretary. A great many of the members are persons who had been more or less in touch with the work done in London during 1895 and 1896 by the Swami Vivekananda. The membership was fixed at a guinea a head; and it was unanimously resolved to invite the Swami Abhedananda to come to London for some time in 1908 and undertake the work of teaching the members of the society. As this is a small organization, formed evidently for purposes of special study, and placed on a strictly self-supporting basis, it is not to be understood as undertaking to fulfil all the needs of a Vedanta Mission in London. The latter must necessarily make an attempt to offer the bread of knowledge to all men without money and without price.

A CHAT WITH A RUSSIAN ABOUT RUSSIA

A correspondent writes from London, *a propos* of the great Russian revolutionist, Prince Kropotkin, author of *Mutual Aid*—a work which should always be read immediately after Darwin's *Origin of Species*—*The Conquest of Bread*, *Fields, Factories, and Workshops* and *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*.

We found Kropotkin cheerfully and hospitably installed at Highgate. In spite of the sorrows of Russia, and the fact that these sorrows are to him and his household a thousand-fold worse than death itself, there is no presence that can convey the hope and gladness of the New Year, like his. In these Russian hearts there seems always to be room for the needs of other lands. Their passion is not for one political party or another. It is for the People, and they know that the People, the world over, are one.

"The village is the Russian unit," says Kropotkin, "and it is also the Indian. How much there is in common between villages, in spite of small differences of speech and costume, although one is in Russia, and another in India!"

"And *why* is the peasant so full of common sense?" he asks, catching up a remark that falls suddenly on his ear. "No! it is not merely because the labours with his hands, and his experience, consequently, is deep-in-wrought. It is still more because *he is in contact with the communal mind*. Look at my next-door neighbour and myself. We are isolated from each other. We know scarcely each other's names, certainly not our respective affairs. We have common interests doubtless, but we are unaware of them. This is the civilization of the modern city. The peasant's reasoning power is the product of communal intelligence. Ours is the product of personal intelligence." The remark is illuminating. It lights up long vistas of history, during which we watched the growth of national civilizations, in countries where the village-consciousness is predominant; and brings these ages into sharp contrast with the Modern Period, in which civilization seems always to be spending, never to be continuing the accumulations of the past.

But we are here to enquire, not to dream. Thinking may come afterwards. We turn, therefore, to the affairs of Russia, and ask what is the net result of the past two years of struggle. "The result," answers Kropotkin, with his face aglow, "is that a new nation has been born. A new school of literature has sprung up. My own *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, for instance, has sold 70,000 copies, as fast as they could be printed. Here again is a book of Biblical criticism, published by a scholar who has been twenty-three years in prison. While there, he came across the Christian Apocalypse, and is able to show that it is nothing but a poetic account, in terms of astronomy, of a great earthquake, which occurred in the Island of Patmos, in the year A.D. 395. At the end, there is a political pamphlet inserted, attacking Rome, as the Imperial Church. The Apocalypse, therefore, is an early Protestant document! Books like this were never before read in Russia. Today, they are being devoured."

"An extension of freedom, then, has been given to the Press?" we ask, blunderingly.

"'Freedom given!' " says our host, rebukingly. "Freedom is never 'given'!" It is always *taken*! The people have to some extent realized and asserted their own freedom!"

"What was the origin of this change that has swept over Russia?" is our next question. "Was it the war?"

"No," answers Kropotkin, "the war, on the contrary, was its result. The Tsar was made to declare war—of course they expected to be victorious—because there was no other way of delaying the Revolution. The assassination of M. Plehwe, during the course of the war, was entirely unforeseen."

"Then what *has* been the cause of the Revolution?"

"The fifty years of work that we have done in the villages!" replied Kropotkin, without hesitation. "I have learnt from these events that not one word, not one thought, devoted to Humanity, is ever lost. Bad things, anti-social acts, are dissipated; but no good effort ever dies. Some ripples may be slower than others. But all are permanent. Hence, in spite of exile and imprisonment, in spite of tortures and executions, the Russian peasant, today, has political intelligence."

"And what was the fundamental idea, by means of which you brought about this condition of general education?" we ask.

"Our first lesson to the peasant was," says Kropotkin, "'Whose

land is this? *It is yours.* It was *your fathers* and ancestors who cleared the soil and tilled it; who watered and ploughed; who sowed the crops and reaped them. It is not you who should pay rent to the Over-lord, but he to you, for permission to dwell on it!' This is the idea that has sunk into their hearts and minds. They see the land as their own, and the Authorities as by right their servants."

"Then what is it that delays a universal rising, of all the peasant-folk, in every province at once, which must be successful?"

"Ah! That is a large question!" says Kropotkin, smiling. "To begin with, we are 170,000,000. It is not easy to organize an unanimous movement on the part of 170 millions! Then again, the revolution of the landed classes, who want a Constitution, is complicated by the socialistic revolt of the peasants, who want Communal lands. Unless the landlords determine to support the peasants, nothing will come of either."

"Is there any hope of this?"

"There *must* be!" says our host warmly. "The same thing happened in the French Revolution and it is the glory of France that in 1793, the French middle classes gave landed rights to the peasantry to their own loss. It was this, however, that made the Revolution national, ensured its success. All revolutions turn on the question of what promises they can make to the People. Our Russian peasantry are quite willing to buy the land on which they live, even at high prices, to become their own in twenty, thirty, or fifty years. They do not ask for it as a gift. Only they must have reasonable facilities offered for its gradual purchase. No revolution can ever succeed without some promise of emancipation to the lowly and the oppressed."

"The middle classes are highly articulate in Russia," says Kropotkin, "for they are all bound together in professional unions, village midwives, doctors, teachers, lawyers, engineers and the rest. Today, 'the students' have gained the absolute confidence and respect of all the villagers. The three weeks' strike was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. Trains at a standstill. Mountains of food accumulating in the provinces but no one to carry it into St. Petersburg. Midnight darkness in every street at nightfall, for all the electricians had stopped work. In the midst of all this, Nicholas signs the Constitution, and sends secret orders to the police to set it at nought. If we had not been exiled in such numbers, every one of us would have given a certain number of

years to being teachers in the villages. This means women, as well as men, of course. Then, success would have been quicker certainly. But courage, my friends, courage ! In no case can freedom be long delayed !”

SISTER NIVEDITA IN LONDON

SISTER Nivedita has been giving a series of lectures on Vedantic literature and the Indian Epics in London. At the Lyceum Club, before a crowded audience she dwelt on "The Historic Background of Indian Literature." The other lectures were given at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on each Tuesday in February.

Sister Nivedita emphasized the fact how philosophy and literature grew out of daily experience and that such works as the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* were simply the culmination of a stream of thought carried on through ages, and implied a civilization stretching back thousands of years before Christ. She gave 8000 B.C. as Mr. Tilak's belief of the date of the Vedas. She drew a fascinating picture of the people, who preferring learning to food and luxury, established homes in forest clearings and made those homes, colleges, where the master and his disciples thought and meditated. In time, however, there came the one to whom it was given to realize the sadness of life, and who preached in the towns the need of salvation not from sickness, weariness, or death, but from dependence upon health, youth, life, friend, and to lift them into a world where these things are not. The Buddha, she insisted, marks the beginning of modern India, for he brought the truth to the doors of humble folk; he spread it far beyond the forest clearings; he unified the Indians; he created the great Indian democracy. The story, in its historic aspect was continued to the time of Ashoka, and then Sister Nivedita devoted the rest of her lecture to the Golden Age of Literature. The *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*, she declared, made India what she is still today; they were part of her life; were the food on which Indian childhood was nourished; they have made India into India from generation to generation. She concluded with an explanation of the *Bhagavad-Gita* and gave, with keenest feeling, several extracts from it.

In a subsequent lecture in the same course, Sister Nivedita described the *Mahabharata* as the Heart of India and the *Ramayana*

as the epic of Indian womanhood. She insisted that the Indian ideal of wifehood has in it all the essentials of nunhood, and the Western idea of "living happy ever afterward" does not appeal to Oriental women. So it comes about that Sita, though perfect woman and crowned in love, is also veiled in sorrows; she bears all the greatness and all the burdens of womanhood.

The final lecture dealt with Vedic Philosophy and the great point emphasized was the idea of unity behind manifoldness. Sister Nivedita declared that no true conception could be obtained of the Vedas themselves until a poet translator was found who would rise above the bondage of dictionaries and interpret the spirit of the ancient writings, not merely the bare words in a certain metre. The books, she maintained, represented the growth of ideas; they are indeed, only the wreckage of a great literary epoch. The Vedas themselves were composed and transmitted orally, before writing was thought of as a means enshrining literature. In the Vedas, history is made lyric and these noble writings have never died in India; they are a part of the culture of Indians today, and it is on the foundation of these inherited possessions that the structure is based which India must build up in the future. Without the history of India, the history of humanity could never be written. She insisted, too, on the greatness of primitive humanity and considered that the type was often more manly than the civilized modern. Dealing with the manifoldness which is only the expression of a great unity, Sister Nivedita said that the old Hindu belief is that sorrow, grief, and perplexity belong only to manifoldness, and that the message of the Vedantic philosophy was not salvation, which implied fear of something from which one must be saved, but the inspiration to rise beyond all desire into the unity which comprehends everything.

IN BODH GAYA

DURING her visit to Bodh Gaya, 1904, she sat in silence with her friends long in the shade of the temple, the stars glistening in the clear darkness of the autumn sky overhead, the lanterns with lowered flames being put away in some bushes out of sight. She seemed to be entering into the past. After a while she spoke of the Buddhistic age with a wonderfully intuitive perception of historic truth.

She said: "Buddhism was at first not a new religion. Buddha was only a great Hindu teacher, higher and holier than his contemporary Sadhus. His followers lived in the fold of Hindu society ; they regarded themselves not as a new sect, but as Hindus of a purer life and more earnest faith than their neighbours; just as the followers of Ramakrishna have not seceded from Hindu society ; they live in it, only they hold their Guru to be better than other Sadhus and teachers of the age. Hinduism was alive throughout the Buddhistic age, in spite of the silence of the Buddhistic writers about it. If I write the story of my Master's life and teaching I shall naturally make little mention of the Vaishnavas in it ; I shall speak of Chaitanya slightly in comparison with my Master, whom I shall naturally describe as the greatest sage of the age. But will a later historian be justified in inferring from my book that Ramakrishna's lay-followers formed a caste apart from the Vaishnavas, or that they ousted the followers of Chaitanya from Hindu society and cruelly did them to death ? The extinction of Buddhism in India by Hindu persecution seems to me to be false history. There was no such antagonism between the two as between Christianity and Islam. Oh! how pleased am I to hear that Prof. Cecil Bendal has shown from Napalese manuscripts that Buddhism and Hinduism lived amicably together side by side in Northern India and that the former died of natural decay !"

* * * *

At the time of leaving Bodh Gaya, she broke down and wept all night in her room, saying, "We have failed. The country has not been roused from its slumber; it has not come back to life.

The people listen to me and go on in their old way. We have been able to do nothing. The true spirit of India—what once made India the glory of the world and the heart of Asia—has not revived. When will the nation be conscious of its glorious heritage, and the distinct place it once occupied in the growth of human thought and human civilization ? When will that life, that spirit, return ?”

* * *

A Punjabi preacher, now discarded by the Arya Samaj, plied her with all sorts of controversial questions, as he had been accustomed to treat Christian missionaries; she bore it patiently. But when he addressed her as ‘Madam Sahiba,’ she replied in a pained voice, though with great gentleness, “I shall be much more pleased if you call me sister !”

* * *

She said : “Education ! Ay, that is the problem of India. How to give true education, national education; how to make you full men, true sons of Bharata Varsha, and not poor copies of Europe ? Your education should be an education of the heart and spirit, and of the spirit, as much as of the brain : it should be a living connection between yourselves and your past as well as the modern world. I do not think that the residential colleges and hostels for which you are crying will make your education a vital and natural thing like the residential system of Oxford. Your University and Government will turn the new hostels into barracks, where your children’s spirit will be hedged round and squeezed out in many ways that you yet dream not of. They will have no full and natural growth in such hostels.”

* * *

She said : “Never lower your flag to any foreigner. In whatever department of life you work, try to be pre-eminent in it, try not to have to bow to a foreign authority or copy a foreign model. Keep this spirit alive in your heart.” This explains her encouragement of Indian Art even in its infantile form, if only it was genuine.

**MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES WRITTEN
BEFORE MEETING SWAMI VIVEKANANDA**

THE CHRIST CHILD

IT is Christmas time, and at this season, when the very air seems laden with carols, when homes for the most part are at their happiest, and when the children are glad with the universal gladness of the time, there seems a special call upon us to go back in thought to that Christmas-tide, so long ago, whence proceed this joy and blessedness.

Christmas—the Christ time—is a widespread festival. Throughout Europe, from north to south and east to west, it rings a merry peal to loving thought and kindly household cares; and children, as it comes, lie awake at night to think about Santa Claus, and to cast up their private accounts with conscience, or fall asleep maybe, to dream of Christmas fairies, and the wonderful star of old; while even the grown people find themselves wondering why the words, “In Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the King,” have power to raise such a world of vague emotions in their minds. It has long been so. Christmas has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. Long ago, in these northern lands, we had the Yule-tide, with its religious mysteries, and its greater or lesser excesses. But there crept a new joy into the lives of men, and in its honor they did re-name the great feast of the year’s home-season—for what reason better than a little child had come into the world?

A little child! Say rather a mighty soul, that has stood at the helm, and handled the rudder of human nature through all the ages since—a little child. “Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King.” The words linger on our lips, and slowly we go backwards to the picture. It is very still and silent, midnight, and Athens and then eternal stars shine down on Bethlehem as they do on Rome. Which of them, glittering points in the revolving chariot-wheel of God, knows or recks that Bethlehem tonight has received a jewel from the hand of Truth brighter than any gleaming on the brow of Athens, that the glory of Israel, though, perchance, pale

All the articles in this section are reproduced from *Nivedita Lokamata, S.P. Basu.*

and dim, burns tonight with a steadier, intenser flame than even the firce glowing lights of Rome ? The stars are cold and distant, and Bethlehem is still. The hour is fraught with the destinies of ages, yet the silence is unbroken, save by one sound—in the deep hush we hear the cry of an infant, and the scene is quiet no longer; for that cry echoes through all Christendom, and the joy of 1,800 years come rolling back to us in a glad tide of music—the music of Church bells and children's carols, of the anthems of the old who depart in peace, with the hymns of the young who get them ready to the battle aye, and no little of it, the cry of strong hearts on whom the Christ-child has descended in their struggling with all the benediction of Truth.

The picture itself is a homely one—a rough cave, gracious woman on whose lap lies a tiny babe, an old man attending on them, and in the shadows (for so the conception of art has grown into the heart of the world), a little black lamb, gazing on the mother's love-treasure with great lustrous eyes full of wistful yearning consciousness. A strange group truly, yet with nought of grandeur to the careless eye, and we, who kneel in thought beside the forms of mighty dead, may well wonder at the magnetism that has drawn men hither, through so many ages, as to the soul's true house of bread. It is not in the scene that we find the answer, but in its issues : not Bethlehem, but the Wilderness draws us in reality; not the child, but the Christ-child. This is the birth-night of a genius, to whom, as to all genius, more or less, the right and good of common men will be utter depravity and baseness ; to whom mighty anguish will be the breath of nature ; whose crown shall be won in death ; who by the majesty of his own self-sacrifice shall first make the path for each man beyond the little circle of self to the centre of the greater circle of the love of Humanity, yet, who in the midst of pain and woe and sorrow, shall be happy, gloriously happy withal, in the sense of having caught the whispers of the God-voice; of having come closest of all to the burning, throbbing heart of Truth. The happiness of Christ—we laugh at the words. Yet, let us bethink ourselves. Is this not the very secret we learn from Him—how to know the crown of thorns, the crown of glory, the unutterable fullness of beatitude in the hungering and thirsting after righteousness? It is impossible, as we watch the sweet story grow, to help thinking of the old Indian Buddha, who was tempted and tried, yet became "the blessed" so many centuries before. We

cannot repress the thought of Socrates, as we look at this life's stern loyalty to truth, with its winning lowness and grace. Undoubtedly they are there, Buddha and Socrates, but whether their memories fell athwart the cradle of the Christ, or whether they agree as brethren sprung right from the common soul of human genius, who can tell ?

Bethlehem stands out on the face of history like a grand white cameo—a pure woman and a pure child ; and we should forget that the call it sent forth to all the world proved the first spell potent to raise in the mind of man the idea of the Universe. The Christianity that held Western Europe so long under its sway did not wrongly give itself the name of Catholic, for it was the outcome of man's earliest assumption to conceive of things in their totality. We follow the steps of the Christ Child reverently; we see Him turn with bitter consecration from the loves and hopes and happiness of common souls; we hear Him cry, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," with the yearning pity of only a royal soul ; we bend in awe before Calvary's sublime enthronement of human sorrow ; and we feel the truth of the quaint old German tales of the child who comes to us in the snow of the winter-tide, in cold and hunger and want, but departs with words of blessing, and leaves us to say we have seen a prince, for the Christ Child has been here.

HAG-RIDDEN

JANET NUTTALL HERBALIST

THE cottage, over whose front door hung this sign, nestled by the roadside, skirting Thornburg Moor, at a distance of some five hundred yards from its nearest neighbour. A flight of steps led down to its entrance, and a shaky-looking fence railed in the pit so created, while in the window lay dusty looking bunches of dried mint, sage, camomile, and other disagreeable and odorous items of the stock-in-trade.

Even had the window contained Parisian bon-bons, and those hard gluey balls beloved of children, no urchin from the nearby hamlet would have flattened his nose against the pane, for the cottage had an evil name, and people shunned it, save when interest of another nature, pressed.

Old mother Nuttall's cocks and hens, and her donkey clogged on the hill behind the house, got a wide berth for feeding-ground, and in no Thornburg household, save and except the vicarage, would eggs and chickens from her poultry-yard have been eaten, without fear of dire results. By all the parish, and the inhabitants of the moor-side, as well as by servant-girls and children as far as Bermerside Market-town seven miles off Janet Nuttall was known as a "wise woman." Yet even those who took no step in life without consulting her, and enjoyed no boon without her tribute, did not love her. They feared her, and shrank from her contempt. For it was very evident, that the old woman despised those who made use of her occult powers.

To some, it seemed that she had 'come down' in life and burly Farmer Wilson, who came to her for help one morning, involuntarily, and to his own amazement, changed the "mother" of his rough address to "Madam." He had lost a silver watch in the course of a four-mile walk on a dark night, and when she subsequently discovered the missing chronometer in a heap of straw, beside the very gate she had indicated to him, instead of disputing her fee, as he had shrewdly foreseen himself doing, he was too delicate even to mention money. But he paid the uttermost

farthing of his obligation, several times over during the course of the winter, in sacks of potatoes, left quietly within her door.

Nevertheless, it was from no pride of origin, that the scorn of Janet Nuttall sprang. Neither was it a pluming of herself, on her talents, and least of all, the triumph of the charlatan over his dupe. Whatever the nature of the old woman's gifts might be, she at any rate, believed in them fully. Once, and once only, she had been almost tender in their exercise. It was when poor Anne Willder had come to her to learn the fate of her sailor-lover, and had hidden her face on the old woman's knee, in an agony of terror and maidenly shame. Gently the withered hand had been laid on the golden head, and the frail figure in its high-backed chair, had grown erect and queenly for a moment, while the deep-set grey eyes dilated to a distant vision. But the words that fell from the parted lips, were few and bitter.

"My lass, my lass, weep no more for your laddie. He'll never come home again!"

In the wise woman, there had sprung up a sudden throbbing sense of kinship, yet she had not softened her message. To her eyes, the figure of young Davey, in his deep sea-grave, lying among tangled weeds, and already half buried in the ooze of the ocean-floor, were as real as if she herself were on the spot, and she told the worst bluntly. Indeed, disappointment rather than pity had been her strongest feeling, when the girl fled from her with a piercing shriek, and for several days afterwards kept her bed, in a high fever.

For Janet Nuttall's own life was spent in a fruitless search, and from her position of despair, she looked down on the merely happy, as from a mountain-height.

The fact that other people would have regarded the object of her efforts as a chimera, and their field of pursuit as an insane delusion, could no way lessen the bitterness of inward failure for her. She could tell a country yokel if his sweetheart were true to him; but whether a certain convict-prison still held the son, who forty years ago, had lain as a babe in her arms, she could not see. And though she believed he had been condemned unjustly she could not, in spite of her gifts, discover the true perpetrator of the crime.

It was this deep knowledge of pain that made her haughty to those whose souls did not lie with hers in the abyss; it was the awful tragedy of suspense in her own life that made her utter remorselessly the thing she saw.

In her own way, and on her own plane, the wise woman of Thornburg Moor was of the number of those who thirst after Truth at any cost.

One afternoon, late in November—a month during which Janet's calm was always somewhat broken—she was driving her empty cart home across the moor from Bermerside Market. It was a time of cold grey weather, when the breeze whistled among frozen rushes in the pools by the road-side, and stirred the withered bracken on the expanse beyond. Twilight fell as the donkey rounded the shoulder of the hill, and disappeared into the dell where Thornburg Church was situated. It was the hour, and the light that the old woman loved. Under the low Churchyard wall, brown leaves had drifted, and in the tree-tops the wind tossed about the huge branches, moaning its weird sleep-song over the dead.

A lych-gate, of ancient pattern, but recent date, formed the entrance, to the Churchyard, and to one of the posts, Janet fastened her donkey, and then passed into the enclosure.

To her the silent place was alive with friends; a delicate flush warmed her wrinkled features, as she entered. Her eyes—beautiful and deep-seeing—shone with suppressed excitement, while the customary look of baffled stirring on her face, was heightened into passionate yearning for the nonce.

From grave to grave, the bent old figure went, stopping at each, as if to talk with invisible, and choosing with marked preference those with new-turned soil. Her eyes strained eagerly into the gathering dusk, and gradually her air of expectation changed to an expression of disappointment, mounting finally to despair.

“Eh my Bavin, my Bavin !” she cried at last. “Will ye not come home ? Not on your own birth night ? Not to your own old mother ? My lad, my lad ! Two years I saw myself carrying your coffin, and well I marked that on this day ye would slip your fetters. And now its the third year and ye havena' come. So ye no mind yer old mother ! My lad, my lad, my own lad !”

A something of untamed queenliness pertained however to Janet Nuttall, and not even in the darkening God's acre, could she feel sufficiently alone to indulge her private grief.

“Friends” she said mastering a sob, and turning courteously to address empty space, “its ill biding in a Churchyard, in wind and rain. Come back with me to a warm hearth, for a bit of

shelter and a friendly word's always heartsome, and may help ye on to the good land."

The Vicar, passing, as she climbed into her cart, called out "good-night, Janet," and muttered to himself, "must have been wandering about among the graves again, poor old body ! She grows more daft every day. Strange about Wilson's watch !" But Janet neither saw her pastor, nor heard his salutation. Her attention was engrossed by that silent crowd, who accompanied her in her market cart to her lonely home.

Hours passed away, and long after she conceived her strange visitants to have departed, Janet Nuttall sat before the fire and bent her piercing gaze on the glowing coals. Her prophetic mood was on her and at times like this, she believed firmly in her powers.

"Yes," she said, in a low broken voice, and with evident anxiety, "therc ye come, Jane Hayward, asking my help. Well, well, ye'll get yer wish woman but ye were better without it if ye only knew ! And ye, Henry Morris, what do ye seek ? A key ? I see it ! Hurry me not, man. It'll be found all in good time. Here, pull away something—its a drawer, a drawer with a brass ring in front of it, and here's the key ! ... Yes, yes, and here's another."

She had forgotten herself utterly by this time, in her eager muttering, but now she gave a smothered scream as some visions seemed to come upon her with a sense of recognition.

"Oh ! here you are again, with the coffin in your arms, you—Janet Nuttall—Let me see, let me see !" and craning her neck, the old woman tottered to her feet, as if by peering further into the fire, she could indeed bring the future nearer to her eyes. "Yes its the same coffin," she went on "the very same, and the same day ! My boy ! My boy ! There's the name upon it surely—why no ! There's no name ! The plate's a looking-glass—what is in it ? Let me see ! oh ! Dear God let me see—why its myself !" She fell back into her chair, with a moan of horror, and at that moment, from the Church steeple in the village, rang out eleven strokes.

It was London, and in the shadow of a door-way, on the south side of Waterloo Bridge, a man, whose clothes and closely cropped hair proclaimed him a discharged convict, crouched with folded arms, moodily gazing at the pavement in front of him. There was a clear space there, under a lamp, and passing pedestrians automatically respected it. In the middle of it had been thrown—a black cotton glove.

Already, for an hour or more, the man had sat there with glowering eyes fixed on the sordid challenge at his feet. Suddenly, a nearby clock boomed out eleven, and the sound reverberating, struck down into the corner.

As the last stroke died away on the listening air, a curious change suddenly came over his face, and he rose and stretched himself. "I am a free man," he said slowly, as if in the light of a new world, and he stood there, taking in one deep breath after another.

The river running black in the distance, had lost the fascination of death and darkness all at once. He bent with a shame-faced movement to lift the theatrical emblem he had himself cast down.

"I am free", he repeated, "I am free. Surely all this while, I have been hag-ridden."

It was the moment of the soul's liberation, and for the first time, and at forty years of age, John Nuttall turned with a spring in his step. Free ! To carve out a life and a character for himself.

It was a grim battle that had been a-fighting that last hour, between an old woman on Thornburg Moor, and her son in a London slum. Now, however, it was over, and the victor went forth to be his own man for good or evil, while the vanquished slept in her chair by her lonely fireside—that sleep from which there is no awaking.

A VISIT TO A COAL MINE

IT was some little time ago that, lured by the accounts of a geological and somewhat poetic friend, we were driven to beg an invitation to the scene of his labours, from our kind friend, Mr. William Pattison, the Manager of the Bersham Coal Mine. It is a golden rule to impart the good that we receive, and so bright is the memory of this our visit to the Ebon Fairyland, and so many good impulses did it raise and develop in us that we feel that others, if they but knew what was to be gained by it, would gladly go and do likewise.

There is something awesome in the busy scene at the mouth of the shaft. Here one stands, muffled up against dust, damp, and draught, in man's cap and coat; in one's hand is the small, heavy lamp which marks out those who are about to descend into the black abyss; around is a perfect network of truck lines, all converging towards the mouth of the pit; at one sides is the ribbed, leaden slope, down which each load is emptied, that the lumps and large pieces may bound off into one receptacle, while the small coal slips down the furrows into another; in all directions men are passing and repassing, pushing one business, settling another, beginning something else. Everywhere are Life and Work astir, busy, eager, courageous, as all life work must be, if it will lead to Life Victory. And meanwhile the victory sleeps and smiles beneath our feet ! Not one of these men cheerful, careless, prosaic it may be, but may pass (by a swifter and surer road than most mortals) to the Great Unknown before the evening dews; not one but is fighting a good fight in grim earth grapple for the very root of human civilization, "ravaging the graveyards of Heaven for the buried gold of fire and light"; and no few are here whose stunted forms and dusky features are shrines, seen by memory's light, of some "deed of grace" that, coming in the way of duty, has been accepted and fulfilled quietly, with the heroism that is most heroic in its humility. The very man who stands at our side, chatting so pleasantly, and so courteously displaying the multitude of scientific contrivances for our security, is he who, some seven years ago, rushed into the flaming mine, without hope or thought for his own, that he might

glorify his responsibility in so saving the life and property of others.

One thrills with admiration. This is a large atmosphere, and one breathes freer in it; but alas ! for us, there will be no danger, a woman's path will be as free from that as a garden walk on a fine day.

How comes it, we think, that we never before realized the firm antagonism, the dauntless spirit born in the soul of him who wrestled as scholar, as saint and as reformer, till the curtain rose and the stage of history was trodden by the son of the miner of Eisleben—the giant souled Martin Luther ? Never again shall we look on the black gruesome face of a miner returning from his daily toil without some flutter of reverence, without some of the benediction that ever comes with the recognition of a secret beauty. Yet man here tremendous in the spiritual aspect is insignificant before the magnitude of material fact which fronts us.

Down, down we go, a quarter of a mile into the very thews and sinews of Mother Earth, till we stand on the upper floor of the mine (there is another level beneath this), at the focus of many paths, many truck lines, many double rows along the roof of the same small lamp we carry (the specific virtue of which is that it goes out when tilted, or when in contact "will coal", which is poisonous also to human life), and many double rows too of timber supports, without which the smooth shale above must inevitably fall in, weighed down by overlying strata, and even with which, it has but a limited period of duration. (N.B. There is an outlay of 2,000 a year on this item alone, and Canada is the chief source of supply.) In the distance above us, we hear the dropping of water, like heavy rain, percolating through the sandstone, down which we have just passed; beside us, the intrush of fresh air makes the organ-music of a great stone; for a moment the commonplace going and coming have ceased; our lamp has gone out, and our companion has turned away to replenish it; we are alone—alone in the coal country—alone with a mighty vision of the Long, Long Ago.

Wrexham and all the pleasant country had vanished like a dream, and in its stead lay only a vast tract of low marshy land, clothed with dense forests to its very shores. Immense, dim forests! within which one might wander in unbroken solitude many lifetimes, hearing the distant world-music of the sea, deafened by the crashing fury of tropical tempests, but unconscious of any sounds indicative

of life, save perhaps the buzz of insects, or the stealthy motion of a great reptile here and there. Dim mighty forests, of vegetation too rich, luxuriant, unconditioned, to let them nurse in moss-lap the wee violets and primroses, baby-darlings of the spring wood of today. Yet forests wondrous beautiful withal, in their long dark array of ferns and cycads, and their fathom-deep carpet of enormous club-mosses. Beautiful, exceedingly, had there but been mortal eye to note their beauty ! Though no ship sailed the sea that lay around those shores, the sun set then as now, in loving, lingering fashion to the west; then as now, he kissed the tree-tops through the openings in the many-hued cloud-curtains, ere he took the last step down the golden water-stair, to leave the Ocean, though bereft of her royal lover, serene in the tender rippling faith that he would come again.

Ocean and forest ! alone, still, and but for the great luminous stars that hang like lamps above the misty veil of the hot, trembling air. Yet no—not even alone beneath the stars, for there in her season, in the grand purple hall of sea and sky, stands our beautiful liege lady, the Moon, and her light that falls upon the waters in a long clear path is broken into silver fragments, shining down between the trees on the running stream, or into the marsh-pool of the forest. The solemn heat and glory of the day are gone, and night has put on a more witching majesty, but a *majesty that no eye beholds.*

It is an awful thought. We men, who think that the world was made for us, are here brought face to face with the thought that it was as beautiful, as thought-stirring, as meaningful as now, ere ever a human soul existed on it, or a single mind heard the whispers of Law and Force and Truth.

The ages passed on, and the forests sank lower and lower beneath the encroaching waters. Slowly, slowly if went down; so slowly that the forest pools seemed to stand ever where they had ever stood before, and none but the brooding Eternity could know that the rustling moan of waves and trees was the millennium long “Nunc Dimittis” of their departure. Yet year by year a higher tide would join some few more lakelets with the waters of the sea, and the fringing water reeds, through which the woody matter of the trees was filtered as it sank, would grow in wider and wider circles, till at last all lay submerged, and the ocean gently and evenly deposited a firm sand-covering, putting its dead plant-world to rest

with loving care, to await the far-off resurrection by fire. And then the story is repeated. Over the buried trees grow others, different in kind, conditions, and development, the old forgotten—as the young shall be—but neither for ever.

It is a wonderful picture. A picture in which each line, each tint, is the work of many years, and the whole the delineation of ages beyond the thought of man to compass. Many times has Wales been but “a dark strait of barren land,” while “on one side lay the ocean, and on one lay a great water;” often has she robed herself in gloomy forests, which have again disappeared beneath encircling water; once atleast has she worn the white ice-mantle, and exchanged it for the fiery hues of volcanic lavas, until today she lies before us in garments of green, and brown, and grey, passive under the hands of nature’s latest mystery-Man. And man is at once the loftiest and most frivolous of beings. The miner gains his livelihood as an angel of the resurrection to the plant-life of the far-off ages, and the chemist coats his pills with seeds such as carpeted the forests of the olden time; but does either ever think of the truths, of the histories, of the poems, that lie latent beneath his fingers? We trow, but rarely. “Earth’s crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God, but only those who see take off their shoes, the rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries.”

But here is our lamp and we must go. It does not seem so dark as it was, for our eyes have become accustomed to the twinkling light, and it is not till we get into the more remote parts that we realize the great subterranean heat. We take one of the main roadways, and stooping as we best can, follow our guide along the line of route. Lest all the air from the shaft should distribute itself through the upper level of the mine, and leave none for the lower, brattice cloths are at first suspended across the passages at regular intervals to turn it partially back. Behind one of these we find the manager’s “office”. It is a curious little den, prevented from wearing an entirely rustic look by an incongruous heap of loose coal; it is something between an arbour and a coal hole. Along the floor of the roads run lines laid on sleepers, over which we stumble, ankle deep in dark, grey dust. With this dust everything is covered, save the rough, glossy coal on each side, and the smooth shale above. As we go on, we now and then hear a shout in the distance, and looking up see a truckful of coal, pushed by men or drawn by a pony, coming at full speed towards us.

It is on its way to the shaft, where, the pony taken out, the truck is run into the "cage", raised to the pit's mouth, run off on the lines above to the "sorter", and as rapidly returned to the "cage" and to the men below, to go through the same process again and again. From this we have to take refuge in the recesses between the wooden pillars which support the roof, and the mild excitement of these scrambles is the only form of danger which we come near. We may burn to distinguish ourselves, but alas! burn we ever so ardently, we have no more chance than—than—the newspaper reporters at Telel-Kebir!

In the dim reaches of the mine we find men at work. They are seated on the ground, one foot against the wall, and both hands wielding the pickaxe, with which they deal their heavy blows and bring the great lumps of black rock tottering down. Here, perhaps, in this heavy, reeking atmosphere, one thinks one has found a *cul de sac*, and pursued the road to its utmost limits, to find no outlet save by the way we came. But we are mistaken; there, in that corner, where it seemed closed up, is a tiny opening, and when we see the paths beyond we realize that not unto us has it been given to find the boundaries of the territory we explore. Here they show us the mark of an ancient stream in its windings—the bed making that curve in the strata that is here named a "horseback," but in Staffordshire would be dubbed a "pig's." In another place, not far off, gas is to be found in some small quantity and they hold up the lamps that we may see the blue flame creep up, as its dread enemy proceeds to put out the light.

So we go on. At one place Mr. Pattison puts up his hand, because here the smooth surface of the shale is broken, and we would see that it is really shale and not slate (a difference simply of pressure on strata) that is above us. And lo, on his hand lies a thick grey scale of rock, bearing a perfect impression of a leaf! It is of delicate ovate form—less acuminate than the lily of the valley, which it greatly resembles with entire margin, and a venation which might be called *divergent*, since it is intermediate between the midribbed and the parallel modes. This was, indeed, a treasure, and in all our visit we had no happier moment than that when our eyes were the first to behold the tiny nature-secret that the sea tucked up in her mud-blankets so many long ages ago.

It was Saturday afternoon, and our experience had all the charm of novelty when, after sitting on a throne of black diamond

for some twenty minutes, we were put into the front rank of the men going up, and entered the top compartment of the cage to make the ascent. Oh, the speed of that journey! At first it was easy enough to look round and make observations on the strata we were passing through—at that time we were rising at the rate of 400 yards per minute—but suddenly came the sensation of a swift fall, a fall too swift and sudden to allow even of terror, or of anything but complete physical bewilderment; one barely grasped the fact that something had snapped, and that we were sinking, and the sun was shining, we were at the top, and it was time to get out. The motion up had been so rapid as to seem like a descent, and we had “our own erratic temperature” to blame for taking it at its quickest. But it ought to be said that even in case of accident in overwinding it is not possible for the cage to drop, for the pulleys are so contrived that the instant a rope is detached from the cage, a kind of iron plate runs up and prevents any further uncoiling, thus effecting a stoppage. A clocklike instrument in the engine-room records the time and the exact place where the cage is arrested. It is thus with everything. Accidents are guarded against, but every provision is made for them should they occur, and she who would feel nervous on a visit think this would be like that absolutely cautious man, whose only rational security lies in instant suicide.

The ventilation is a matter of great interest. The method of mechanical suction is employed at Bersham, by which, while pure air is received in the mine through the principal shaft, the impure passes out by a vent specially constructed for the purpose. At the top of the second shaft a great wheel, thirty feet in diameter, is kept revolving at a rate of 4,800 times per minute. This sucks up the hot impure air, and hence the name of the process. In some mines a great fire is kept burning between the two shafts, and this is termed furnace ventilation.

The water supplying steam to the powerful machinery at Bersham is obtained from the permeable rocks through which, of course, the upper part of the bore has been made. The difficulty of pumping this water from its great depths, is overcome by the hundredfold multiplication of leverage in the engine-room.

There they lie bright steel ropes, some flat, some round, two inches in diameter more or less, coiled round the great metal drum; they are renewed, we are told, on the slightest appearance of fraying, and are examined carefully day by day.

Great had been for us the pleasure of the past hours, but when we stood beside the great iron monster, and knew that to a Watt and to a Stephenson, aye, to the very men around us, these things would be simple explicable facts, human influences, but of motion more regular and certain than vital functions ever could be, a daily living miracle of cause and effect; oh, then, in all the enjoyment of sight-seeing lay the humiliation of ignorance, and the sharp point of resolve for future doing.

In that resolve was the day's fruit, whereof all other thoughts and words had been but blossom, and it is in the hope that some other may be inspired to plant a like seedling tree of knowledge in her mental garden, that we venture to offer this humble bouquet from our reminiscences of a coal mine.

It would be so easy in this country were but instruction organized, to learn much of mechanics, much of geology, much of physics; it would be so easy every way, for here are heads that know, hearts that will aid, and illustrations on a gigantic scale. We do not ask for power to spend £17,000 or £22,000 wisely, as Mr. Pattison has twice proved his ability to do. For that, we must establish a Mining College; but we do ask for increased perception, stronger faculty, larger knowledge of all that comes to us through eye and ear, in a word, for mental hygiene—for Science.

Our opportunities are great for learning and for collecting. Not long ago the trunk of a tree seven feet high was discovered in the very mine of which we are speaking, and it was sent—where? *To the Southport Museum!* It is a case of "Ask, and ye shall receive," but how is it with us when we ask not?

PAPERS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS—NO. 1

THEIR RIGHT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

ONCE upon a time, a very long while ago, perhaps as far away as Persia—somewhere near the Caucasus at least, and in the midst of primeval forests—a small hairy urchin—an advanced Radical had he only known it!—climbed on a woman's knee to play. They must have been alone; indeed she, perhaps, as women are apt to be, was somewhat lonely, for she did not repulse the child, though he was many months too old to be her nurseling. She let him gambol on, and, too ignorant for much language, may have given him a rude caress, with an indistinct but meaning fraught vocable now and then; some instinctive bond was touched, and the child laid his shaggy little head down on her shoulder, curled himself up within the encircling arms, and—not in the tender “Mutter!” of the north, not in the rich, broad “Madre!” of the south, but—in some fond sound, never heard till then, looking up into her eyes, said “Mother!” The woman's heart beat faster, and that night each star as it came out, and peeped down between the trees, saw her still watching with love that knew no weariness, beside the sleep of the child who had called into her life a new intensity of passion.

At least it was in some such sweet fashion, doubtless, that in those far-off days arose the mighty question which, passing through all the stages of Radical, Liberal, moderate and extreme Conservatism has finally become part of history (of Mr. Herbert Spencer's history at any rate) under the name of the *Mutterrecht*, the woman's right. And holy the word has continued to be. True, “Right” is often confounded with “monopoly”. Are woman's monopolies always holy? But it is not for an aged spinster (herself not free from the faults of her sex) to scold the scolds, and harangue the gossips! Spinsterhood brings with it the great blessing of peace, and who knows how far the *man* has desecrated his rights ere the *woman* degenerates into the virago? Sacred be the secrets of matrimony! Over *some* of the rights of women we will draw a veil. Nevertheless an old maid who has gone about the world with eyes in her head, and a notebook in her pocket, may be pardoned if, at the end of

half a century or so, she claims to be able to advise the young around her, if she gird her to the battle, and even attempts to deal the blows that are sharper than sword strokes in defence of the rights of her sex. Fear not, gentle reader, your task shall not be interminable. We only at present enter upon one ground of combat.

Inspired, then, by all the passion of the wronged, all the bitterness of the created; by the vision of sculptured Venuses and pictured Madonnas; by jealousy of Persian Vashti and Alexandrian Hypatia, of Greek Helen and Roman Lucretia, of Austrian Theresa, and all the fair host of dead Stuarts and dead Bourbons, whose loveliness made all hearts its kingdom; so inspired and so envenomed, we would first claim, for each and every sister-woman, *the right to beauty*.

What! Are we, women, to raise a tempest for the use of pearl-powder and rouge-pots, of hair-dyes and corsage-machinery merely? "Lo, all these have I used from my youth up," many a one of us may truly answer, "and behold what more or less of beauty they may have given."

This is *not* the beauty for which we contend. A very different, yet, a very brief definition have we of that perfectness of form and colour which men call beauty. Our definition lies in one word, but the word is ever expressive of the idea. Beauty, we believe, will be found a synonym for *Harmony*, and harmony is to us a term which expresses the fascination alike of women and worlds, of flowers and poems.

Had Shakespeare assigned to Lady Macbeth the sparkle of Rosalind, or the sweetness of Desdemona; had Dante written the *Divina Commedia* in a style combining his own with Spencer's or with Bunyan's we might, indeed, have recognized the genius of the writers; but the glory of their works would be gone, since there would no longer be the profound union of all the parts to one another, nor that sublime Unity of Idea which stamps these creations as those of masters. Yet, English-women and girls expect, by cramping their feet into boots tight enough to be very wearying "for the first few days," and their hands into gloves which cause them to be, or appear to be, the size which they happen to admire; by wearing many pounds of clothing on one part of the body, and leaving it most thinly clad in another, and by continuing this treatment for years or for generations, to produce a self or a

descendant, who shall meet the national and artistic ideal of beauty. As well teach a kitten to be supple by putting it into corsets, or a child to be graceful by making it wear a crinoline.

It may be urged that such abuses in clothing are not so common as they were a few years ago. This is true enough, but the reason is one which ought to put them out of existence altogether. Surely it is not incorrect to say that the present advance in opinion is due to more thorough and more scientific education in general. Let us go further and give all women the special education which is their undeniable right—an education in the principles of health. This teaching might and ought to be given by a woman. Let it be so, and while the first consequence would, doubtless, be to release them from the slavery of fashion, and the second would be their exchange into the larger, freer, more glorious, yet less dangerous, service of beauty and art.

For it is not to the catholicity of Art that Fashion bows; she is a schismatic, the goddess of those who worship the artificial; she is local, frivolous, timeserving, and while to *Art* we owe the enduring loveliness of the Hellenic deities, and ladies of Raphael's saints, and Rubens' children, to Fashion we owe little more than an aesthetic art, parody, and the crinolines and dress absurdities of the Victorian era.

The Natural, the Free, the Proportionate, these are the Beautiful in women as in statutes, and it is only when these are recognized by the devotees, as well as the leaders of fashion, that the race will stand a change of due progression in form. When that time comes, however, the women of England may well hope to be as fair and graceful as those of ancient Greece.

After all, thank God, it is not every woman—especially if the internal organs are in good condition—who can produce a waist of one-third the girth of her shoulders, or can ruin her vital capacity by tight lacing. But these, and other like evils, do prevail to such an extent, and are already entailing such disastrous consequences, that an old woman with very good spectacles may be pardoned for the suggestion that only knowledge brings safety, and that neither present nor future generations of the English race will attain to their full physical possibilities, until English girls are taught what really are hygienic errors, why they are errors, and how they are to be avoided. How many girls—and it is to girls that all these things are chiefly applicable—how many girls are aware that tight

lacing injures the liver? All, we trust, know that bilious attacks ruin the complexion. How many could show that high heels were a probable source of weak sight? Many more, doubtless, have heard that they engender curvature of the spine. How many of these will recollect they must thus interfere with the pose of the head and figure? How many realize the evils consequent upon bad circulation, and know at the same time that this is often an outcome of inequalities in the weight of clothing? And many who could answer some or all of these questions would be appalled were it clearly and truthfully demonstrated in how far physical development is retarded by bad ventilation; how greatly disease and death result from imperfect sanitary arrangements; or to what extent the remedies for these things lie unused in the hands of women.

For it is they who are the priests in the communion of humanity. It is they who bear the Chalice of Life to the race, and if they have not first sacrificed at the altar of health the wine is but a polluted offering, and by no means may they wash from their hands the guilt of blood, or put from their souls the bitter regret of having robbed the eucharist of its glory, and mutilated a finer sculpture than was ever the Venus of Milo.

Transcendently does the great boon stand in the gift of the wife, of the mother, and of the housekeeper, yet even an old maid may make herself useful in these early hours of the battle, by pleading for what we all need so sorely—*an organized system of instruction where women shall be taught by a woman the principles of health.*

Hygiene classes of this nature ought to be established in every town; and if as a result of such teaching, women acquired higher ideals of beauty and grace, of form and proportion, along with the knowledge of how to attain to those ideals, the praise of future generations would be only part of the great reward of those who had thus promoted the health, happiness, and power of posterity.

PAPERS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS—NO. 2

THEIR RIGHT TO SERVE

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago, in a small province on the shores of the Levant, there dwelt a gracious personage, whose wondrous intuitions of sweetness and sympathy reached forward through more than twice nineteen centuries, and told truths, the perfect development of which as laws remains even today in the far distant future. We fear that too much of what passes for Christianity amongst us the lips of the Christ would utter the words, "I never knew you;" yet one saying of His was God-like in such human fashion that we humbly believe that amongst women, at least, the Galilean Teacher would see verified the exceeding insight of His words, would find the due fruits of His precept—"He that will be great among you, let him be your servant."

"Servant of the servants of God," says Lord Macaulay, "was the proudest title ever claimed by the Roman Pontiffs," and "Servant of the servants of God" is the queenly dignity of every woman who faithfully takes her place in the home-throne that comes to almost all of us at some period or other of our lives.

It may, perhaps, be said, that on this ground of service the question of "women's rights" passes into the current slang of the day. In the usual acceptation of the phrase it forms a deep sociological problem which our own inferior cerebrum must confess its inability to solve. Ever we study this great subject; never do we see a girl enter upon a clerkship or on some other branch of service once exclusively masculine, without thinking of the father whose bread-winning is being made a sharper struggle, of the young men who are thus being retarded from progress; and as we muse, there recurs to us the thought of that tremendous growth of pauperism, and the terrible keenness of taxation for the support of the idle nobody's-poor, that make it impossible for a man to support adequately his own poor, and drives out daughters along with sons to take part in the baneful "struggle for existence," but —

"The life so short, the craft so long to learn," sings Chaucer of old. The poet is right. For us, with the snows of many winters

upon us, the subject is too large, and under her grey hair an old, old woman is fain to give up its pursuits, and to turn her feeble and very feminine brains to a simpler aspect of "Woman's right to serve."

Woman's home. Rule and home service (for the two ideas are to some extent inseparable) have their root in her power of self-forgetting, in her devotion, and her greater craving for something to lavish tenderness upon, than for love itself. This spirit can only be satisfied by the performance of little loving offices, and the home life is the more fair and perfect in its broader outline, the more accurately and anxiously these details are carried out.

We have all seen homes of the greatest elegance and refinement, presided over by women of cultured mind and polished manner; and the least observant must have noticed that the more prominent have been these traits, the surer has been the discovery on better acquaintance that the mistress held the household reins in her own hands, and did not think it beneath her to make dinners that were miracles of ingenuity, to mend and darn in private, and to superintend housework in person. It is so, throughout the various degrees of middle-class life. The instinct of a gentlewoman will never allow these things to be prominent, but they are there all the same, and to us it seems that the lady who can arrange a table prettily, set the cooking of a dinner on foot, see that every room is ready for use, and can then receive and entertain a guest with frankness and courtesy, without "fuss" or ostentation of one sort or another, is of an infinitely higher type than any mere *grande dame* or *femme savante* whom we have ever met.

Indeed, it seems to us that she who can plan a supper at once elegant, simple, and wholesome, that she who can keep a house in order, and control a servant with wisdom, better upholds the rights of her sex than some more learned member of it, who may discuss the matter with more depth than she. The tact of a woman in adapting herself to her circumstances, will often prove enough; after more or less experience, to make her a tolerable cook and housewife. In days gone by, girls were more under the training of their mothers in domestic matters than is now the case, and in those days we learnt to darn stockings and make bread at incredibly early ages. But our plea is not for enforced home-life for women; it is rather that the home-life which does devolve upon

a large proportion of them sooner or later, should be rendered freer and higher by the infusion of the important element of knowledge.

At the occurrence of some domestic fatality, for instance, how great would the mother's relief sometimes be, had she any but vague ideas of the treatment to apply to a serious cut or burn, or of the value of such accessible remedies as strong coffee, green tea, vinegar, lime-water, or soap-suds, in various cases of accidental poisoning! How sad is it that she should so seldom understand even so simple a matter as tendency to headache, restlessness, and irritability in her own children!

And this knowledge, so useful in emergencies, is almost equally valuable in the ordinary routine of life. One may never need to practise artificial respiration, but how useful to every one would be a proper explanation of the science of mixed diet!

Different causes call for occasional variation in quantity, kind and combination of foods. We practise the necessary change, but could two women in fifty explain their own conduct in so doing? For instance, we would all provide ham or bacon to be eaten with veal and chicken, and not with beef or mutton; how many of us know why we would make the provision "liver and bacon" forms one dish; we regard the oil as part of the salad; it is a Lancashire habit to include a small piece of cheese amongst the ingredients of an apple pie. These things all have their reasons, but we no more seek for their motive than we make question of such customs as the throwing of a shoe for luck, the raising of the hat as a form of salutation, or the freedom of the mistletoe-bough at Christmas, all matters which likewise have their reasons.

It would almost seem as if some of us found it impossible to think at all; nine out of ten people not previously instructed on the point, will be found ready enough to state that mastication is the only operation performed on food in the mouth. Possibly we are all acquainted with the position of the tongue and teeth; not too many can point out likewise, the locality of liver, heart, and lungs, not to mention such more abstruse (!) matters as sweetbread, duodenum, and spleen.

We would that the wonderful story of alimentation were only half as widely known as that of every murder and every execution that takes place on English ground!

The benefit to be derived from teaching girls the science of food is not altogether visionary, neither does this subject cover the

whole of the ground which they must traverse, in preparation for high and holy household service.

Take the use of soap and water for instance. Few of us fully appreciate the importance of these two commodities. If servant girls were taught that careless washing of floors, paint, and furniture laid themselves and their employers open to disease; if mothers knew how many childish illnesses might be prevented by the use of hot baths; and if all housekeepers understood the true nature of *dust*, there might indeed be no apparent change in the cleanliness of houses *unimpeachable* before, but there would be an influence at work beneath the surface doing undreamt-of service in stamping out zymotic disease.

Again, it is part of the matron's duty to provide her household with pure water. That this is important may be seen from the fact that typhoid and scarlet fevers, cholera, diphtheria, erysipelas, and skin diseases generally have all been clearly traced to impurities in drinking water. The difficulties in the way of obtaining the required liquid are not however, so easily perceived. The filter does not obviate the danger of disease germs, and on occasion of doubt of epidemic perfect security is only attained after boiling. It will, then, be readily acknowledged that the mistress of a house should understand the nature of pure water, and should be able to compare that which is supplied to her house with the true type. The educated eye can detect in water the taint of organic matter, mineral impurity, or sewage, just as the educated eye can at a glance realize the healthiness in position and sanitation of a given house. Why should not all women possess this power?

In wall-papers and curtains, clothing materials and unguents, parasites, mineral waters, kitchen utensils, and a hundred and fifty other commonplace objects, may be found similar food for thought and interest.

Life is made up of little things. Dinners and suppers, soaps and wall-papers, modes of cooking and composition of beverages, are not in themselves great matters. We all look down upon the natures that consciously and voluntarily yield to their sway. Yet, there is no doubt that in the subtle interactions of body and mind we are dependent on them. It is for the loving and conscientious service of mothers, wives, and sisters to make the dependence basis of gain and not of loss. It is for the study of Hygiene.

But here the old woman will put on her considering-cap, lest in her zeal to read a less son she should be launching forth into a sermon, illustrative of the loquacity of old age.

PAPERS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS—No. 3

THEIR RIGHT TO CHOOSE (HOUSES)

AFTER their right of service, it would have seemed fitting perhaps to have treated of women's right to rule, which forms the outcome of her service, but it seems to us that we have hardly given due share of gossip to the very ground of all their labours, the essential preliminary of all the home duty and family love of society. Let us then talk of *house hunting* and women's right to choose their homes.

It is hardly to the woman of fortune, whose assent is required in the selection of some mansion or villa, that our remarks apply, though even to her a more scientific mode of house valuation, a clearer and more definite idea of the merits of buildings, would doubtless be valuable. At the close of a long life, however, it is not such favourites of heaven that one longs to aid; rather do we aim at bringing the knowledge of health laws to those homes where the wife may be indeed the housewife, where the husband, worried by commercial or professional pressure, cannot look to servants for domestic comforts, where there is room and need for womanly tact, economy, and regulation, to those families who are most likely to be sufferers by the modern practice of jerry-building.

In choosing a house, more has to be thought of than prettiness or the lack of it. This plays an important part in the moral functions of the house, still, were we asked to take as alternatives, beauty on the one hand, and lofty, well-lighted rooms on the other, few of us would hesitate about taking the second. So much of hygiene we all formulate for ourselves in the ordinary routine of life. But beyond this few of us have adequate knowledge. Of limited purse, we may not think it reasonable to be fastidious as to position and aspect of the house we take, whether it stands high or low, faces north or south, and so on; but too few of us know how important is the nature of the *ground* on which our home is built. Let us take an illustration. In our own little town every reader has noticed that on a rainy day the Rhosddu roads get muddy, and the pools of water remain standing long after the shower that caused them has passed

off; the Erddig road and the elevated part of Hightown, on the contrary, become dry immediately the rain is over; even a considerable downpour will leave no trace in half an hour's time. The difference arise from the diverse characters of the soil, and in one, being built on clay, will be found frequent instances of consumption, neuralgia, and rheumatism, while in the others, which are situated on gravel or sandstone, these maladies will not be nearly so rife. This is not all. There is a terrible custom of "making" soils for building purposes, common in large towns. Ground is often "made" in this way of dust, containing organic matter in a state of decay, disease germs, vermine, etc. The house built on rubbish and filth of this kind is in worse case than that built on sand, and the catastrophe attendant on its existence is likely to be correspondingly more terrible. The selection of houses by careful, well-informed women would be sufficient to drive such fraud out of the trade, and produce the survival only of the fit. This is one danger of ignorance.

Again, few matrons would take a house where doors and windows did not fit well in their frames, yet these crevices often form the only ingress for fresh air, and if they are not to be allowed (their discomfort and inconvenience are very real), some substitute must be found for the due performance of this function. Hence the househunter requires scientific knowledge of the *principles of ventilation*.

At the same time we doubt that the draught from the floor of an unfurnished house would receive as much attention from most women, as that from the door. She would cover the floor with a carpet, and never know, as might probably be the case, that through the carpet drain-air was filtering, and that the seeds of illness were possibly lodging in carpet and furniture, till some systemic weakness in those who lived in the room should make them an easy prey.

Most would be eager to pitch their tent in some district of complete and air-tight sewers. Few would realize all that fact was worth. It would simply mean that since sewer-gas could not escape into street or park, *it was all the more to be dreaded within the dwelling*. Cesspools are not good in themselves, but a case of epidemic has been known, when disease attacked houses in connection with a drainage-system that was the pride of its town, and altogether passed over certain cottages which each possessed a

cesspool of its own (Spencer). It is comparatively easy to detect the commoner faults of this nature, but surely every householder would have a right to require diagrams of its sewage arrangements before taking any house, and that this knowledge might be effectively used, it is scarcely necessary to point out that women, as a rule, ought to know something of the *principles of drainage*.

Another class of difficulties falls under the head of *accommodation*. A small house for one family is doubtless a better rule for a population than a larger house for two families. This implies many things, and its discussion involves no little research, of a kind which no woman ought to omit. Legislation on the subject, influence which might be brought to bear on the point, its physical and hygienic aspects, are matters which ought to be familiar to every lady. They are not, perhaps, so important as others which we have mentioned, in the choosing of a house—not so theoretically important—because they are more likely to be carried into practice. Other knowledge there is, which all woman should possess, knowledge bearing on woman's right of choice, knowledge calculated to make wondrous increase of weight on the sorrowful side of the scales of the "might have been," but since it might also fall under another heading, and will be perhaps more palatable in a later paper, we will defer its discussion for the present.

Women are often blamed for being superficial. We believe that no more unfounded opinion was ever current. When men will condescend to regard us as having minds, and when they will allow us free and sensible scope for our powers, in the form of solid education for our particular functions, we shall have pleasure in proving that we can discharge those functions unusually well. As an old maid we wish to give our opinion for what it is worth. The preservation of human health would seem one of the most important of those functions, and we believe that women only equipped with due knowledge to start from, would bring to bear on it the highest motives, besides keen faculties of reasoning and observation. In the particular matter which we have been discussing, their judgment would seem all important. There can be no doubt of the tremendous influence on life and function, exerted by ventilation and good or faulty drainage. It should be remembered that a population changes three times in a century; hence any process of degradation or development will be comparatively quick in taking effect. At the

same time the recent rapid growth of towns tends to cause such influence as we have noted above, to make uniformly for degradation. We see but one remedy. If women cease to take ill-built houses, builders will cease to build them. The thin-walled, damp, egg-shell dwellings so lamentably common at present, no longer finding tenants, would no longer find existence. The spread of hygienic science would indeed bring about that most desirable end—the survival of the fit.

At the same time, we have endeavoured to indicate—this did not seem the place to do more—the almost incredible ignorance which prevails on these matters. It is no uncommon thing to find a bag of shavings or rags stuffed up the chimney of a lodging-house bed-room, which could only be done in most utter ignorance of the value and management of pure air.

To detect many perils which lurk in walls, wall-plasters, wall-papers, and mortar, microscopical examination is often necessary. We do not claim that she who wishes to take a small house should go round, armed with visual and chemical apparatus, but we do claim that all should be taught the value of a yearly wash and disinfectants, and of the disinfectants which would be advisable to use.

But enough; there is but one thing to be remembered, and we have done. It is that "Right" means "Responsibility!" — that she who claims must be prepared to act; and that she who wishes to know must be ready to learn.

PAPERS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS—NO. 4

THEIR RIGHT TO ADVANCE

“WHAT has been, what is, and what shall be.”—All are summed up in one brief space of time. So intimately are connected the future and the past.

“Evolution” is but the watch-tower of the city of history: without foundation in that city, the tower could never have been built, and only can we reach the conception of what progress in any direction may mean, by a careful survey of what progress has hitherto meant in the same direction. It is thus that we come to look at the question of “Woman’s Right to Advance.” Her “right” must depend on the meaning of “Advance,” and that, again, will be most clearly realized when we look at her past history, and see in what way her circumstances have already furthered her development.

First and foremost, it will perhaps, be well for us to examine into her *character*, that beginning with something like a true estimate of what she is, it may be the easier for us to find out what she has been.

We find, then, two traits strongly brought out in most women but not capable of their fullest display together—self-respect and self-forgetfulness. To the abuse of the first may be ascribed the frivolities of fashion in dress or other matters; to intensity in the second, such stories as that of Catherine Douglas,¹ of Joan of Arc, of Florence Nightingale, and of many a quiet domestic heroine, whose virtues have never transpired beyond the circle of her home-life.

History has many comical things to tell of that weakness which we have called the abuse of self-respect. For instance, we may all remember the story of our childhood, where a certain Queen of England is said to have adopted a head-dress so broad and high, that the royal doorways had to be raised and widened for her

1. Catherine Douglas was the lady who replaced the bolt with her own arm, when the conspirators were forcing their way into James I's presence.

accommodation.² In another age³ bonnets were worn so tall, that a fashionable divine threatened his fair hearers with the vials of Divine wrath, for striving to add a cubit to their stature! To the frivolities of fashion, also we charge the abortive attempts which women make at intellectual cramming, the Lady Jane Grcys and bluestockings of history.

But these freaks, proceeding from undue prominence of one feature, have had little to do with the historical progression of woman. That is based on the gradual blending and balancing of the two activities; the rest is mere excrescence, eliminating itself age by age, from the economy, in the natural course of things. Again, we must remember that nothing can be viewed without due regard to the conditions which surround, and modify it—its environment. Thus, it is necessary that we should give a glance, however cursory, at the home customs of women, throughout the past centuries of English History.

In Anglo-Saxon times we find the houses of the “people” to be mere huts of lathes and earth, with holes in the wall to admit light. There was no protection against stress of weather, in these primitive windows, and as the fire was in the middle of the room, and there was no chimney, it is easy to picture the conflict of smoke escaping, and rain or snow entering by one aperture!

The houses of the higher ranks were sometimes built of stone, and were only one storey high. In the centre of the building was the hall, of which the dais was sometimes tessellated, while the lower floor was of clay. Benches sometimes ran round the walls, but sitting on the floor was quite admissible. Chairs were a mark of the highest rank; candles were made of grease plastered round a stick; the fire was in the middle of the room; the windows at best were only spaces filled with trellis work; masters and servants dined together (above or below the salt), and the cooking was often done at the lower end of the dining-hall!

The sleeping apartments or “bowers” opened off this central room, and were very simply furnished, beds then and for long after consisting usually of straw, sheepskins, and a log of wood for a pillow. Such roughness was, of course, merely indicative of the state of its owners; but the main point for us is that even so we

2. Isabella, Queen of Richard II.

3. Under the later Stuarts.

find in the women of those days many attractive and redeeming features. True, it was not thought unwomanly for the pretty coquette of the dining hall to act the virago and the slave-driver in her own bower, but this was a savagery to be expected of the age. It is somewhat wonderful to find that Anglo-Saxon ladies rejoiced in clean table-linen, in decorating their walls with tapestries and so on, and in cunning needlework and embroidery. It is something to be proud of, that, though our ancestresses used no forks, they at least washed their hands after every meal; that they used the bath with Roman frequency, and made an essential of personal cleanliness. Curiously enough, too, we find that they studied physic, and cultivated herbs and flowers.

In Norman days, great ladies gained much in position and refinement, as mistresses of feudal castles. Their girlhood was almost invariably passed in convents, which we may suppose to have been open to the influence of whatever culture existed on the Continent. Later in life, the baron's wife was left in charge of his fortress during her lord's absences, as commander of troops and representative of his honour. At the same time, the warlike practices of the age required of every woman a knowledge of surgery, salve-making, and sick nursing, and amongst the peaceful arts, of course, embroidery was the most prized. [Even during the reign of Edward the Confessor, we hear of an estate being left to a certain person, on condition that he taught this accomplishment to the testator's daughter.] This continued to be the case for centuries, so much so that the lace worn by Elizabeth in the authorized portraits, was worked by the fingers of Mary, Queen of Scots. With all that would seem to us gloomy, revolting, and brusque in the woman's life of these far-off days, it is amusing to remember that the great S. Dunstan, *in the tenth century* had made himself fashionable by his talent for designing ladies' robes! It must be borne in mind (lest there should seem not sufficient occasion for the display of finery) that at least after the coming of the Normans, every English castle was in truth a college for pages, a school of embroidery for gentle-women, a garrison for troops, and a hostel for king's messengers, guests, and chancee travellers.

In the fifteenth century, the nobility began to use manor houses or halls, built of oak, and several storeys high. Strange to say, little advance seems to have been made in the decoration of the great hall, beyond the fact that it was strewed with rushes or

boughs in summer, and hay or straw in winter. It is curious to remember that not yet was the use of glass common, that chimneys were only beginning to be made, that thatched roofs were the rule even in London, and that forks were not used till more than two hundred years later. At the same time, owing to the fashionable habit of receiving calls in the bed-room, the furniture of that room began to be much improved. It is a comfort to hear that beds were made more healthy by being placed on bedsteads, and that the mattresses and curtains grew more modern in style.

Side by side with this civilization of the highest ranks there was growing up, amongst London and other town populations, the great English middle class. This led to the building of substantial houses for their accommodation, and the form of building usually adopted was that of two or three storeyed houses, with each storey jutting out beyond the one underneath. The streets being originally narrow and lane-like, it may be imagined that this practice deprived people of air and light, even when out of doors, and when we add to this that the floors of these houses were usually clay, enamelled with dirt and rubbish of all kinds, and that the streets of London itself, up to the end of the seventeenth century, are described as "open sewers," it will be seen that there was a happy hunting-ground prepared for those disease-germs, which, under the names of "the plague," "the black death," and "the sweating sickness," seem to have ravaged the country so often during the mediaeval period⁴.

Civilization having now advanced far enough to render societies infinitely more mobile than had been the case in Saxon or Norman days, women, as a whole underwent many changes in ambitions, customs, status, and powers, between the end of the Plantagenet and the present days. During the thirteenth century, either they or their spiritual character must have been highly respected, for four abbesses were then summoned to Chaucer Parliament⁵! At the same time, old Chaucer tells, with less flattery two tales which throw greater light on the subject—"The Nun's Tale" and "The Tale of the Wife of Bath;" one worldly and frivolous, the other earthly and robust.

4. This state of things was only done away with completely in 1665, the year of the Fire of London. After this the city was rebuilt on more sanitary principle.

5. Of Shaftesbury, Barking, S. Mary Winchester, and Wilton.

From this it is a startling transition to the "Higher education" of the Tudor period, when girls of rank were crammed with Greek and Latin, but were treated usually with a severity that forgot the weightier matters of parental love and mercy, and of a high deal of family life.

Like all mere "fashions," this attack of the blues died out in time, and the next well-defined type that we meet with in English history is perhaps that of the Puritan struggle. Great times produce fine characters, and there can be no doubt that those years of turbulence, fanaticism, and gloom produced women of much purity and dignity; the more the pity that the reaction was so strong. One thing is to be noted amongst all the littleness and modishness of Charles II's days, and that is, that while spelling was but dimly understood by ladies, they got up a great passion for the study of science, chemistry having become the rage of the Court !

The life of the upper ranks during this reign, however, is best regarded as a frolic, and bearing this in mind, it is somewhat saddening to find, when the glare of French playhouses has passed off, and when the nation has blossomed into the literary elegance of Anne's reign, that the women of the period may scarcely be called participators in its pen and ink refinement, to find that they are not merely homely matrons pursuing a daily round of pastry-making and cider-brewing, but that they were illiterate, dull, and coarse in language and manners.

From the beginning of the Georges till now is a space that needs no elucidation from us. The spread of newspapers, the discovery of steam power, the use of gas, all the varied and extended activities of nineteenth-century life, have been so many hands bringing to our doors that higher development which may well form the keystone of the arch of pure, natural existence.

That our lives are, to some extent, "natural" (we do not mean "wild" or "savage," which seems the popular notion of the word) results from the working out, however imperfectly of nature's law. We are ready to believe, after our slight review of domestic habits in this country during the past that life then was in all cases a "struggle for existence," we are ready to acknowledge that we are now well on the uphill path. In the name of what has been done, then let us go still further, and let us take the first steps of all true progress in knowledge and understanding !

PAPERS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS—NO. 5

THEIR RIGHT TO KNOW

“WOMEN’S Rights” is a battle-cry echoing so clearly the “higher education” turmoil that we feel that the task we have undertaken would be incomplete without an acknowledgment of the existence of that question, more especially as the particular “right” for which we have been pleading is neither more nor less than a branch of education which we do not consider widely enough disseminated in the feminine world. And so we come to talk about “Woman’s Right to Know.”

Most sweet and awful word, “to know !” How we thrill with the mingled pain and rapture of the moment when, in the soul’s observatory, in midnight solitude, we stand and gaze upon the star-wealth of our knowledge; when across the silent Infinitudes of space, out of the dim reaches of the long-past ages, the world sent their mighty waves of Force and Light, all the concentric in the tiny consciousness of our one human mind, and first we utter the words “I know.”

It is but an instant, and it is gone; exulting, we tell ourselves that our Intellect is the target to which an arrow-thought from a bow, formed mayhap, of the curve of some circling planet, has winged its way; and even as we tell it, the rejoicing has died out, and in the humbler, truer fashion, we see that not Knowledge, but Ignorance, is ours. For there, in the solemn blackness of night, in the overarching majesty of the Eternal, our wisdom shrinks to nothing, and is seen hardly to exist, save in the fevered pride of our own brains. We find that all our problems and measurements, worked out with aching and weariness, all our guessings and calculatings, all our gleanings and hoardings, all our wavering and bewilderings, serve but to show us the true Gold-Dust of the Universe, that there, in the down-stretching space-depths, there, amidst the moving water-atoms of the oceans, nay, here, in our own minds and bodies, in the hoary rocks and in the sparkling icicles, in the rising mist and in the blushing leaves, there lives and

works a Something, a subtle, impalpable Reality, not to be so much as conceived by us.

And thus, in silence and darkness, the grandest soul in our race must bow, and humbly, reverently, like a little child, in the presence of the Great All-Spirit, must say "I know not!" Nay, when he reaches the "know not," it is incontestable that he does know, better than he ever did before!

It is a wondrous ecstasy, this blessedness of knowledge! And it is little marvel if women, in the larger freedom which this century has certainly brought them, should attempt to rush through the gates, at once to exchange the outer courts of duty and frivolity for the absorbing beatitude of the Holy of Holies of human wisdom!

Less excusable is the action of those who would force the mind of a girl into such a channel, when obviously uncongenial. "Even on Women" the mantle of Genius will fall sometimes, and genius is ever its own law maker, by its own Royal right. But while for genius we would have liberty to do all things, we believe that for mediocrity also there ought to be liberty of another kind.

In these days of reaction, from the blindness and thralldom of the past—while it is plain that the present violence of examinational steam and cram will give way betimes to something wiser and gentler—it behoves us to do nothing to intensify the exaggeration of the hour, but to do all that in us lies to produce a sounder practice of education for those who come after us. Thus we would never, for our own part, lift our voice in favour of the indiscriminate instruction of our sex on abstruse subjects.

With a far different view have we been advocating women's right to the knowledge of a certain branch of science.

It seems an acknowledged conclusion amongst some of our greatest thinkers that to be acquainted with the date of the battle of Hastings can have no moral effect on a child, i.e., that the spread of elementary education cannot check crime. That this is true of the isolated facts of instruction we emphatically believe.

But it is on all hands allowed that the conduct of a well-ordered life is to be regulated by Reason. Now, there is one idea with which we wish to saturate womanly reason; indeed, we wish so to imbue it with this notion that every question bearing on vital well-being shall be seen in its light, and we believe that thus moral conceptions will be formed which will have an undeniable

influence on women's conduct and surroundings.

"He hath given them a law which shall not be broken."* It was in far-away Israel, three thousand years ago that the words were spoken, yet echoed as they have been ever since alike in Temple Ritual and Christian Memorial, almost without ceasing; it has taken so long for men, as a whole, to wake up to their meaning!

Law, rigid, immutable, unavoidable, is the Master-tone of the Universe, and the sooner we learn to sing our Life-catches in harmony with it, the better.

We talk of *breaking laws*, forsooth, as if laws could be broken! A deeper understanding would show us that he who suffers from the breach of law is only *keeping* it after the manner of his own choice. Laws keep themselves for the matter of that, and while the World-Father may *forgive*, as the Christ's sweet voice long ago declared, His very omnipotence forbids that he shall abrogate the dignity of His own Empire.

This is the truth we would teach to women, this the idea—in all its practical bearing on the wide field of womanly cares and duties—that we would give them; and for our own part would be content to leave it to them to demonstrate that it is possible for knowledge to produce moral conceptions, which, in turn, it would become matter of conscience to carry into practice.

At present ignorance gives no room for responsibility. When women have heard proclaimed the Evangel of Health; when, for instance, they know what taints are hereditary, and must be attacked from that standpoint; when the tremendous effect of physical condition on mental and spiritual activity has been made evident to them; when, above all, they have learnt that resignation to the Divine will mean, more often than at present they dream, the vigorous prevention of possible evil, then and not till then will they have a fair opportunity for showing what value they attach to principles, and whether or not it is true that they are wholly inaccessible to the appeals of the abstract virtues. The only argument which we have ever heard advanced against a course of such study is best answered by silence; it is as shallow as it is contemptible, since "fearfully and wonderfully made" can have no meaning at all for one who has no knowledge of how she is made.

*Prayer Book Version

This knowledge at least we believe that women have a "right" to receive. For the rest it is not our function to agitate. To the experience of time, and to individual capacity must be left the determination of individual culture.

PAPERS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS—NO. 6

THEIR RIGHT TO RULE

THE words of the prophecy of the mother of King Lemuel are startling, both in their contempt for women as she sees them, and in their reverence for what she sees that women may become. The ideal of this old-time queen is not that of some Semiramis or Christina, mighty in power and great in intellect; she is, rather, a quiet, capable, busy burgher wife, looking well to the ways of her household, providing them thick clothing for the winter, and working willingly with her hands; she is mayhap, a king's daughter, for her garments are of silk and purple; but she is, at all events, the embodiment of our old Saxon notion of a lady—her children's loaf-server.*

The king's mother insinuates that only in this home-path can woman attain social distinction for herself or her family, and surely never were the political claims of the sex urged with more of strength or wisdom than when it is assigned to its type as her reward that men are to "give her of the fruits of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The prophecy is true all round, and after many a year of observation and experience we can but endorse the utterance of this royal woman of old and give it as our belief that the most wholesome, most practical, most realizable ambition for a woman is that which is pursued amongst the crowding duties of the home and the family. [If any woman have another, let her take a vow of spinsterhood 'ere she pursue it!]

How little those duties are generally understood, we have tried to show in our past papers on this topic. We will now consider what effect might be produced by a better comprehension of them. We do not wish to fall into the error of assuming that knowledge directly modifies conduct, but we think our case may be strongly made out in a few sentences :

(a) Human organization, individual as well as social, physical

*The word Lady is derived from A.S. *Heaef*, loaf and *Duggan*, to serve.

as well as mental, is subject to constant change, constant progress or constant degradation, in conformity with those laws of nature which directly control it, and which we call the laws of health, or the science of hygiene.

(b) Large classes in every town belong to a low type of life, and are undergoing the process of degradation, owing to the perpetual infringement of primarily health, and secondarily other laws. These classes are prolific of physical and moral diseases alike.

(c) So convinced is the legislative mind of these facts that we have everywhere sanitary committees, inspectors, and rules, with a whole apparatus of compulsion for the observance of the necessary principles.

(d) That this compulsion is not fully effectual, will be readily admitted by any keen observer of the lowest classes, even in so small a town as Wrexham. For instance, he who will stand near the Wymstay Arms on Mayor's Sunday, will see sights which will fill him with shame and loathing (a force at once convertible into sympathy and reform.)

(e) Granted that compulsion is not sufficient, we believe that in course of time the domestic and social *influence* of educated and conscientious women would prove all that is necessary to eliminate the low, and raise the existing higher types.

(f) For this, it seems superfluous to say that women, as a whole, must have careful and systematic training in Hygienic principles.

Yes, we aim at no woman-rule which shall transcend that of *influence*. Her emotional strength gives her this—the most delicate, as it is the most enduring form of power—pre-eminently, and we believe that she needs no other sceptre. Obviously within her own family and indirectly outside it, the influence may be made all powerful for good in the direction which we have been contemplating. How far her tact and goodwill can go in political and religious affairs, we have all proved. Something of Hygienic work she has already performed in the Temperance field. Her moral force might be tripled in the way which we have indicated. Women! Women! Oh, will they never come forward to claim and to do?

If any feel doubtful that women, seeing a path of high usefulness, would decline to tread it, we need only point to the amount of charitable work done by them, week by week, in the name of

religion. The deepest wretchedness, the most abject squalor, have never proved too black for the ministrations of gentle ladies, who often, indeed, have loved humanity not wisely, but too well!

On the sacredness of this one question, of the highest humanity, religion and science are well agreed. "All that concerns man should interest men," said the doubt-embittered Voltaire, and to this day, whatever unhappy divisions may exist amongst the truth-seekers, to this creed, at least, they all hold true.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in St. Luke's picture of the Christ as the Great Physician—at once healer and absolver—a royally-tender presence of strength and help to the pain-weakened body as to the world-weary soul. It is, then, in this name, as well as on the grounds of mercy and truth, that we would urge the supreme claim of womanhood to a knowledge of health-science.

There is a tremendous responsibility for us who live during these enlightened days in the fact that human life is a plastic and modifiable reality. If women would only act up to the rights within their grasp we might have homes, families, cities, and nations, composed of men at once able and vigorous, of women good, beautiful, and intellectual, of children strangers to posset and potion, and of societies free from criminals and lunatics.

And, visionary as all this sounds, it is none the less true that it lies with us to determine in great part whether and when these things shall be. Women-rule, apart from the foregoing, needs no remark here. A blind man lately told us that a woman could get her own way so artfully as to make her husband think it his. Women may have talent of this sort, but it is not of it that we would speak. The true woman-rule is a will formulated only in the "law of kindness," but which, being so formulated, may be by a mother, goes with all who receive it, into the wide world, clinging to them like some subtle aroma, protecting, guiding, and moulding themselves, their associates and their posterity with force that always accumulates in direct ratio to the number and goodness of the women who reiterate it

This is no fancy. An Old, Old Woman is long past the days of youthful romance and enthusiastic distortion. At the same time, she maintains that what she has said on this point is not merely the outcome of senile talkativeness.

In the course of a long life she has seen much evidence of

the emotional power of womanhood, and if, as the greatest writer of our day asserts, emotion is the only pressure competent to produce moral effects, then it seems to her that here is the grandest engine imaginable, to be utilized for the benefit of mankind at large. Let us walk with our eyes open, let us seize all opportunities of learning, above all, let us be doers of the word, and not hearers only, and then hurrah for the days when doctors shall be almost unknown in the land, and when faultless medical pedigrees shall have stamped out toothache and bad temper, deformity and vice together! .

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY

O, the amateur Phrenologist ! How many of us know what it is to spend a week in the same house with him? At first he pleases by his constant reference to and elucidation of the fascinating subject—self; but gradually this palls on us, and ere long we would do anything to escape him and his reflections, his scepticism as to our motives, his reiterated assertions of the strength of our vanity, indolence, or love of approbation. There is no doubt, however, that to have a smattering of the art oneself is a great stimulus to the power of observation. To be able, or to think yourself able, to trace the irregularities of your friend's character according as his cranial contour varies from the curve of beauty is, beyond dispute, a powerful incentive to the habit of analysing features and character alike. The neophyte finds it easy to gather a general impression, as to greed, but hard to localize the trait; the believer, however, wanting of penetration, is at once able to point out that this lies in the closeness of the inner corner of the eyes. Of course, the truth of this conclusion is a further question on which our most ingenious consideration is adduced. If the craniologist, in his voyages amongst our billowy locks, chances to make some glaringly false statement, he can always find some "neutralizing bump" to pacify our outraged experience. We once saw a clever amateur astonish a lady whom he had known for half-an-hour by telling her that she was fond of dress, but was not gratified by brilliant colours. Notwithstanding his explanation that she had "love of dress" (or whatever that means) largely developed but "colour" very slightly, we could not help a suspicion that a glance at her attire had really been the ground of his statement. Still, such an incident is apt to suggest a good deal. Evidently, after the map of the head and face has been well-memorized, the thorough-going physiognomo-phrenologist finds a heavy balance of training still to be traversed. He has to master all this counteraction-neutralization branch of the subject; any slips in his practice will be laid to the charge of imperfection here, and is it possible to delineate a character correctly after this fashion, if it is not, to some extent, covered by one's own? Is it possible for the lower to analyse the higher nature?

Thus far, we have taken no note of the idea that the system is but elaborate quackery. The facts of the case appear to be these. In form, the human brain (i.e., the part with which craniology is chiefly concerned) is uncommonly like a walnut covered with a grey, instead of a brown layer. In the walnut, the more the twisting and contortion of the surface, the larger the area of brown skin which the nut will possess. Just so in the brain. The more the dippings and convolutions of the organ (sulci and gyri, as they are called), the greater the extent of grey surface it possesses. On this extent of grey surface appear to depend the intelligence and perceptive power of the brain; in the man of genius there is great surface, in the idiot comparatively little. It may be supposed, then, that each of these walnut-like protuberances of grey matter produces a corresponding protuberance of the skull. The phrenologist further maintains that each protuberance is a seat of a peculiar power, and we thus get the "bumps", and their associated faculties of craniology. The idea is plausible, but by no means proven; and in the present state of the science of brain-function, a positive judgment is perhaps impossible. How many good folks, halting between two opinions, will tell you that "they do not exactly believe in it, but they think it comes true sometimes!"

Meantime we must speak of people as we find them, and for our own part we have found the amateur, for an evening's amusement, capital; but for a week's society—well, quite too knowing! At the beginning of this century the system was the fashionable craze. A clever schoolboy, named Gall, had been in the habit of comparing and contemplating the heads and characters of his schoolfellows. On leaving school he pursued his investigations amid prisons and lunatic asylums, blossomed forth into essay writing and became the fashion. He was soon joined for a time by a man named Spurzheim, and in a few years the partnership was dissolved. Spurzheim, however, continued to believe and expand the system, and thus it is commonly spoken of as founded by both. In the course of our researches into the matter, we have found some curious items. For example, Gall had a pious brother, the top of the front of whose head (just above the coronal suture) was uncommonly well developed. Gall watched the people who prayed with most fervour in church. Noting that they were all more or less strong here, he assigned the region to the organ of veneration. Order was determined by examining the head of a methodical idiot.

Conscientiousness, we are told, was recognized by its absence, and constructiveness by comparing the head of an unusually skilful milliner with a skull said to be Raphael's; while love of approbation was first localized from the head of a lunatic who imagined herself queen of France. A strange idea held by the founders was that the particular functions of a bit of brain surface belonged also to the outside of the skull in some way. Thus, friends who were much attached were supposed to lay their heads together in the line of the organ of adhesiveness; poets, when composing, to lay the hand on ideality, and musicians to press the "bumps" of time and tune!

The art of physiognomy seems to us infinitely more fascinating than its kindred science. Here at least, we cannot go far wrong, since the salient points in all faces are explained and made prominent by the whole expression. How many phases of character, for instance, may be denoted by the shape of the forehead. That narrowing of breadth at the middle, which indicates cruelty; that expansiveness which betokens culture; that prominence that shows reasoning faculty, are all traits familiar to each of us. Another feature that at once stamps its impression on the beholder is the mouth. Coarseness, acidity, amiability, weakness, that peculiar long, straight lippedness, so often to be noticed in members of Parliament and others who may be supposed to have a "power o' talk," and the full, sensitive lips of talent, are qualities which impress themselves at a first glance on many ordinary beholders. For these things, doubtless, some of us have long ago compiled unwritten codes of our own; few would need Wells and Fowler, we think, to tell them that one whose eyebrows form a single arch possesses a sullen temper. One *feels* that is so, without any theory. Can anything be more interesting than the lower jaw? This, according to physiognomists, is a great index to character. Does anyone possess a friend whose lower maxilla is square in the front? Let him take note that his friend is of iron will. But is the line of greatest breadth set far back, nearer the neck! Then it indicates generosity of temperament. Phrenology, comes in, however, if the line of greatest breadth of the head be just above the ears, and says that so foxlike a formation can only indicate craftiness. Almost involuntarily association with those who are deep in this kind of knowledge will leave in the mind a residuum of something that is not science, and yet is scarcely superstition. Physiognomy, allied to astronomy, is a very ancient art, and really a week with the amateur

skull-diviner is apt to produce in one the tendency for ever after to "tell people's fortunes by their faces." One has heard that small ears are a sign of ambition and powers; one goes away just a trifle inclined to label all the small ears one sees with the word "success" We have been told that a dimpled chin points out a nature that desires love, rather an object of love, while dimpled cheeks indicate a power of lavishing, rather than receiving, affection. What romances do we henceforth weave around that distinction! One or two points of physique—as the small, arched foot, the shapely hand, and the little shell-like ear—have so long been theory, that we accept them as tokens of "blue blood" as a matter of course. Others, the facial angle, heaviness of eyebrow and fullness of the eye, are by this time so thoroughly part of ethnological science, that Darwin himself devoted time and labour to their observation. But a large remainder are of purely hypothetic virtue. This is chiefly the case, indeed, with phrenology or "skull-doctrine," as Carlisle translated its German name. And in this branch of character divination, uncertainty is increased vastly by its dependence on the individual interpreter. Has he much sympathy, much comparison, much power of deduction? Without all these, and we may add, a very large endowment of intuition, even the professional will not be able to do justice to the system of Gall and Spurzheim.

But as for the amateur under those circumstances—Flee him! Beware of him! Come not near him, as you value your peace of mind! Oh, the agony which that misguided individual is capable of causing to anyone who possesses any self-esteem at all! Oh, the number of times a day that he will attribute your vituperation to jealousy, or your amiability to weakness, your courage to conceit, or your kindness to love of approbation, your partiality for chocolate caramels to an epicureanism, or your fondness for tobacco to a want of intellect. And the delight with which the malicious creature views your faint applauding smile!

Gentle reader, should you ever know what it is to be tormented thus, remember that phrenology is only an ingenious form of idle speculation, that some amateurs are very amateurish, and that it is a case of "More shame for 'em, has honly shows their hignorance."

THE WREXHAM FREE LIBRARY

NOTWITHSTANDING the present vigorous agitation on behalf of increased culture for Wrexham, we do not believe that there is as general an understanding as there might be amongst us of the advantages which we already possess in our Free Library. This institution was commenced under the Free Libraries' Act on the suggestion, originally, of the late Mr. J. C. Owen and the Rev. Canon Howell, B.D., and first saw working existence on December 10th 1879. From that day it bore the name of the Wrexham Free Library and Museum—it is needless to say that it was at first merely a reading room and is not yet a museum—but for a long time no addition could be made to its functions owing to want of funds. By dint of private gifts and judicious expenditure of rates and subscriptions, however, the nucleus of a library was formed, and while the museum has only existed in name as yet, every day a vast extension of its scope comes nearer to those who are interested in the premises above the Guildhall. The Free Library at present consists of two parts, which it is earnestly desired to make into three. The two parts are—the reading room and the reference library. In the first is a constant ebb and flow of visitors of all classes, but chiefly those who can snatch only short intervals, at the expense of hurried meals; and here one sees that finest and most distinctive of English sights—the eagerness of the working man for political news. Men bend over the *Times* and *Standard*, or sit and read *Punch*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Nineteenth Century*, or the Welsh and provincial news, with the zest which makes them, for the time, blind and deaf to all that goes on around them. So earnestly they read, so responsible and keenly interested they look, that one could almost imagine that the extended franchise was written on the face of each one there! The average daily number of these visitors comes close on three hundred and fifty persons, each of whom can, if he likes, receive the full benefit of the expenditure of £60 per annum on papers and magazines.

At the upper end of this fine room is a door, within which we find the library proper. Here sits the librarian, Mr. Gough, like the famous spider, demanding record of book received, name and

address, from every visitor who comes within his toils. Mr. Gough is the "right man in the right place"; such is his personal devotion to abstract method, that we verily believe, had he walked in the life-path of the higher mathematics, he would have achieved a name and fame therein, comparable, perhaps, to that of the immortal Euclid or imperishable Newton. Mr. Gough's catalogue, arranged with painful accuracy, and written in the hand that rivals copperplate, he that runs may read; and Mr. Gough's rigid observance of his committee's rules, is a phenomenon worthy of imitation, which is, as we all know, the superlative of admiration. Now, to this inner sanctuary we fear that comparatively few do penetrate. It is true that the ambition of the committee soars far beyond its present means with regard to the assortment of volumes provided for the student's delectation, but even at this moment there is an intellectual banquet available by a visit to the dingy little book-room, which is enough to make the lover of old literature mad with hunger. In the department of fiction, for instance, are already collected the complete works of Dickens, the master of pathos and comedy alike; of Scott, the clear, penetrating expositor of historic drama; of Thackeray, the John the Baptist of nineteenth century high life; of Kingsley, that most fascinating of scientists, and most sympathetic of novelists; and of the ruling mind of the modern novelist, our peerless, incomparable George Eliot. This is not all. Amongst works of more purely philosophical character, we have De Quincey's essays; Emerson's complete works; a less complete set of Carlyle; twenty-two volumes of Professor Morley's *English Men of Letters*, together with the same writer's *Burke* and *Diderot*, and Fraude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. In the domain of history Wrexham possesses, in its collective character, those of Macaulay, Green, Prescott; translations of Guizot and various biographies, such as Boswell's *Life of Johnson* for example. There is also a supply for reference in this same division, comprising "Ancient Laws and Institutions of Wales," supposed to have been enacted by Howell the Good; Pennant's *Tours in Wales*; and Blackstone's commentaries. Several rows of bound periodicals, like Cornhill, Temple Bar, Blackwood, Household Words, and Chamber's Journal, 20 volumes of the poets, some theological works, and a large and excellent reference department, make up the rough outlines of what must be acknowledged a thoroughly good start for any Municipal library. Of the reference department we have yet to speak; it is,

perhaps, the most salient feature in the whole collection. Every work in it is *crème de la crème*, and it includes a number of excellent writings on local subjects, all of which have been printed in Wrexham, and which, put together, the librarian dubs "Our Local Library." The most costly work in the room belongs to this division, and consists of the twenty-four volumes of the *Encyclopedie Britannica*, obtained at the nett cost of not less than £32 8 s.; but besides this are also four volumes of the "Imperial Dictionary," "Haydon's Dictionary of Dates," "Smith's Classical Dictionary," "Smith's Latin-English," and "Pugh's Welsh-English Dictionaries," with other works of a similar character.

It will be seen that a place like this cannot be kept up—above all, cannot maintain adequate *growth*, without a considerable allowance for current expenses. As a matter of fact these reach the modest sum of about £ 230 yearly, of which some £ 190 or thereabouts is paid out of the rates, while about £ 12 a year is raised by private subscription. £ 12 yearly is not a great sum, considering the class of people who may be expected to give support to such an object as a Free Library, and the fact that the whole establishment is as yet but a means to an end, makes this paucity of the wherewithal the more felt.

The words "suitable for circulation," occurring in the Secretary's report of May last, mark the desire of the committee to establish in our midst a Free *Circulating Library*. This would indeed be an inestimable boon, and towards its achievement a large room has already been built, opening off the lower end of the reading-room. Now, it is a fact that the work here is for the present at a standstill, *because the committee have not the funds in hand necessary to furnish it with shelves*. Fifty pounds would be a sum sufficient for this work, after which the books, save and excepting the works of reference, would be moved from their present place into the new room. Fifty pounds ! Why half-a-crown each from four hundred people would procure a constant supply of the best literature, to be read by their own hearthstone, not only by themselves, but by their children, their neighbours, and by the hundreds of others who might perhaps have no other direct *claim* on them, save that of belonging to the same town, and looking to the said half-crown people for their guidance and enlightenment, as we would look to the capacity of the tubes and burners to indicate in some degree the amount of gaslight which a room was to enjoy !

Fifty pounds, to be raised in half-crown subscriptions. Bah ! We feel like suggesting a charity, when we are in truth pointing out a responsibility ! More than four hundred of us would think ten, or twenty, or thirty shillings little enough if subscribed to some private library for our own and the proprietor's sole and individual profit and behalf, and too often for the feeding of our own and other minds on stuff as poisonous, pestilential, and vulgar as the lowest dregs of the most adulterated wine literature can ever be ! Can it be, that any such would grudge some slight donation of subscription in books or money, to an enterprise which brings pecuniary profit to no private party; the highest kind of benefit of all; and which is in fact the common property of all of us, who live and work in the town, however much we ignore our proprietorship, however little we do for our own property.

It is to be hoped that the circulating library will be quickly followed up by a local museum; but that is perhaps to be looked for, rather in connection with the coming (?) science and art class than in the older institution, which is doing brave enough battle at present to keep its own head above water, to maintain its own way against the inertia of public (want of) opinion !

A PAGE FROM WREXHAM LIFE

Is there any wrong so bitter as unconscious wrong, any cloud so dark at the cloud of ignorance ? He who dipped far below the surface of life in our little town, would almost, we think, be inclined to answer "no." For behind the open streets and thoroughfares of Wrexham lie networks of slums and alleys, wherein dwells a race whose habits and surroundings are a blot on our civilization, a foul canker eating into the very heart of our Municipal life. For be it known unto you, O, men of Wrexham, that a population of twelve thousand are we, of whom not more than some five-twelfths dwell in the fresh air under the light of heaven !

A walk through these dismal regions behind our main roads carries with it much instruction. We come in from the country on some bright, fresh, morning, and plunge downhill, literally and metaphorically, into a fine wide roadway. In vain we look for traces of squalor and wretchedness here. The buildings are bright and large, the houses clean and fresh, or at most quaint and olden looking. A few steps further bring us, however, into a very different region, and a turn to the left, land us into one of those courts where life is a perfect epitome of degradation and uncleanness. "Byron's Alley" is, we will suppose, its name, and in all that is miserable and ramshackle, it and its neighbour den, "Hill Square" are truly birds of a feather. Have we entered an assemblage of the back aspects of tumble-down dwellings we ask in amazement—for here are all the arrangements which could characterize a back yard, grouped together, face to face, with open kitchen doors, and bedroom windows. But no, we are in the *front* of these houses. The supposed "Kitchens" are their sole living rooms, and lucky are those dwellings with a single bedroom in addition for family use, while—worse and worse—there is no "back" at all save a blind wall, unbroken by window or door or other aperture for light and air on the other side. Thorough ventilation in these days of elementary schools and scientific buildings is to be taken for granted, but all the ventilation that exists here consists of air well saturated with the refuse of a dustbin, and the poison-germs of defective sanitation, going and coming, going and coming, through the open door up

the crazy chimney, depositing here and there its load of parasites and vermin, its diseases and its poisons, till the hole these people call a home is little more than a hunting ground of vice and death.

We go into one of these houses, and say "Good morning" to the woman standing yonder at her wash-tub. "Does she happen to be the laundress patronized by our own better half?" We think with a shudder; and we take a mental resolution to make closer inquiries than we have ever yet done into the peregrination of certain linen shirts and collars and cuffs from Saturday to Saturday. We want to know when her husband will be at home, and various little questions as to his ideas and predilections are asked and answered within a few minutes. Into our notebook go the particulars we have sought for; into a deeper memorandum within our brain go descriptions of the broken-down staircase, the plaster peeling off the damp walls in all directions, the broken stones of the floor, the unwashed breakfast things scattered about, the grimy child nursing the dirtier baby at the fire in one corner, the smoke that an occasional gust blows down the chimney into our faces, the—but it is enough. We leave the house with "Husband out of work, sir," ringing in our ears, and a sickening consciousness that reform and progress for our working classes are but superficial white-washings of a recking sepulchre, so long as their homes are the homes of savages, their surroundings those of barbarians.

Another house in the same vicinity shows a picture different, and yet the same. The thriftlessness and improvidence of the last are gone. A clean, neat woman, with tidy children, and well-arranged kitchen, stands at a table ironing; there are a couple of plants in the window; there is a bright fire in the grate, and, though the house is as dilapidated, the sanitation as bad, and the damp as obtrusive as before, one warms with the knowledge that while the windows will not open, here are people who would open them if they could. That though their privileges are a sinecure, the two shillings a week that pay for them are well-earned—that in short, there are families to be met with, even here, who have the energy and courage to better their condition if only they knew how, and that, at last, we have lighted on one case of the deserving poor. But the open dustbin etc., of which there is one for the whole yard's use—still laughs in our face. A couple of yards away, and in the filth-breeding sunlight outside, little children still play merrily, all

unknowing that a kind heart might sooner see them safe in their narrow coffin at rest in the churchyard yonder.

And, reader, did you ever notice that a gutter to drain the water off your roof was a luxury? Life is possible without it any way, for here, at least, is not one, and two shillings a week to pay. Is it any wonder that these people would fain sell a vote for a soup ticket, or a load of coal, that they would worship at any shrine for a charity blanket, or that the word "relief" has for them only the most material and degrading of meanings.

Out of Byron's Alley and Hill Square we go up a hill to the right, and down a street—James or Charles or William, as the case may be—from which opens a slum or two that in every respect presents a complete contrast to those we have just passed through. And subsequent inquiry shows us in the landlord's agent of these parts, a kindly, sensible man, who takes an interest in the cleanliness of his tenants, and who earns the respect and hearty goodwill of all who know him. Two or three hundred yards further on, however, lies a district which to some extent repeats the horror of our first dip. Here is a house in which the man lies ill of bronchitis. There is but one room—rent 1 s. 6 d. a week—and this is damp and close. There are a few pictures, though the bed at one side is by no means too clean, and there are the usual complaints to be made as to floor, walls, and roof. In the same neighbourhood we find an old woman who has been a tenant of the one domicile for the last ten years. The floor of course needs repairing. Rats—those amiable heralds of imperfect drains—have been working their own sweet will beneath the surface. We enquire, and learn that the hearth was mended ten years ago, and that since then improvements have been simply nil.

Never mind! We are learning something as we go along this bright morning, pursuing investigations which are nauseous to the last degree. Hitherto, women have been to us symbols of all that is vain and beautiful in dress. We have associated with them the thought of two bonnets where one would have done, of trains lost through over-long toilettes, etc. The scales fall from our eyes here. Down in these habitations of the lower orders, where habits are more primitive, and instincts less modified, we find that the women sink into degradation in the matter of clothing infinitely sooner than the men. We find, too, that cats will live where dogs will not, and we respect cats less for ever after.

The next case has its comical side. A sharp, thin little woman, with spectacles, opens the door of a kitchen which is as clean and neat as a new pin. As we enter, a tall, pale, and melancholy-looking man stands up to salute us, while his mother proceeds to victimize us with an account of his illness and weakness. We hasten to depart, with her shrill words, "Nobody knows, sir, what that young man has suffered," following us. But we do not find that the neighbours have the same high opinion of him. When we hear more of him, the dreadful truth begins to dawn on us that he is dying of starvation because he is too idle to work, and prefers living on his mother! And she, poor soul, for and because every hen's chicken is the glory of the farmyard, supports him and does battle for him, when he would be far better pitting his miserable, puny little egotism against the world for her sake!

But our task is by no means done. In one place we come to an area, within which all the water has to be carried from a certain well. To do this, in some cases, must be the work of quite a quarter of an hour. To our common sense is left the imagination of how charily that water must be used, and how small a proportion of it is likely to be consumed in cleansing operations. But oh, we shudder to think of the merit which will accrue to that house-wife who can "do" with the smallest water supply! And our blood runs cold as we picture to ourselves the clothes, the dishes, the floors, that will remain unwashed, or semi-washed, to avoid the trouble of carrying water from the well!

Again, we find a home for seven, which consists of one room under a *provision warehouse*. The room is large, and bare, has an earthen floor, and no furniture save one small table, and seats formed of wood placed on a couple of bricks. There is something in the furthest corner which we do not at once recognize to be a handful of rags—once, perhaps, clean—doing duty as a bed; and there needs no tongue to tell us of damp and vermin in every wall, while "no ventilation" is written in the building. In another abode near this, eleven people live in a kitchen and two bedrooms, and pay two and six pence a week for the privilege. The house is damp, and is close to almost stagnant water, but half-a-crown a week is its rental nevertheless; and the eleven people—of whom from two to four are men-lodgers, and all at home on Saturday nights—continue to be its inmates also.

But all these are only types. Here for instance, live a cobbler

and his wife with eight children. The income of the family is sixteen or seventeen shillings a week, which the father earns by working in the one bedroom. The mother has a scullery in a little shed across the yard. The children are clean, but the house is not, and the water supply consists of one tap for the common use of the yard. In another house, near, we find an old Irish woman, of—from her own showing—a most violent temper, and evidently strong mendicant tendencies. This old dame pours into our ear a long tale about the way in which she has been pressed to enter “The House.” We have not the pleasure of knowing much about “The House” ourselves, but it strikes us with a sense of something wrong that she appears to consider herself public property, whose life and fortunes are at the disposal of the corporation.

Our description is a long one, but meagre when compared with the facts. More than one problem has cropped up during the walk, but the great one, that of the direction in which to look for the progress of the masses, will need many an other walk, ere it becomes elucidated. And meanwhile the daily papers tell us that next year Europe may look for the incursions of Asiatic cholera, when, woe be to the classes as well as the masses, when sanitation is not a little more highly developed than sanctification is apt to be !

AMBULANCE WORK

SIR, In sending me Dr. Lawton Roberts' little book with the Red Cross shield on its covers the other day, you added one benefit more to six columns of consideration which you have already accorded to my unworthy self. May I hope that you may allow me publicly to thank you for the same, and also to make a few remarks on the work in question. In a series of papers with which I encroached on your space a short time ago, I dealt under the title of "Rights: with woman's claim to a knowledge of the Laws of Health." One very important branch of that subject—Ambulance—is treated in an exhaustive and interesting style in the book you sent me. It is a strange thing that ambulance always seems a subject more attractive to the feminine mind than hygiene. Perhaps the need of gathering up split milk is more obvious to womanly intellect than the need for preserving it in a good, deep basin; and perhaps—yes, I am sure—that much of the reason lies in that large womanly compassion which is so quickly stirred at the sight of pain. At any rate, there they are—the need, and the will to supply it. Now, do we in this little town do our best even in this matter of learning ambulance? Alas, we have no lectures! The only lady of whom I have heard as studying the subject here at present has to go to Chester for instruction, and I know a few (myself for one) have been anxious for help nearer home. In the face of this need in comes Dr. Roberts' illustrated lectures on ambulance, and for my own part I have gratefully to record that, with the help of its clear illustrations, a few handkerchiefs and strips of linen, with the legs of tables and chairs to practise upon, I have been enabled to master many of the mysteries of the roller and triangular bandages.

One remark seemed to me eminently practical. Dr. Roberts considers that universal reference to some one ambulance system—as the St. John's—would be an advantage, as it would secure a kind of free masonry of method in giving first aid to the injured. Again, he frequently and strongly insists upon the need for ambulance training in mining and manufacturing districts like our own. Surely this need is obvious. But some few ideas ought to be even more widely circulated than a class or a book ensures. How many, for

instance, know that a man lying "dead drunk" is really in a state of extreme danger from acute alcohol poisoning, and that to pass on without rendering aid or giving warning is a breach of Christian duty? Such knowledge as this ought to be universal. May I suggest to the readers of your valuable paper that, if they will only buy and read the book for themselves, they will find much information equally new, startling, and worth acquiring.

Your obedient servant,
an old old woman.

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